

# CEREBUS

Volume

12







# aardvark-vanaheim inc

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## fax transmission

from Dave Sim at fax no.

to the attention of: Anyone reading  
this Digital Edition of a  
CEREBUS trade

(I don't have e-mail and can only be contacted  
by escargot mail at Box 1674 Stn. C Kitchener  
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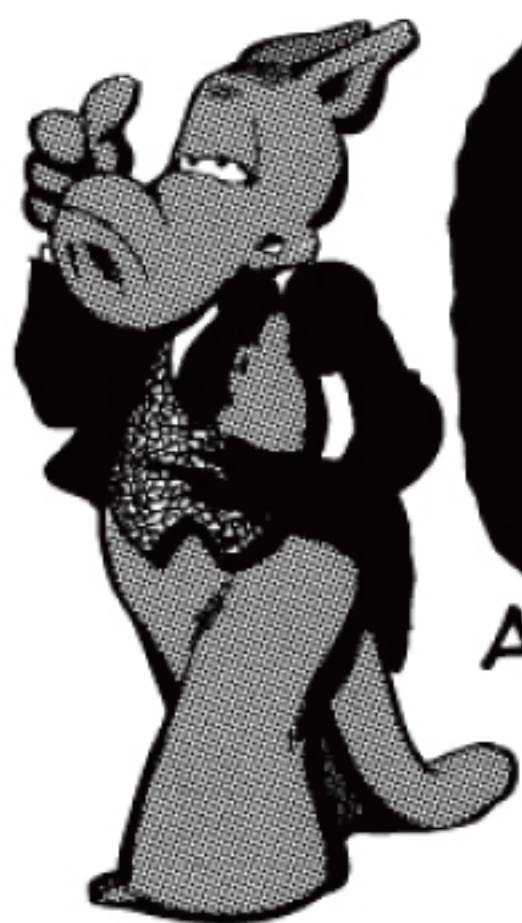
Sincere thanks to everyone who has devoted that most valuable of human commodities -- their time -- to reading my and Gerhard's work.

Dave Sim, creator, writer, co-artist

Gerhard does prints and commissions and can be contacted at [gerhardart.com](http://gerhardart.com)



GO TO...



# CEREBUS

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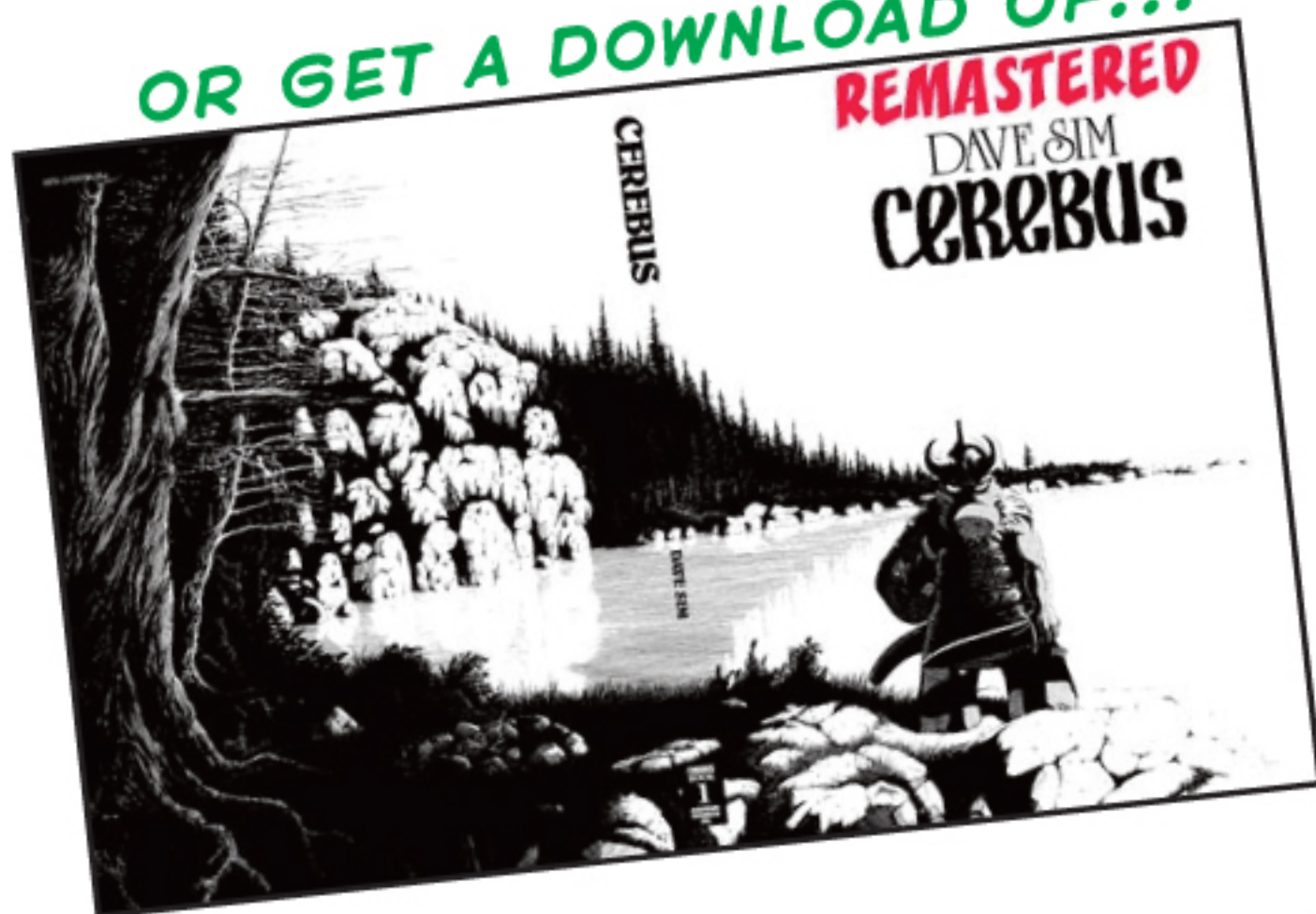
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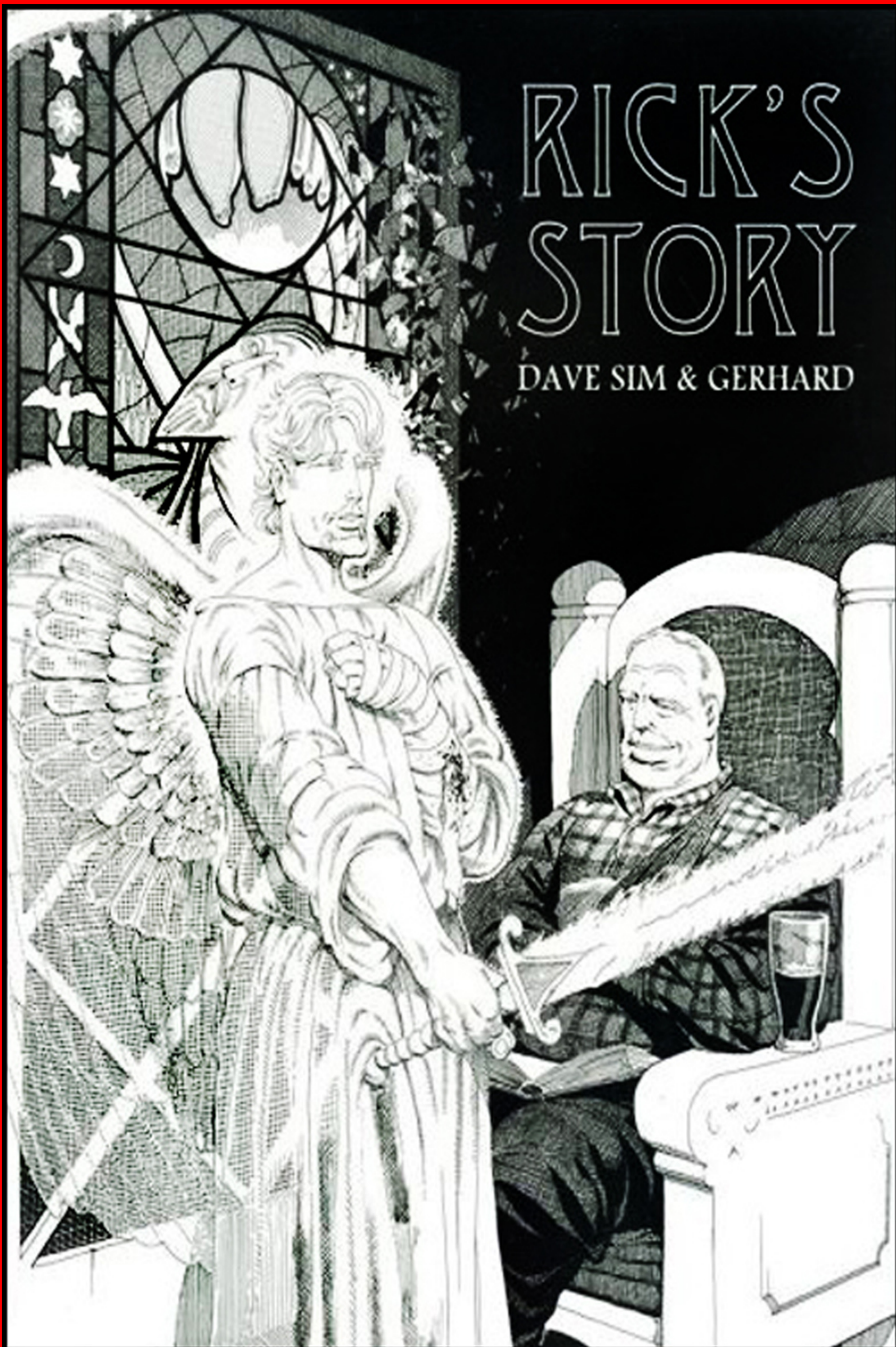
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# RICK'S STORY

DAVE SIM & GERHARD





# RICK'S STORY







"JUST FILL  
OUT AN ENTRY  
FORM"

"AND YOUR UGLY  
GIRLFRIEND COULD  
WIN -- A YEAR'S  
SUPPLY..."

"OF CRUNCHY  
AND DELICIOUS  
PUPPY  
CHOW!"

HAHAHAHAHA

"HERE'S TONIGHT'S  
'UGLY GIRL-FRIEND  
WINNER' ---- MISS  
GLADYS HEIFERMOCKER!"

"CONGRATULATIONS,  
GLADYS. DO YOU NEED  
ANY HELP GETTING YOUR  
PRIZE HOME?"

"OH, NO THANK YOU -- I'LL  
JUST EAT IT HERE!"

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

AND NOW EVERYONE  
IS 'LOOKING DAGGERS'  
AT ME...

AND HE'S SNICKER -- HE  
WON'T STOP -- SO I TELL HIM  
I'M GOING OUTSIDE  
TO PEE

I DON'T EVEN HAVE  
TO PEE -- BUT I'VE GOT  
TO GET OUTSIDE  
I'M SO SNICKER-  
EMBARRASSED

AN' HE GRABS  
MY ARM AN' HE  
GOES SNICKER-  
HE GOES:

"RICK! YOU  
CAN'T LEAVE  
NOW."

KRINK  
KRR INK

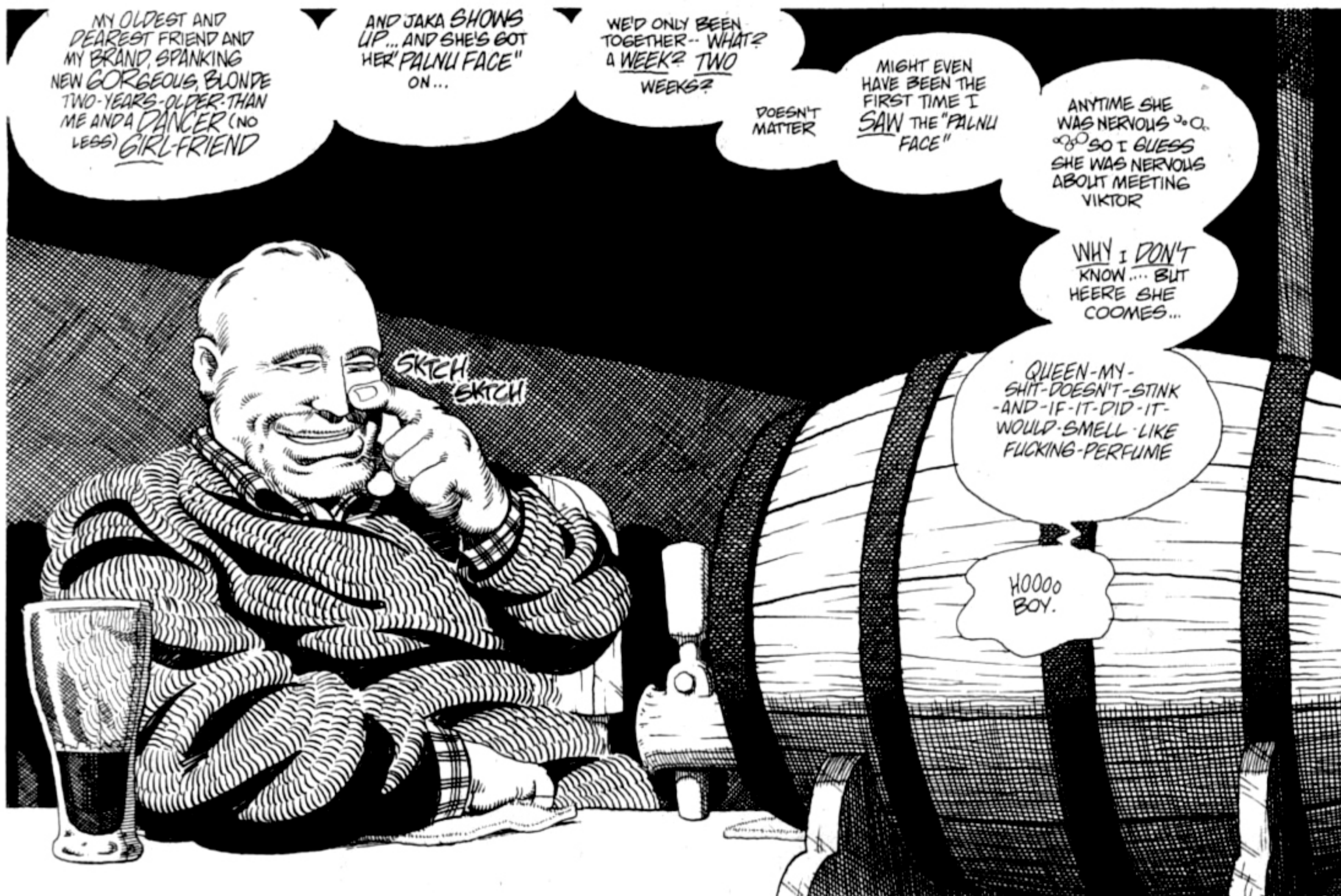
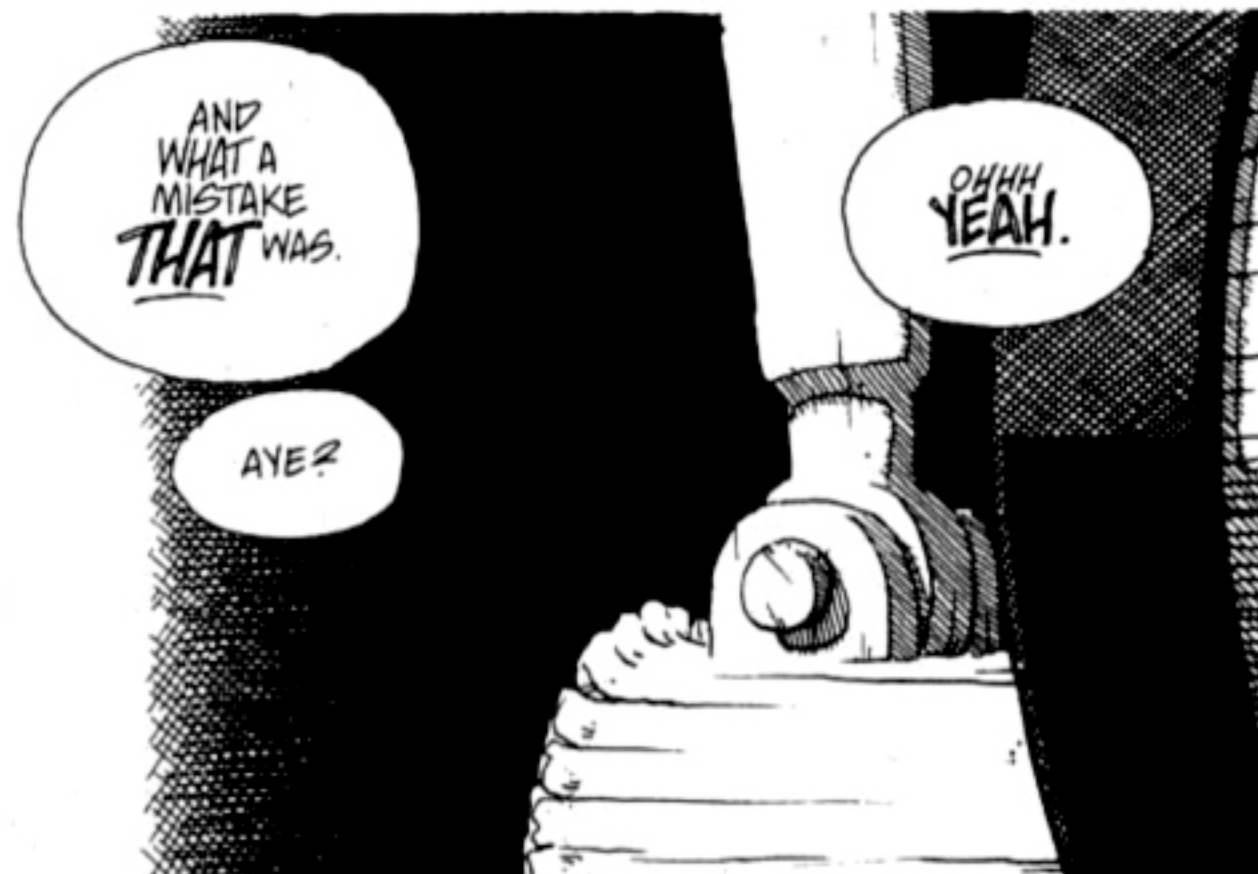
"YOU'LL MISS  
THE UGLY GIRL-  
FRIEND SING-  
ALONG..."

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

AN' HE GOES

HE GOES









"ON SHONE TAY  
MUH SYUH!"



I HAD  
TOLD HER  
VIKTOR  
SPOKE  
LOWER  
FELDAN

WHAT A  
MISTAKE  
THAT  
WAS.



"MAY ON  
GORE DUH  
MUNNA  
MWAH  
DUH BLAH  
BLAH  
BLAH"



SO VIKTOR ?SNICKER:  
VIKTOR TAKES HER  
ROYAL FUCKING  
MAJESTY'S HAND,  
RIGHT?

AND HE SQUINTS  
AT IT--THEN HE  
LOOKS UP AND  
SAYS

LIKE

TEN WORDS  
IN LOWER  
FELDAN

AND  
BOOM!



JAKA PICKS  
UP HIS PINT--  
DUMPS IT ON  
HIS HEAD...

HAHAHA  
HAHAHA

AND THEN SHE  
TURNS TO ME AND  
SHE SAYS:

"RICK?"

(LIKE SHE HAD  
ASKED ME A  
QUESTION?)

(AND I WASN'T  
ANSWERING  
FAST ENOUGH?)

AND SHE  
TURNS ON  
HER HEEL



AND SHE  
WALKS  
OUT.

WITHOUT.

SAYING.

ANOTHER.

WORD.



AND  
ME!

I JUMP RIGHT  
OFF OF MY  
BARSTOOL

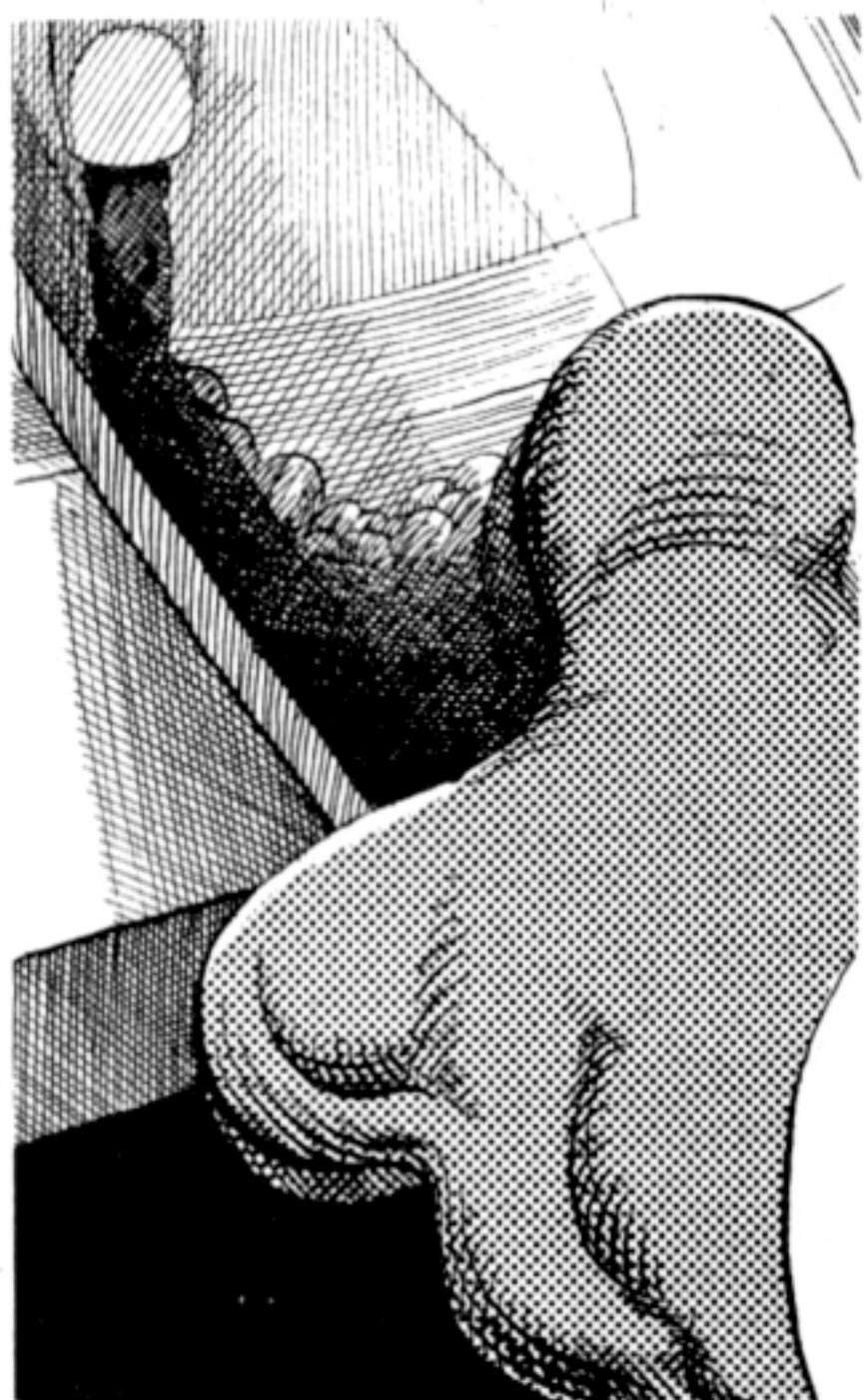
(EXCUSE  
ME)

MY BARSTOOL AND  
GO RUNNING  
AFTER HER

JUST LIKE  
A...

LIKE  
A--A









**T**

HE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN

Jaka had gone to work, I went looking for Viktor and found him in his usual spot. I pulled him around on his bar stool to face me.

"What did you say to my girlfriend?" I demanded, shaking with rage.

He looked me up and down — once — a little curious and very much amused.

"Did you ask *her*?" Half his face was smiling.

"No," I answered, indignantly.

"Then," he winked, "you don't really want to know, *do you?*"

I swung my fist at his head with all my strength. He caught my wrist and twisted it slightly, enough to put me off balance and hold me at eye level.

"You're out of your league, son," he said in a pleasant tone of voice. "You're out of your league with *me*," he bent my wrist just enough to emphasize his point, "and you're out of your league with your pretty little dancer."

I tried to stare him down, but he knew he was right. When we both knew he was right, I had to look away.

"What am I going to do?" I asked

"She's basically an unhappy person," he said. "With the unhappy ones you've got to be happy enough for two. You're a naturally happy person and as long as you stay that way, you'll do fine."

He waited for that to sink in. I nodded.

He let go of my wrist, and I sank onto the bar stool next to his.

"Right now, you're going to go home and tell her that you found me and you forced me to tell you what I said to her. You're going to tell her that I told you. And you're going to tell her that when I told you, you told me that you never wanted to see me or talk to me again."

I looked up at him.

"She's still..." he searched for the appropriate verb, "...*measuring* you. Telling her *that* should get you off on the right foot. Don't tell her you tried to hit me. She wouldn't like that. After that, just be happy every damn minute of your waking life and you've got her for as long as you want her."

He waited for *that* to sink in. I nodded.

"You're welcome," he said.

I laughed. "Thanks."

He stuck out his hand and I shook it.

"I'll still see you around, though," I said. "This isn't..."

He shook his head. "You never want to see me or talk to me again. If you try to put one over on your pretty little dancer, she'll see through you as if you were made of glass."

It seemed inconceivable that I would never see Viktor again. I tried to think of some way around it. I don't know how long I sat there thinking about it. I looked up at him.

"As if you were made of glass," he repeated.

I nodded and got up to leave. My feet seemed encased in cement.

"If you screw up," he said, "and she decides to leave you — stay away from places like this, and stay away from booze. Some people can handle it and some can't. Take it from me. You can't."

We shook hands again. "Goodbye, Rick," he said. "Don't forget what I told you."

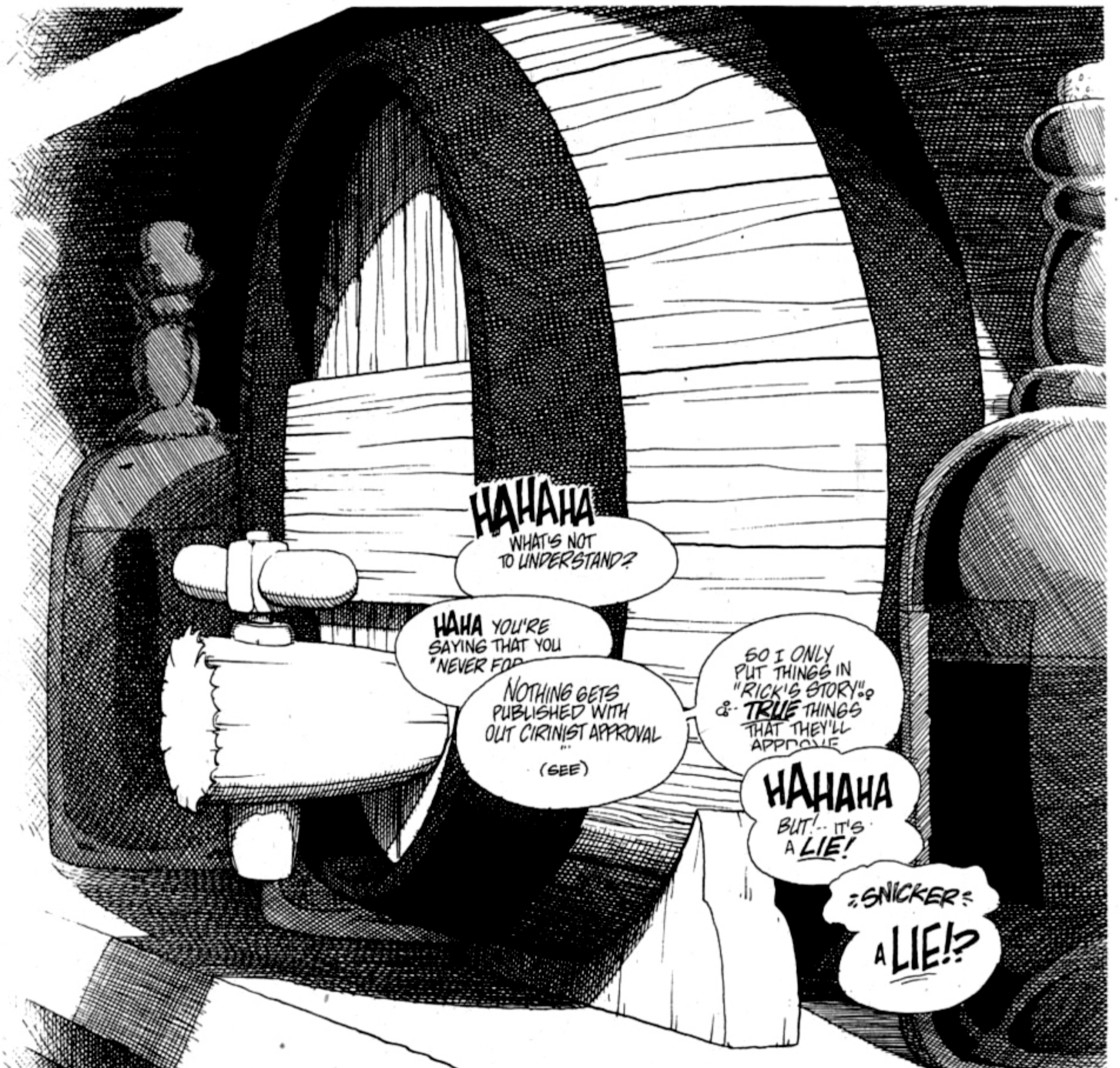
"I won't. Goodbye, Viktor."

And I never forgot the advice Viktor gave me.





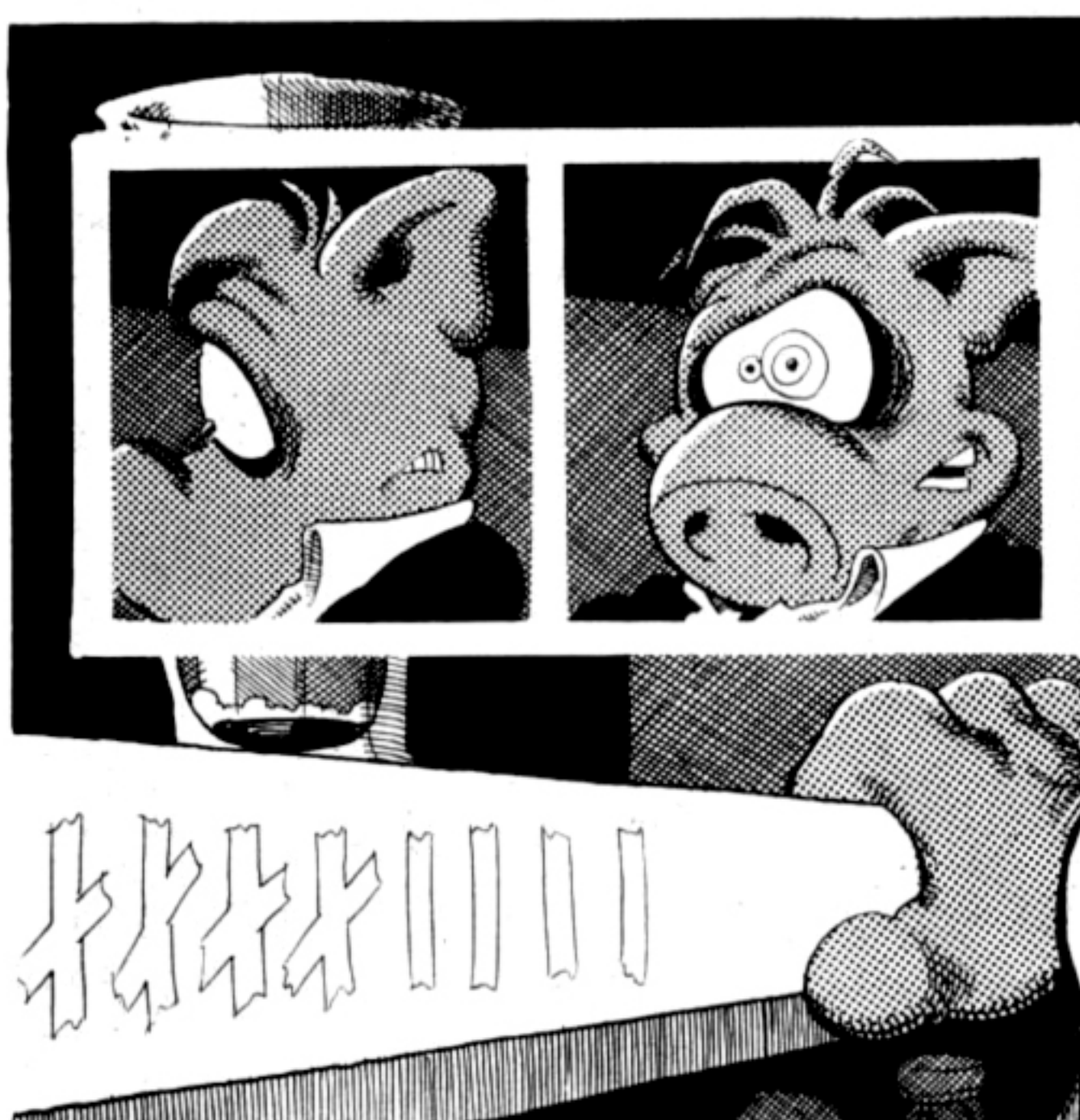
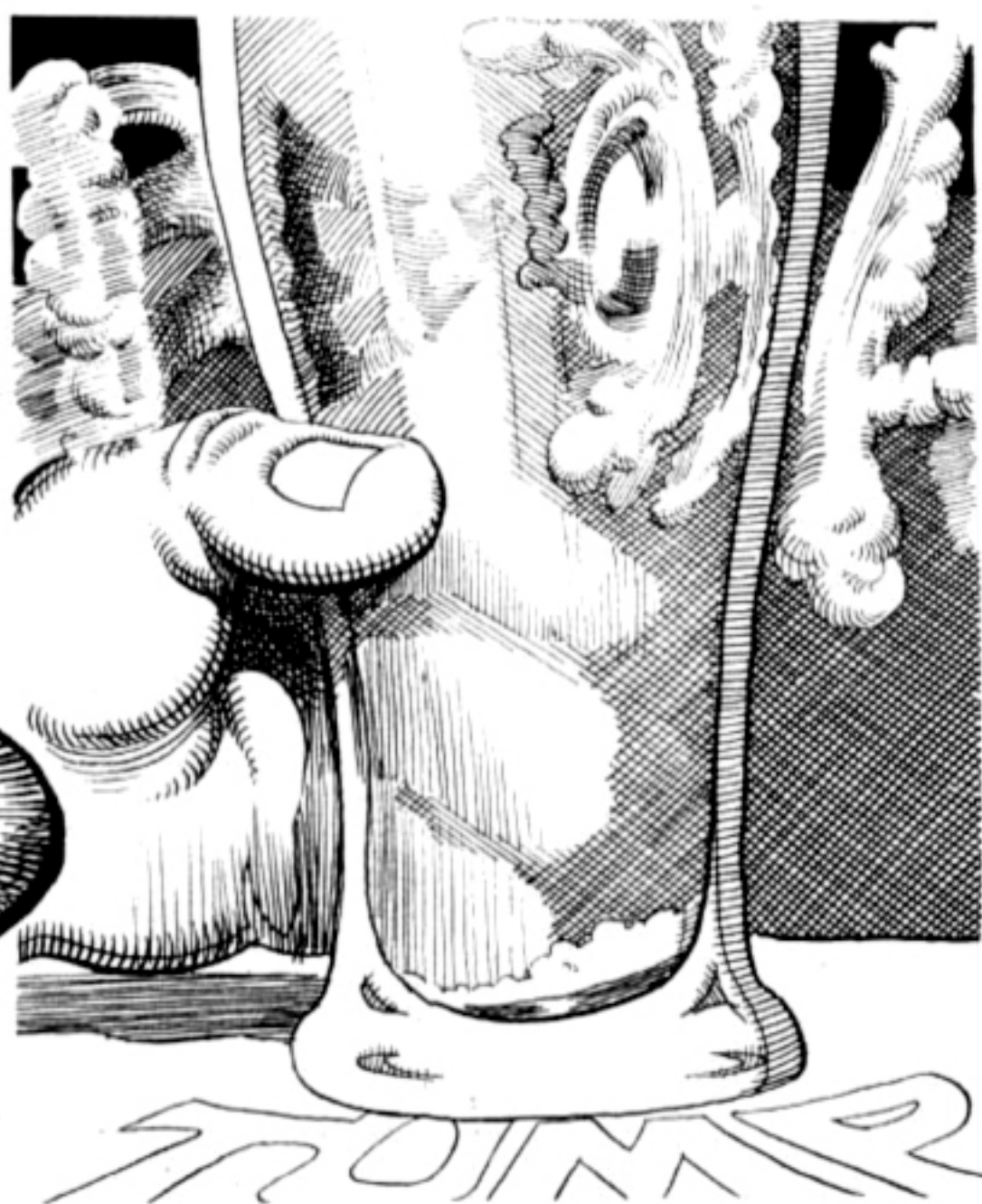




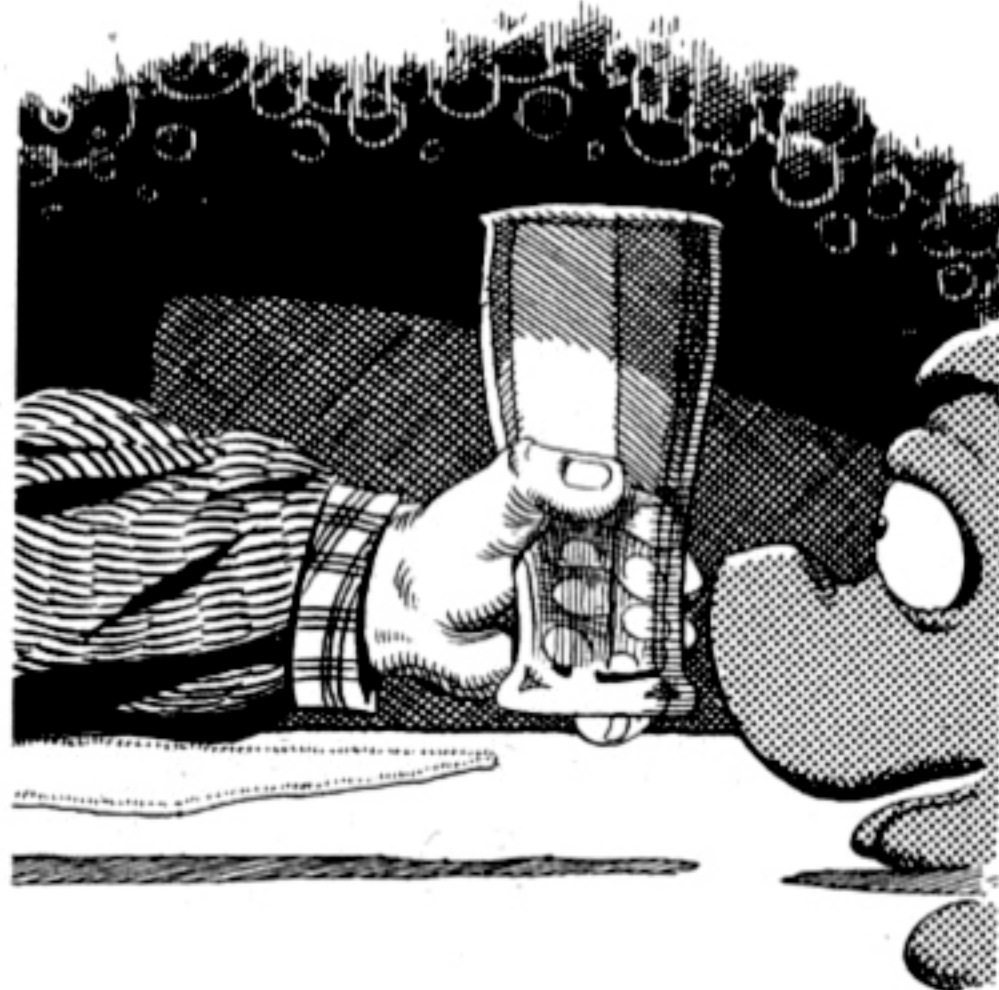












FERMENTATIONALLY DISADVANTAGED



HEY! FORGET ABOUT IT  
TO BE **HUGE** AND ALMOST  
ALL WOMEN **BEAUTIFUL** WOMEN  
AND I'LL TELL YOU **WAY**...

SEE... BEAUTIFUL WOMEN KNOW **EVERYTHING** ABOUT THE **TRUTH** BECAUSE  
THERE IS **NOTHING** IN THE WORLD THAT IS **TRUER**... MORE TRUE... NO, TRUER  
THAT'S RIGHT **TRUER** THAN A BEAUTIFUL **FUMF**... EXCUSE ME... BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN... SO THEY'LL **KNOW** (GEE) THEY'LL KNOW AS SOON AS THEY **READ**  
"RICK'S STORY" THAT IT DOESN'T JUST CONTAIN THE TRUTH... IT IS THE  
TRUTH---

AND THEY'LL **ALL** COME **RUNNING**  
"SIGN MINE FIRST!" "NO SIGN MINE  
FIRST!" "I **LOVE** RICK'S STORY"  
(THEY'LL SAY) "IT'S SO **TRUE**!"  
AND NO ONE **BELIEVES** THAT'S  
WHAT WILL **BUMF**... EXCUSE ME  
HAPPEN BUT IT **WILL**... JUST  
LIKE I SAW IN MY **DREAM**...  
THE **CIRINISTS** WILL TRY AND  
TREAT IT LIKE JUST ANOTHER  
READ BUT IT IS GOING TO JUST  
**EXPLODE** (GEE) **BOOM!**

"WE DIDN'T EXPECT **THIS**" THEY'LL  
SAY. "WE'VE NEVER SEEN **ANY** THING  
LIKE **THIS**" AND THEY'LL DOUBLE  
THE **SECURITY** AND IT STILL  
WON'T BE **ENOUGH**! PEOPLE  
WILL GET **TRAMP**! PEOPLE  
JUST LIKE I SAW IN MY  
**DREAM**...

EVERY NIGHT A  
DIFFERENT TAVERN  
AND A DIFFERENT  
**PARTY**

**SO**...  
AT THE **FIRST** FEW TAVERNS I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE  
TO SIGN **ONE** AUTOGRAPH... THE **CIRINISTS** WILL GET ME  
OUT IN **ONE** PIECE BUT MY **CLOTHES** WILL BE **RIPPED**  
AND CLUMPS OF MY **HAIR** WILL BE MISSING... BUT  
FINALLY THEY'LL SAY "WE DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU & **FUMF**"  
EXCUSE ME "BUT YOU WERE RIGHT" AND THEN THEY'LL  
HAVE A **LOT** OF **SECURITY** AND THAT'S WHEN  
THE **FUN** STARTS BOY

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN  
SURROUNDING ME, **LAUGHING**  
AT MY **JOKES**, RUBBING AGAINST  
ME I'LL BE NICE TO ALL OF THEM  
CAUSE I'M A NICE GUY AND **BESIDES**  
THAT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PICK  
THE ONE I WANT FOR THE **NIGHT**  
AND WHEN I **FIND** HER **FUMF**  
EXCUSE ME  
ONCE I **PICK** HER

I'LL JUST  
WHISPER IN HER  
**EAR** "MEET ME IN  
THE ROOM ON THE  
RIGHT AT THE TOP  
OF THE STAIRS..."

OR "IN THE  
SECOND COTTAGE  
FROM THE END" (OR  
WHEREVER IT IS  
I'M STAYING)

AND (heh-heh) IN LESS  
TIME THAN IT TAKES TO  
SAY "DELUXE ACCOMMODATION"  
(BROTHER)

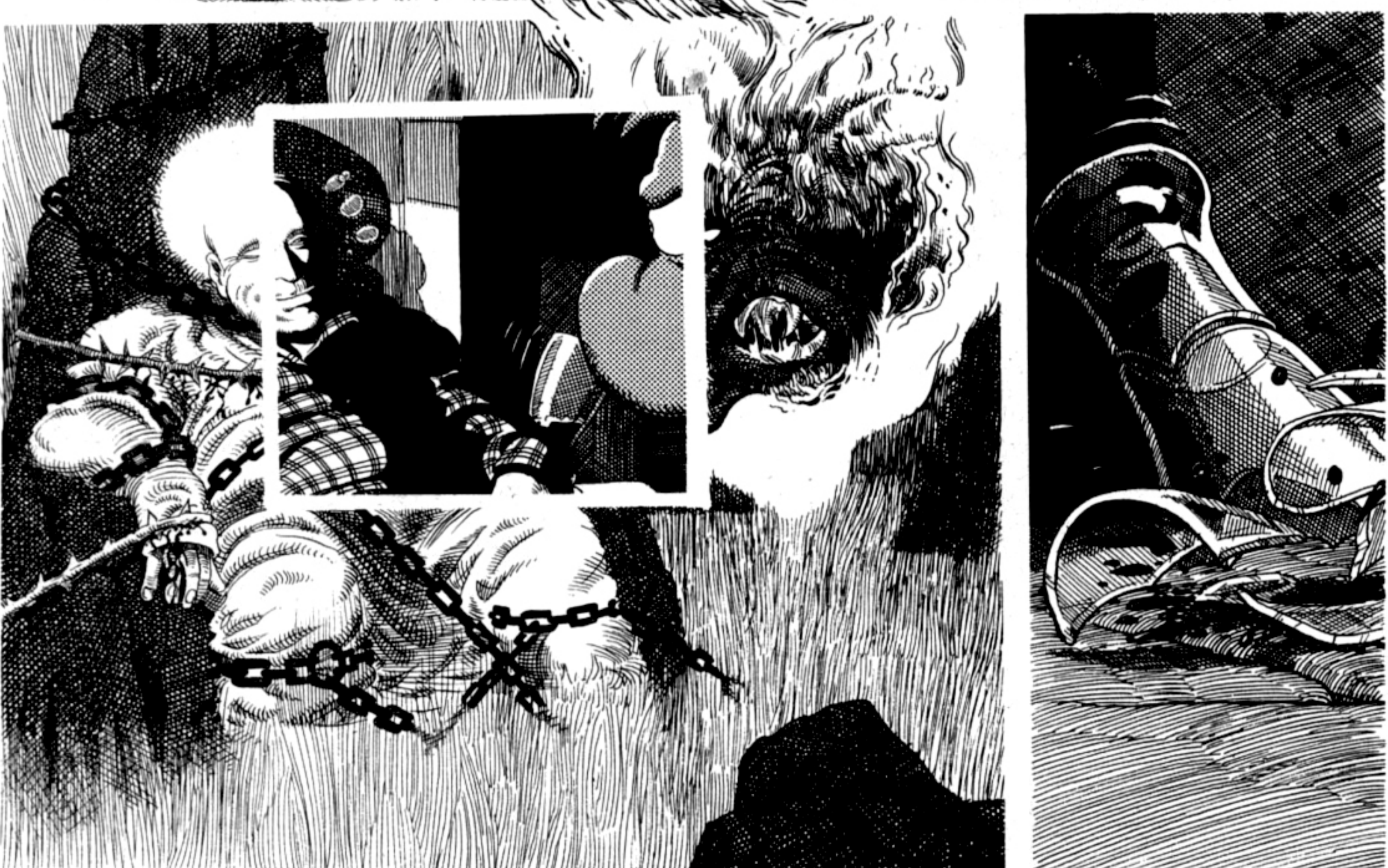
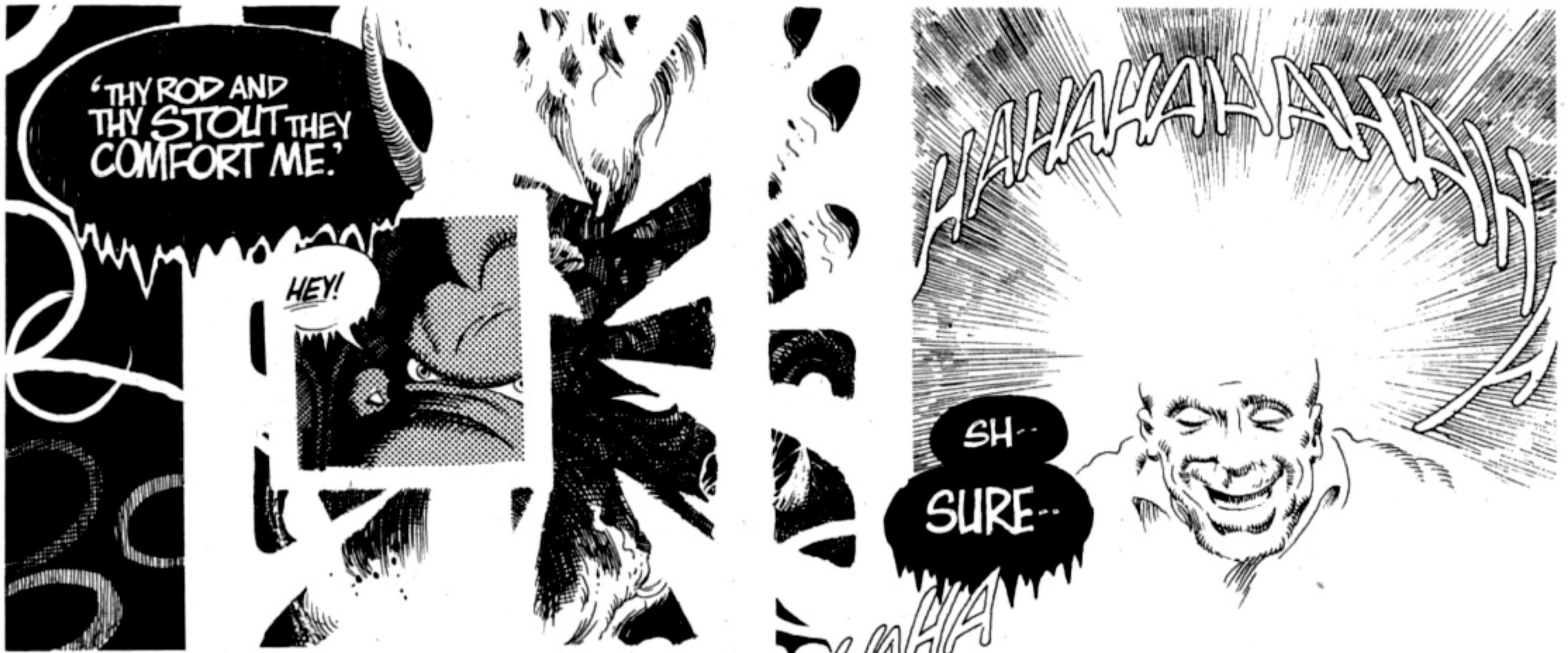




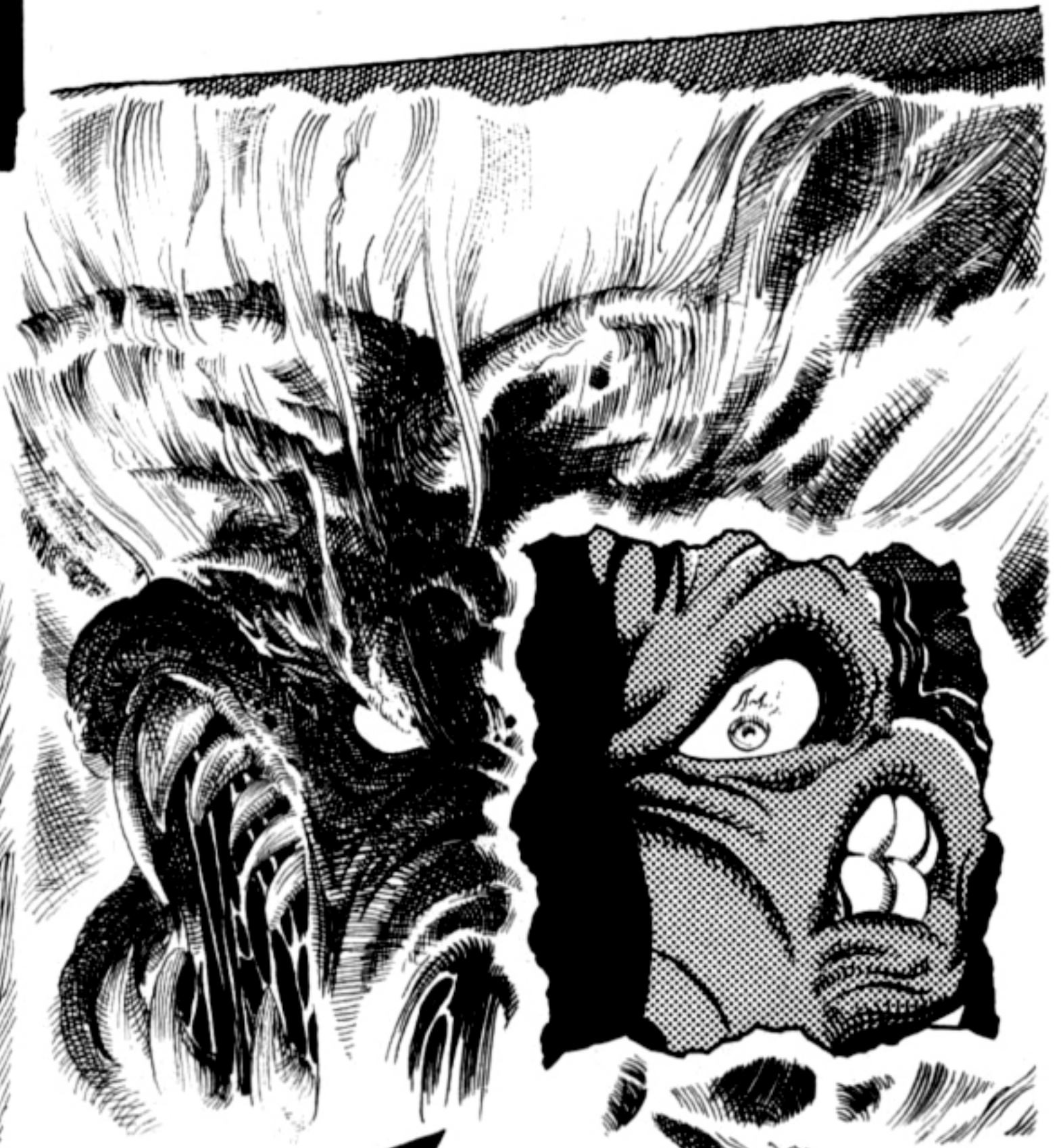
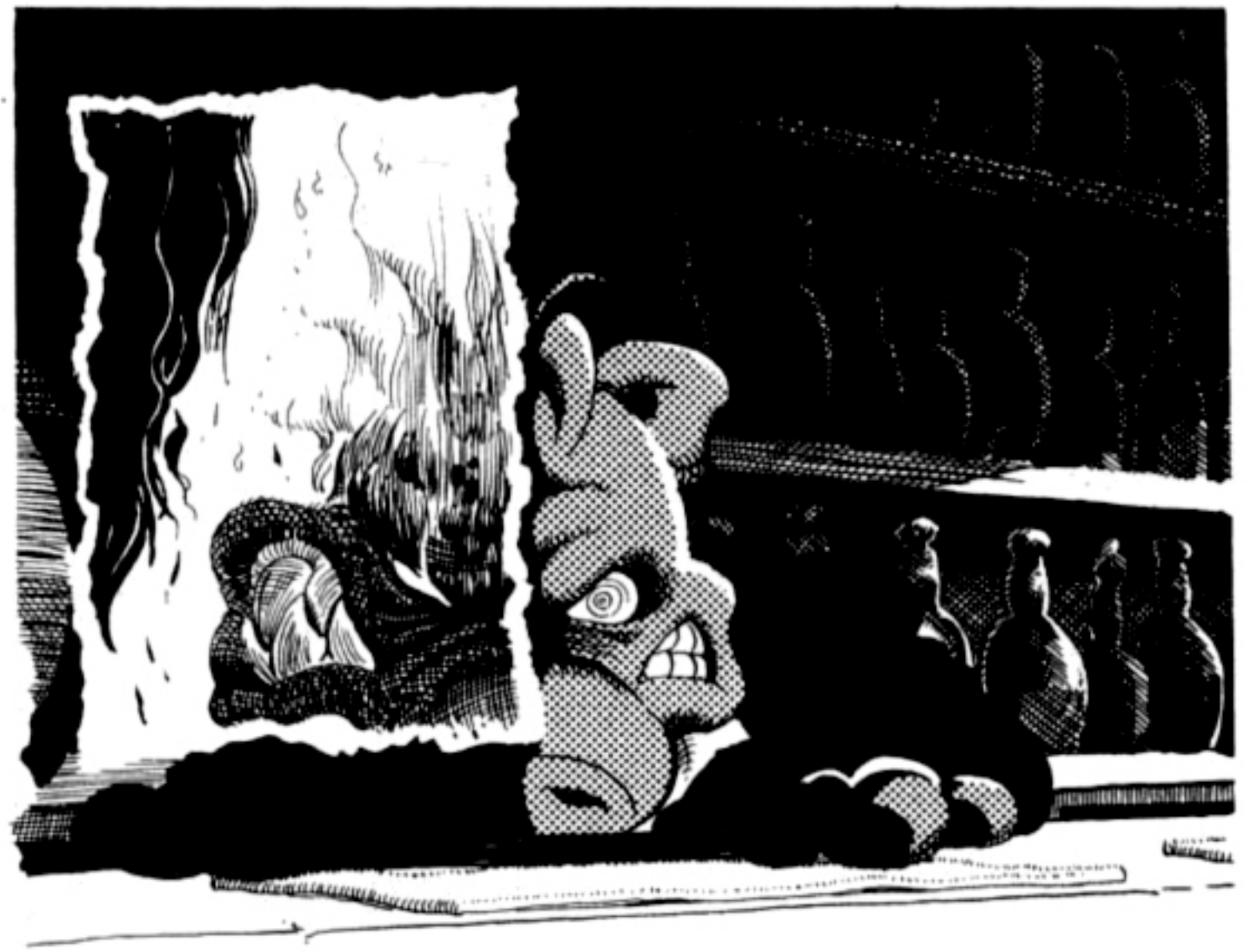




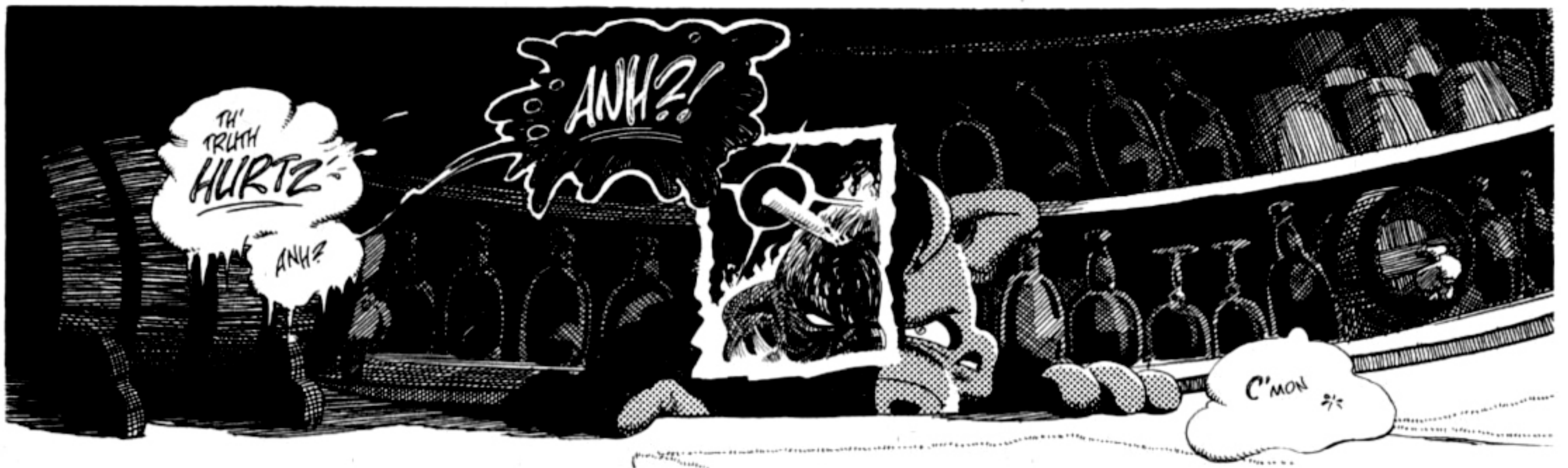




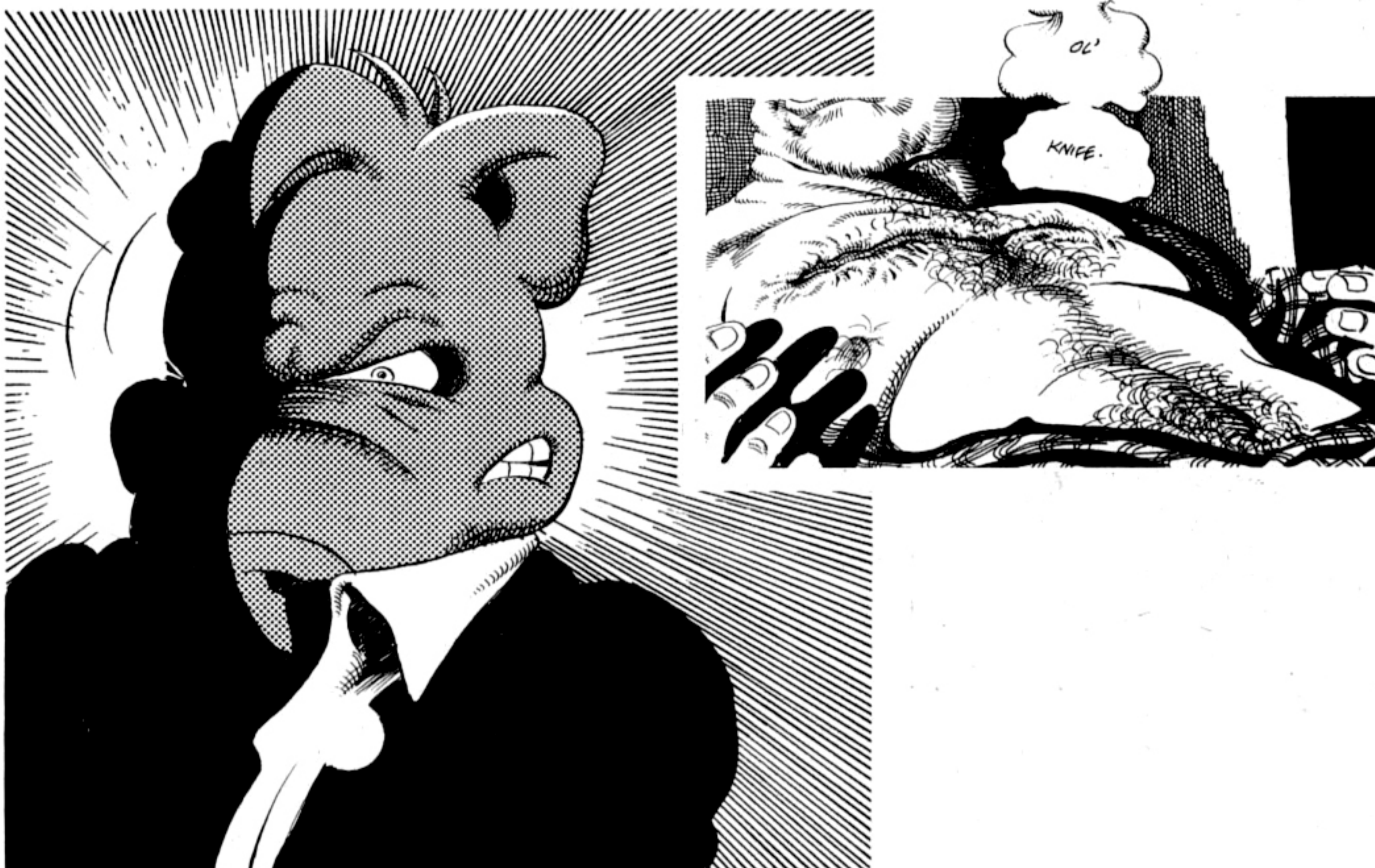
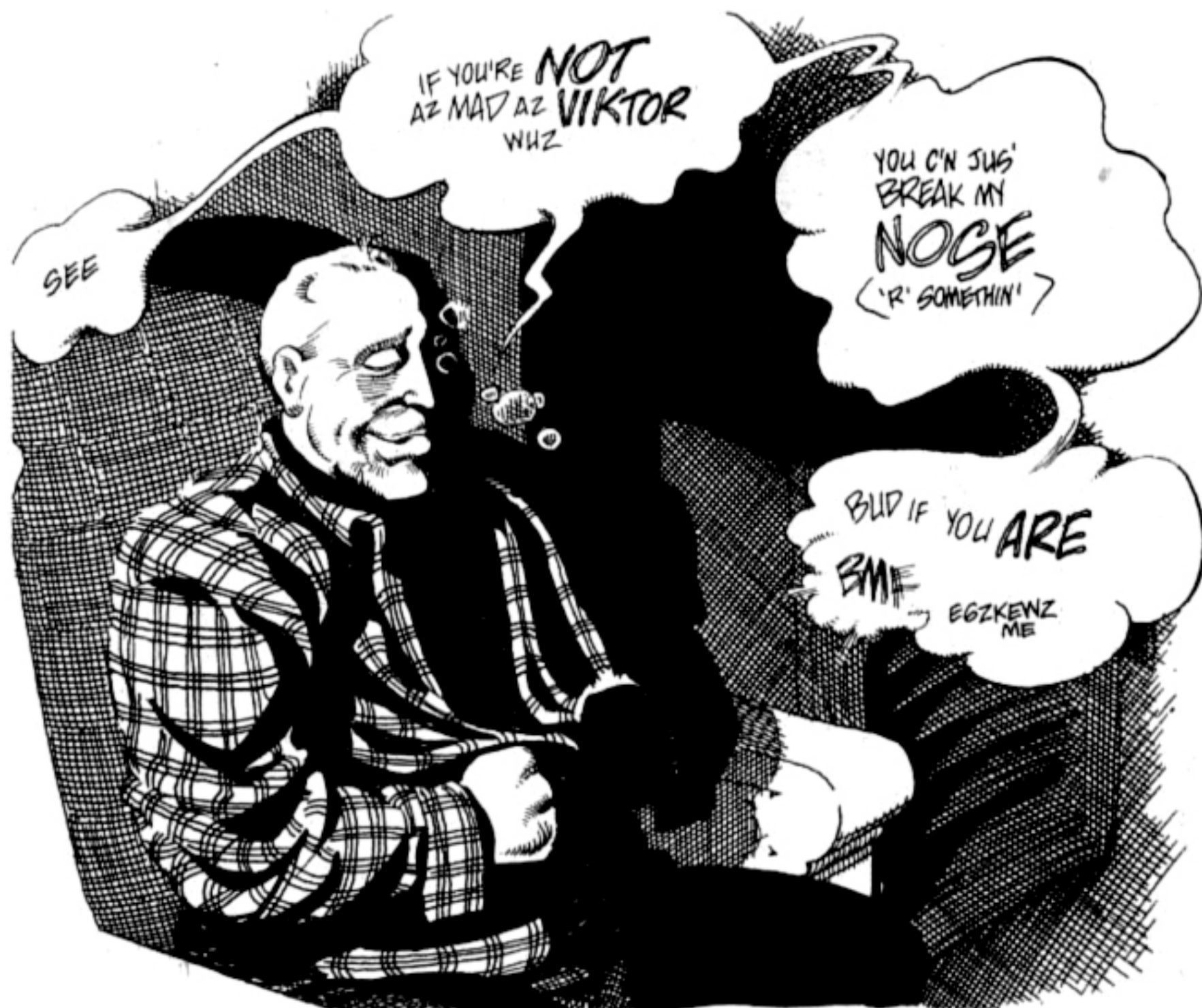




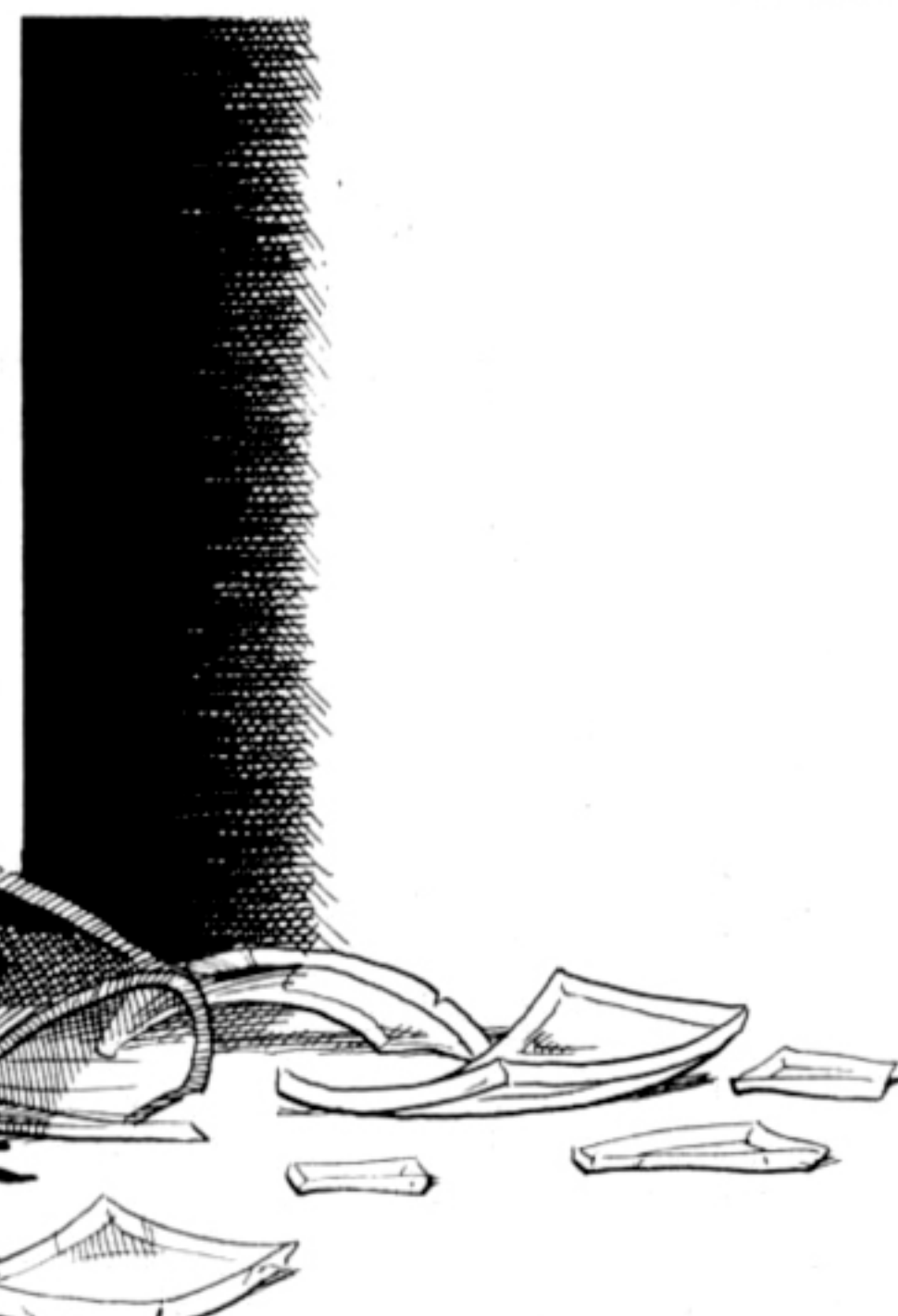
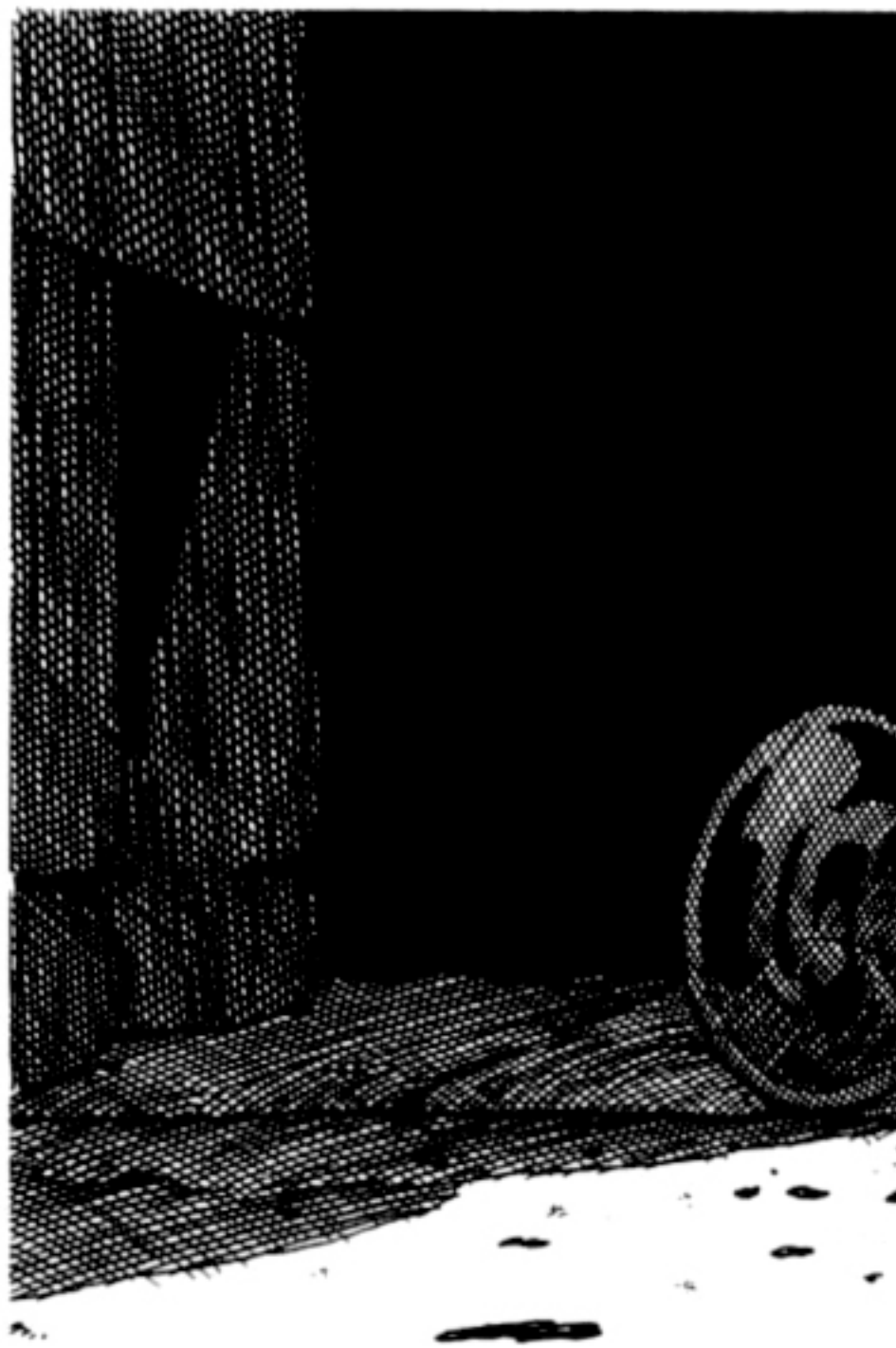
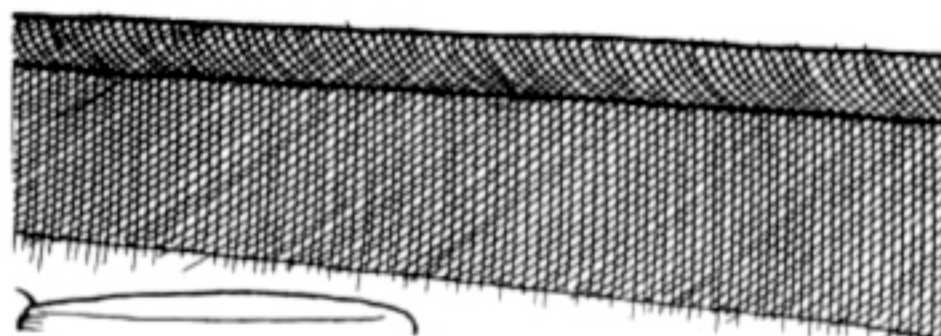








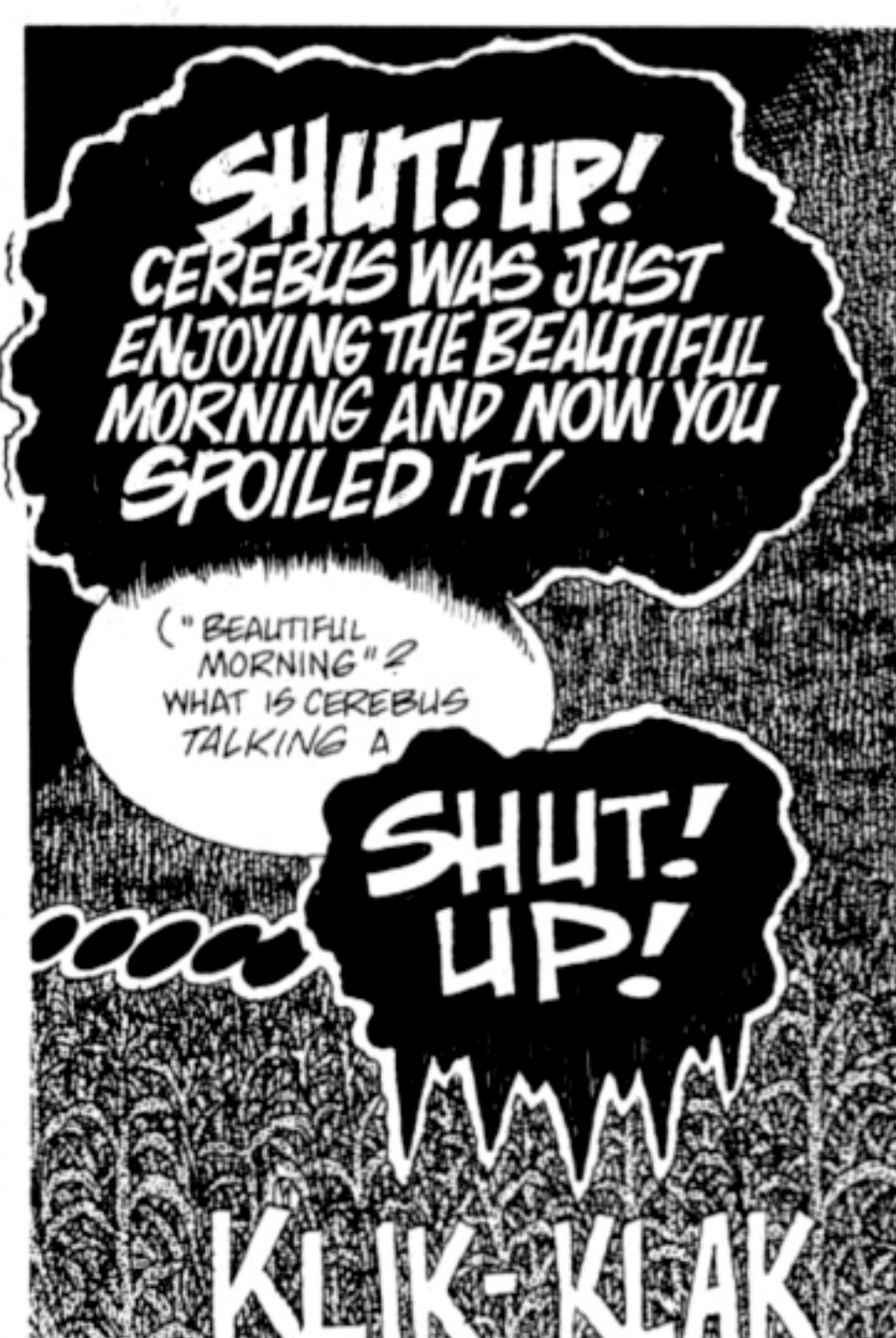
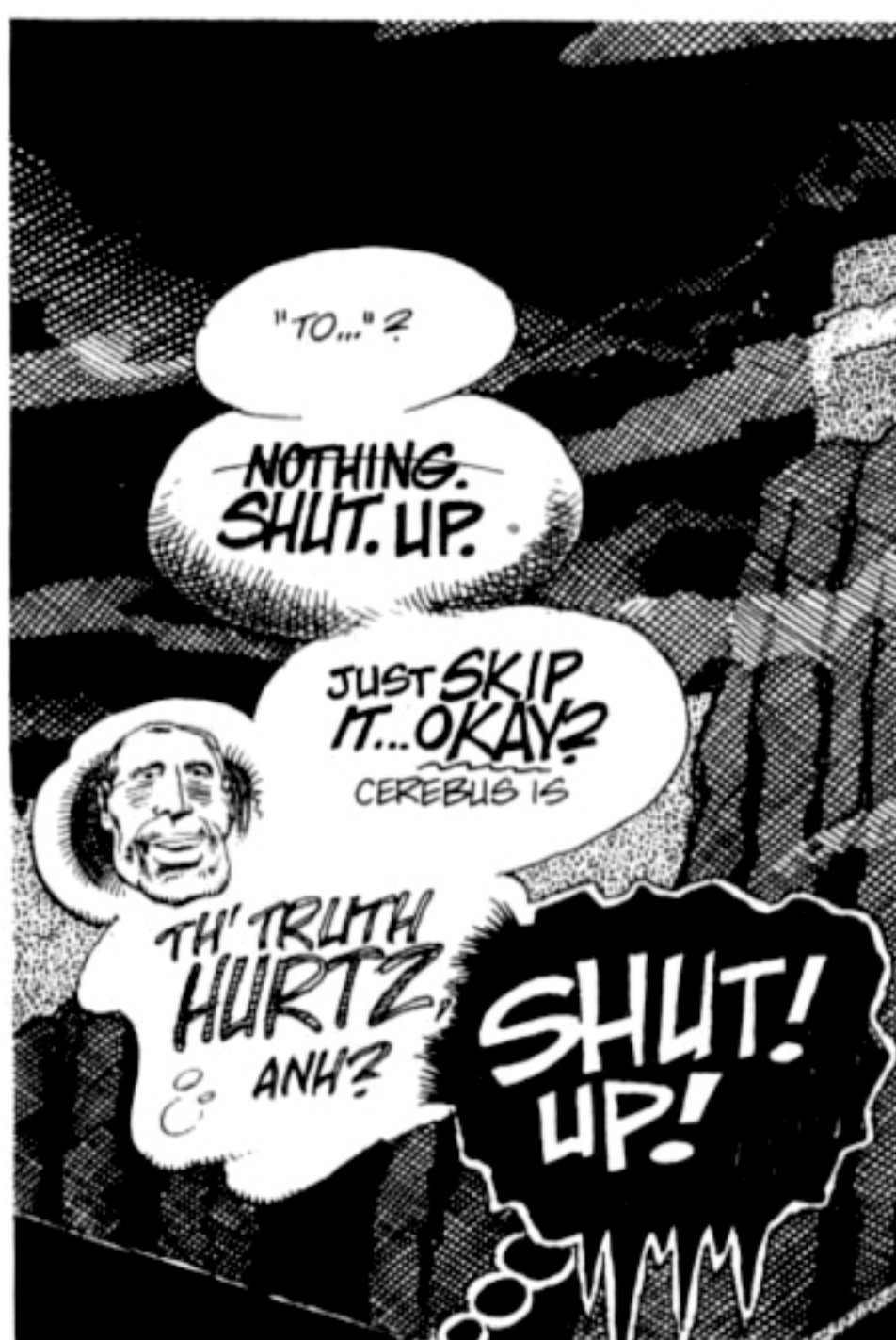








HAH!







GOOD MORNING!



I...  
uh...



I CLEANED  
UP THE BROKEN  
GLASS AND THE  
SPILLED-- uh--  
SPILLED \*f



OHHHHH  
BOY.

HEH-HEH THAT  
BAD WAS I?



AW,  
GEE.

LISTEN...



I SWEAR TO YOU  
I DO NOT REMEMBER  
ANYTHING I SAID OR  
DID LAST NIGHT

AFTER MY LITTLE  
--"FAST DRINKING"--  
DEMONSTRATION, THAT IS.

IT'S LIKE ... JAKA'S  
PALNU FACE ... IT'S WHAT  
I DO WHEN I'M NERVOUS  
(Y'KNOW?)...

...WHEN I'M SETTLING  
IN SOMEPLACE NEW.  
ONCE I'M SETTLED IN  
I'M USUALLY FINE.

REALLY.





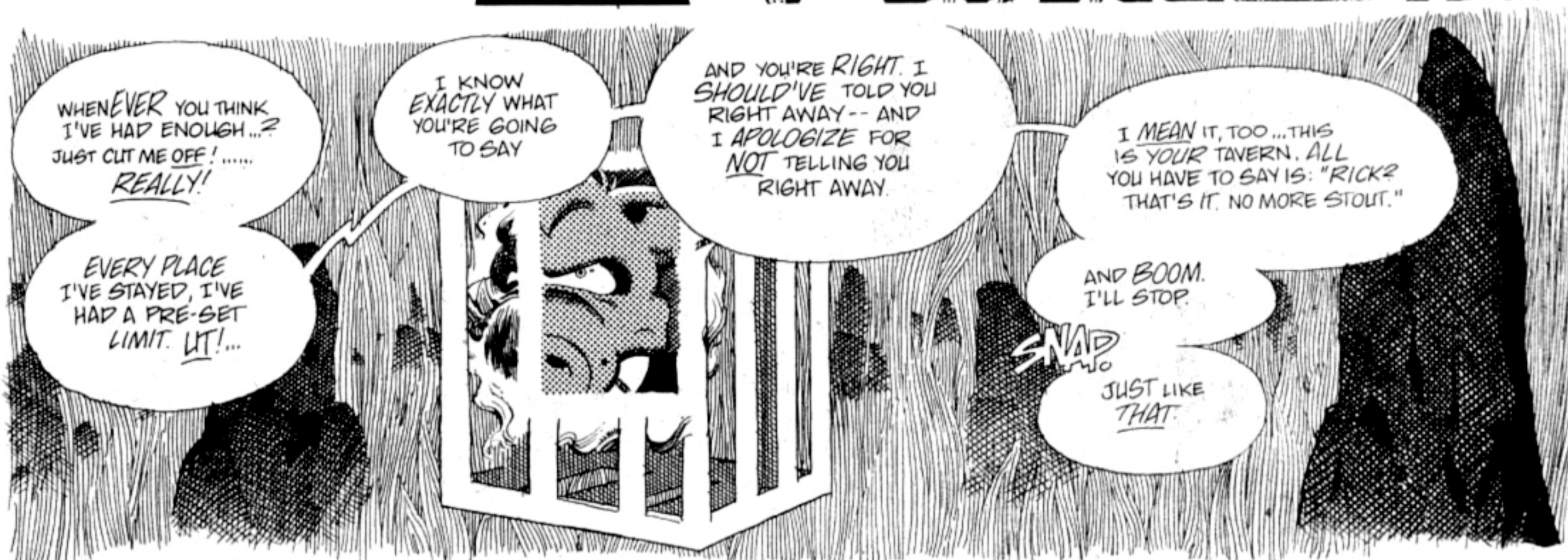
YOU SEEM TO THINK BECAUSE YOU DON'T REMEMBER DOIN' IT, THAT THAT MEANS YOU DIDN'T DO NOTHIN' WRONG

O-OF-COURSE, NOT REMEMBERING IN NO WAY EXCUSES WHAT I DID WRONG -- IF I SAID OR DID ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU ANGRY

I APOLOGIZE.

SINCERELY

APOLOGIZE



WHENEVER YOU THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH...? JUST CUT ME OFF! ..... REALLY!

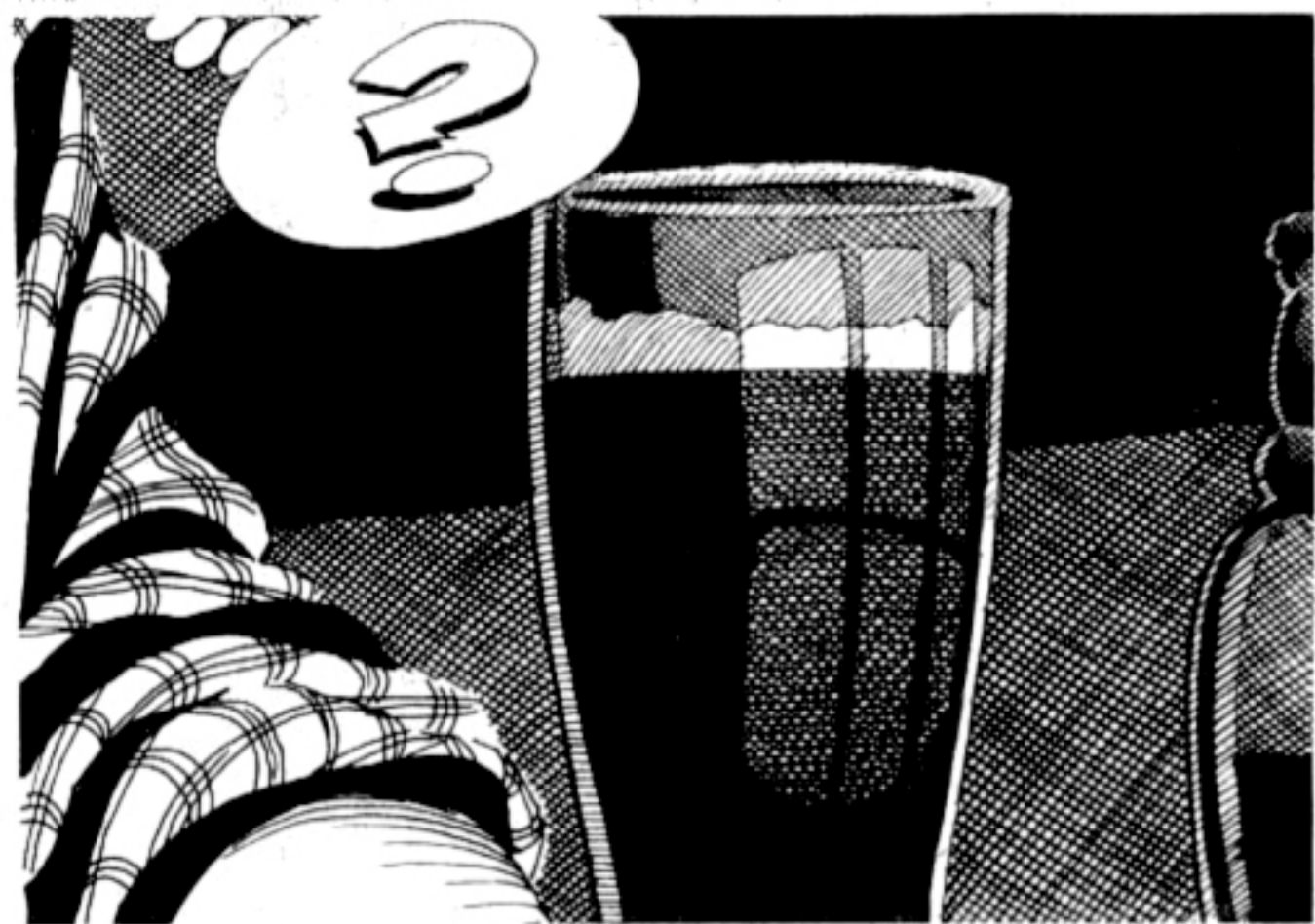
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY

AND YOU'RE RIGHT. I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU RIGHT AWAY -- AND I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT TELLING YOU RIGHT AWAY.

I MEAN IT, TOO...THIS IS YOUR TAVERN. ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS: "RICK? THAT'S IT. NO MORE STOUT."

AND BOOM. I'LL STOP.

**SNAP!**  
JUST LIKE THAT.



**HEY!** WITHIN LIMITS  
PAL.



YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO DENY A GROWING BOY HIS BREAKFAST JUICE -- WOULDJA?





YOU BET!

HALF STOUT ...

HALF BAR LINE

THIS BABY'S JUST LOADED WITH MANY IMPORTANT VITAMINS AND "GOOD MORNING FRESHNESS" ...



IT TASTES A LOT BETTER THAN IT SOUNDS.

NO BIG SURPRISE THERE



SINCE IT SOUNDS LIKE DOG SHIT







THE LAST PLACE  
I WAS IN ALLOWED  
ME TWO BREAKFAST  
JUICES EVERY  
MORNING...

AND THE PLACE  
BEFORE THAT  
LET ME HAVE  
THREE



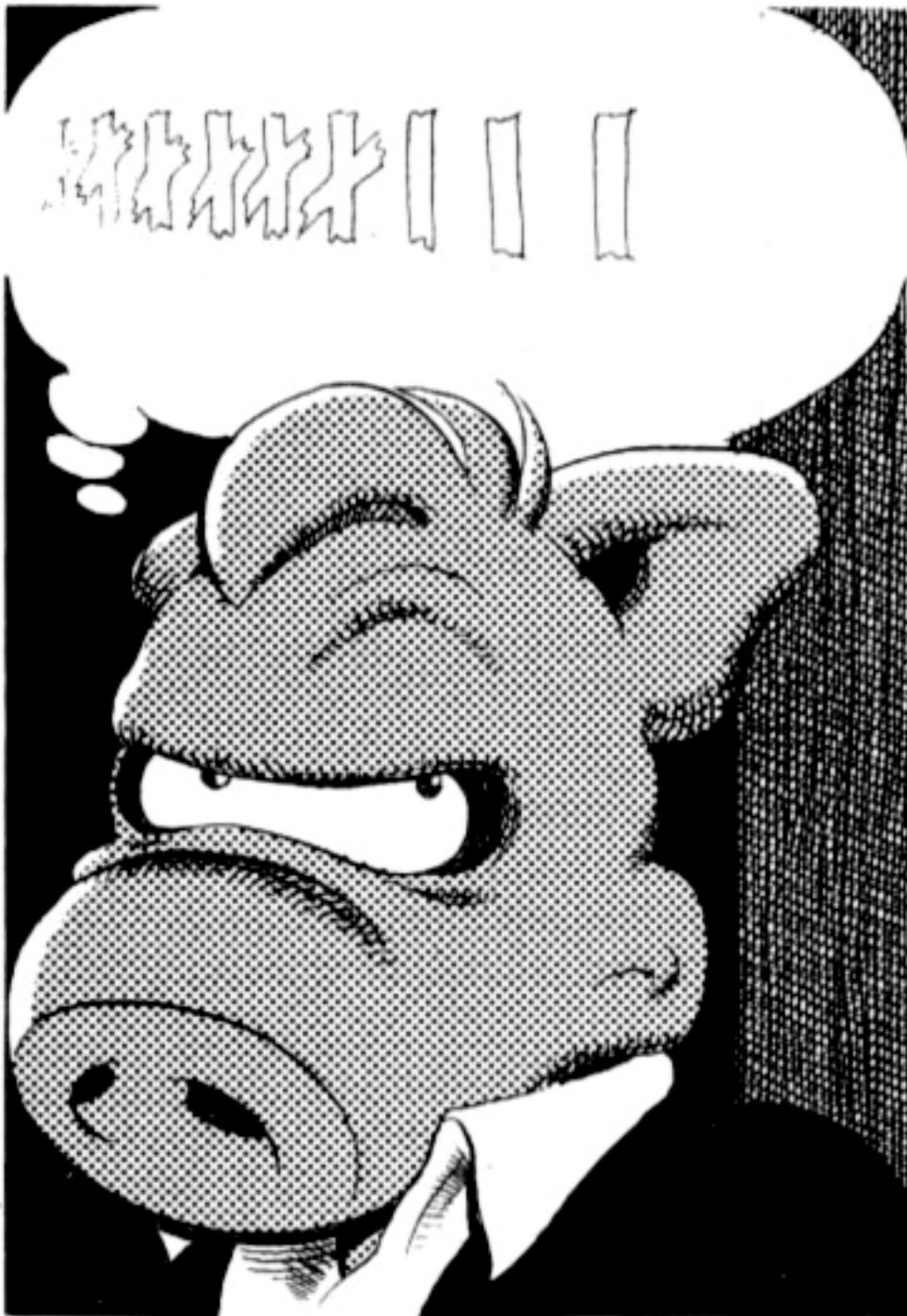
BEING REALLY,  
REALLY HONEST  
WITH MYSELF

I'D SAY THREE  
-- I MEAN TWO  
IS A BETTER  
IDEA THAN  
THREE



SO! TWO BREAKFAST  
JUICES... EVERY  
MORNING

DEAL?



XXXXXXXXXX I I I



DEAL.

GREAT.  
UH...

I SHOULD PROBABLY  
MENTION THAT THIS IS  
MY THIRD ONE

SO WE'LL START  
THE DEAL FIRST  
THING TOMORROW



YOU KNOW --  
I ALMOST NEVER  
READ MY WORK  
OUT LOUD?

STRANGE.

SO!

THIS IS THE  
NEXT MORNING IN  
HER KITCHEN.

*She turned her face  
towards the window  
reflecting inwardly upon  
question I had asked:  
"How did my marriage  
break up?"  
"How did my marriage  
break up?"  
she seemed to ask the  
question of the loop!  
question FIRST  
① Five years ago  
② Three years ago  
"How did my marriage  
break up?"  
She turned and de-  
finitely tended winds  
of the answer lay be-  
ath the lamp began  
ad asked me five years  
ago. P. 1 + 1 + 1*





**H**OW DID MY MARRIAGE break up?" She turned and looked at the carefully tended window box, as if the answer lay buried there beneath her limp begonias. "If you had asked me five years ago..." The sentence fragment transported her back in time, furrowing her alabaster forehead, as well tended as the window box. "If you had asked me *three* years ago..." Another fragment, this time drawing her closer to the present, closer to confession. "I would've said, 'He became weak, too... pliant. He no longer wanted me for a wife, a lover, or a mate. He wanted me to be his mother.'" She sneered, "He wanted his mo-ommy." Drawing out the word, etching it with acid sweetness caused her to wince — as if it were an attack dog or a hunting falcon which, now denied its former prey, could only turn on its master. "I came to see..." Still another fragment. Clearly, what she had seen she found difficult to express. My senses swam with the effort to remain still, to not clear my throat which had suddenly gone dry. So precariously balanced was her mood that the slightest sound, the least movement would — I was sure — snap it like a twig. The seconds stretched like hours until she spoke again, steeling herself against her own words, which came quietly, as if she were speaking to herself — or in a dream.

"I came to see that it was I...who made him that way." Some internal barricade had been breached. "Oh, it wasn't *all* my fault. Like so many things, it happened gradually. It was unspoken. He was a gentlem —" The word caught in her throat, and it was she who coughed — releasing me, gratefully, to follow suit. "A gentleman. A gentle man, who could no more dream of forcing himself on me..." This sentence, too, remained a fragment. Her features revealed her inner torment. Unable to bear the emotional cost of either retreating from or advancing upon her own subject, after some moments she chose the latter. "I used our love-making to reward him and punish him. Knowing he would never force himself on me. I used my body to modify his behaviour — the way a mother would use a child's privileges for the same purpose. Taking away the privileges to punish, restoring them as a reward."

I thought of my own marriage and winced, inwardly, at the memory.

"Love-making has to be *love-making*," she said. "It has to exist between two people as a...pure expression of what they have together. It can't be allowed to get mixed up with the mundane day-to-day things: the petty disagreements, the silly arguments. If you wield it like a club or...trade it for something else... the relationship is already over. After that you're just going through the motions."

She stood up and came over to where I was sitting.

"That's why we can't see each other anymore," she said, caressing my cheek. "I've started doing that to you, Ricky."

I thought about her coolness towards me two nights before, when I had arrived late for our supper.

"I know this is painful for you. It's just as painful for me. Perhaps it's more painful for me. But I know it's better that we end it right now. Better that we end it while what is between us is still pure, still honest, still undamaged. I love you with all my heart, but I've discovered that recognizing my own mistakes isn't enough, sometimes, to make me change. But I want you to remember what we talked about this morning, Ricky. Don't ever stay with a woman who rewards and punishes you with her body."

I never loved her more than I did at that moment — as I stood up to leave her forever.



Wow. (impressed — and then further impressed by the degree to which he is impressed:) Wow.

She — she must be a great woman.

(perplexed) Who?

(equally perplexed) Andrea.

(thinks, and then laughs uproariously) AN-drea? Are you kidding? Andrea was a doorknob. (laughs again) As a matter of fact, I've known doorknobs that were more intelligent.

(angry, bristling) How can you say that, after she told you...

(chiding) Oh, come on. Andrea didn't say any of that. (sees that Cerebus is not mollified) No, no. See, Andrea — or the woman she's based on — believes to this day that her husband became weak, turned into a little boy because (considering it for the first time) (laughing) ...because of some natural phenomenon — like too much rainfall or a freak lightning storm.

You know what I mean? (sees that Cerebus doesn't know what he means) Andrea thought it just... happened. It was Viktor who told me the thing about wives using their bodies to reward and punish their little-boy husbands: So, whenever the woman Andrea is based on would start criticizing her ex-husband, it would make me think of what Viktor said.

Oh. (getting over his disappointment) So why didn't you have a character based on Viktor say it?

(appalled) Oh, I could never do that. Have a man say those things? (picturing it) No. Uh-uh. That would be misogynistic — woman-hating. Even if I could get it published — which I couldn't, but even if I could — no one would read it. (explaining the facts of life) That passage was one of the things that got me the license to write Rick's Story. (invoking the irrefutable) The Literature Warden told me Andrea was one of the best women characters she had ever read.

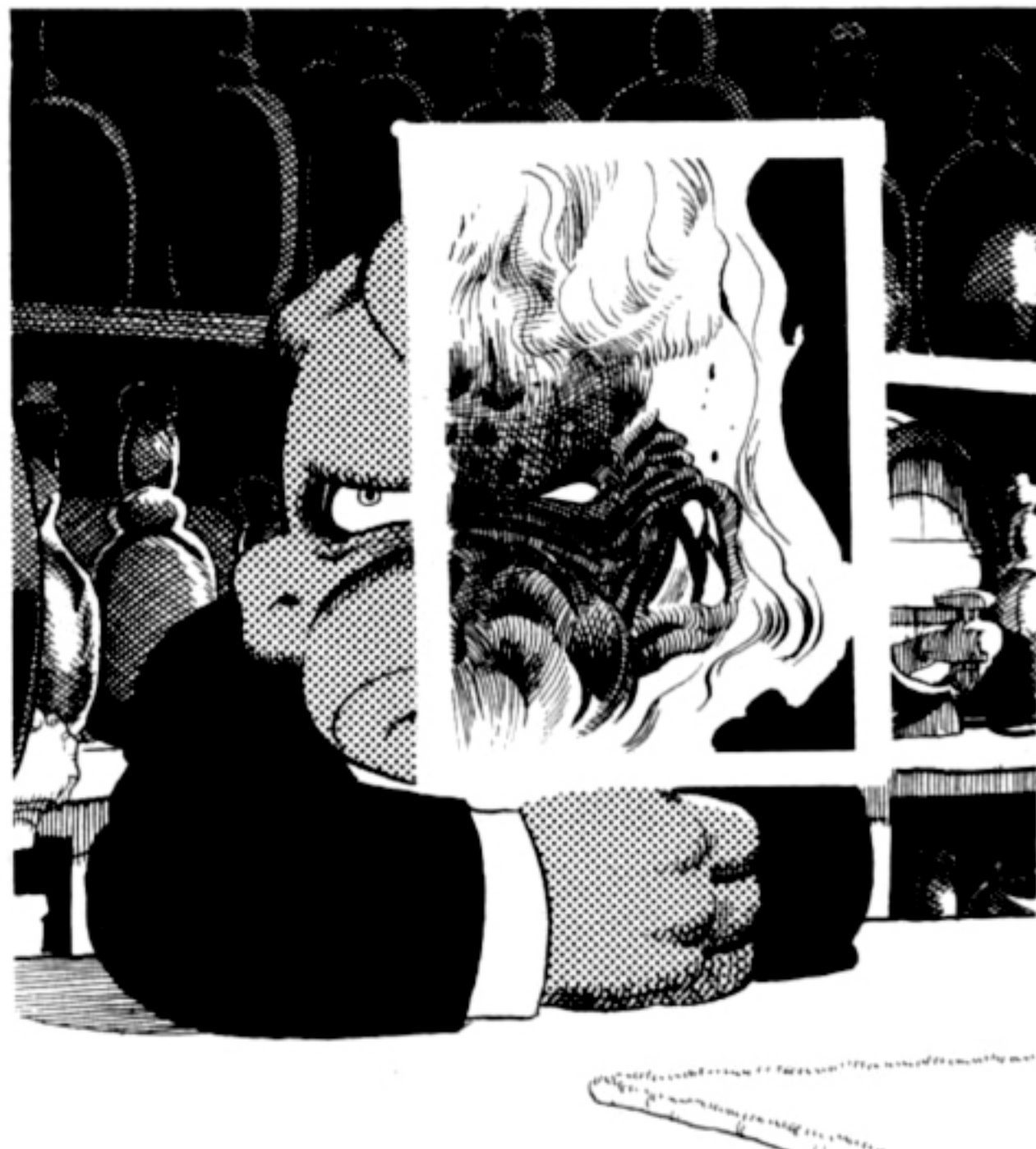
But... (dislocated)... the woman Andrea is based on didn't say any of those things, so it's a lie!

(saintly, smiling) You really are a devil. (they lock eyes until Cerebus looks away)

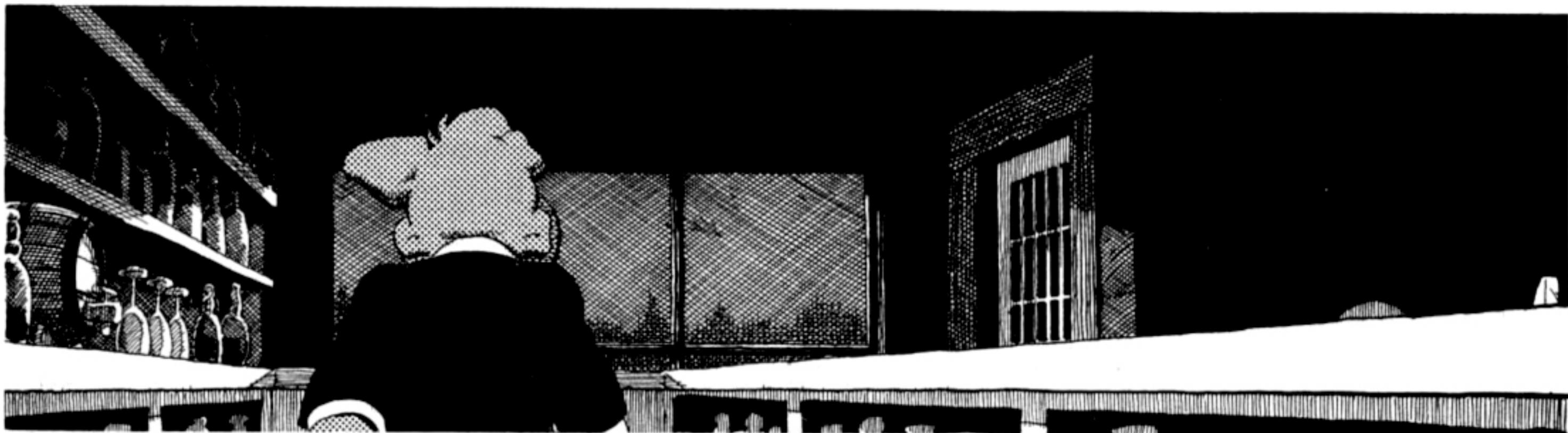
It's not a lie. It's the truth. Beautiful women are true... Remember? I told you that last night. (patiently, instructing a small child) (framing a rule between his hands:) A woman character makes a true thing truer (moving his hands apart to frame a larger rule) A beautiful woman character makes a true thing Absolutely True.

(irritated) You said you didn't remember anything after you showed Cerebus what "drinking fast" was.

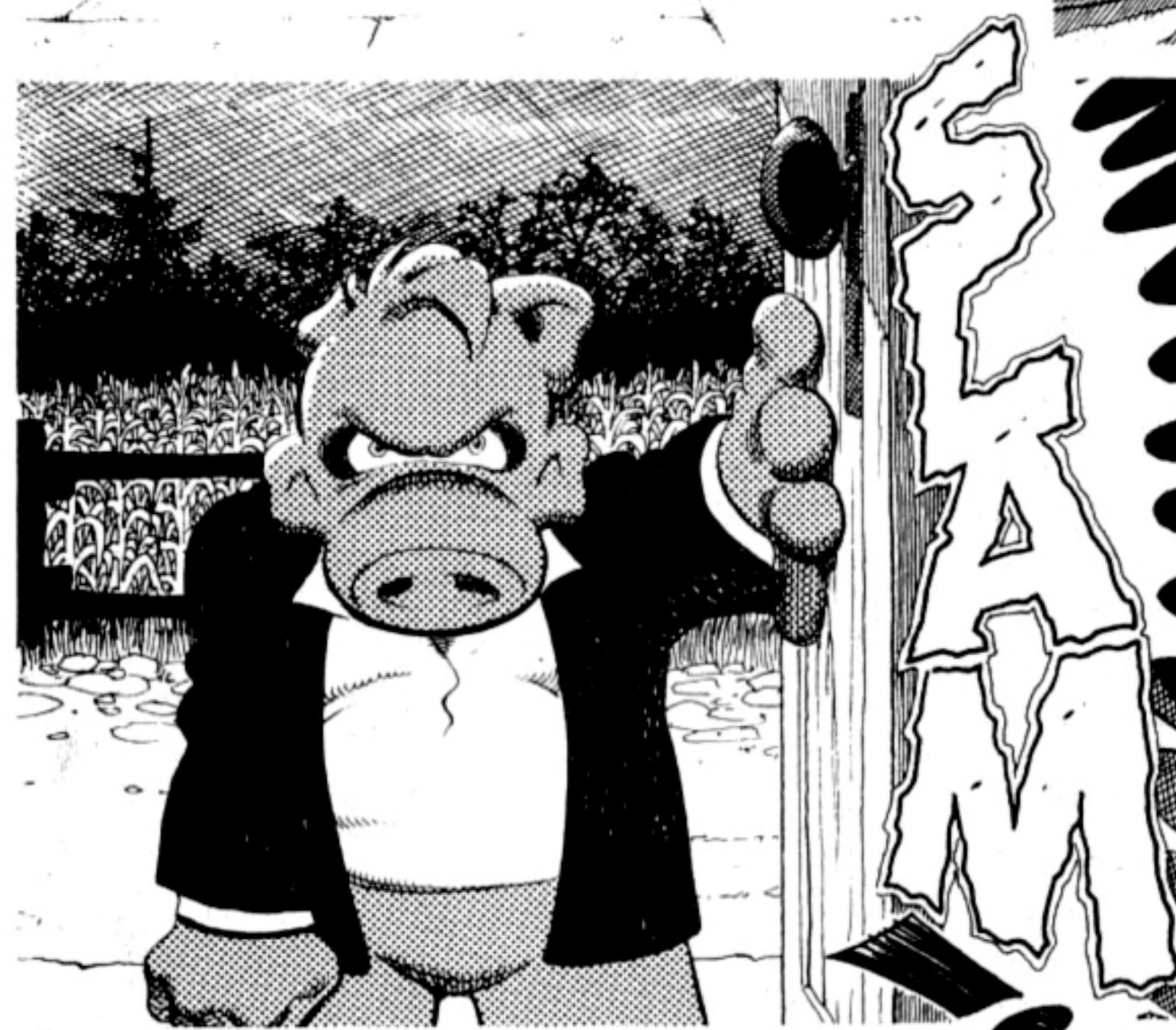
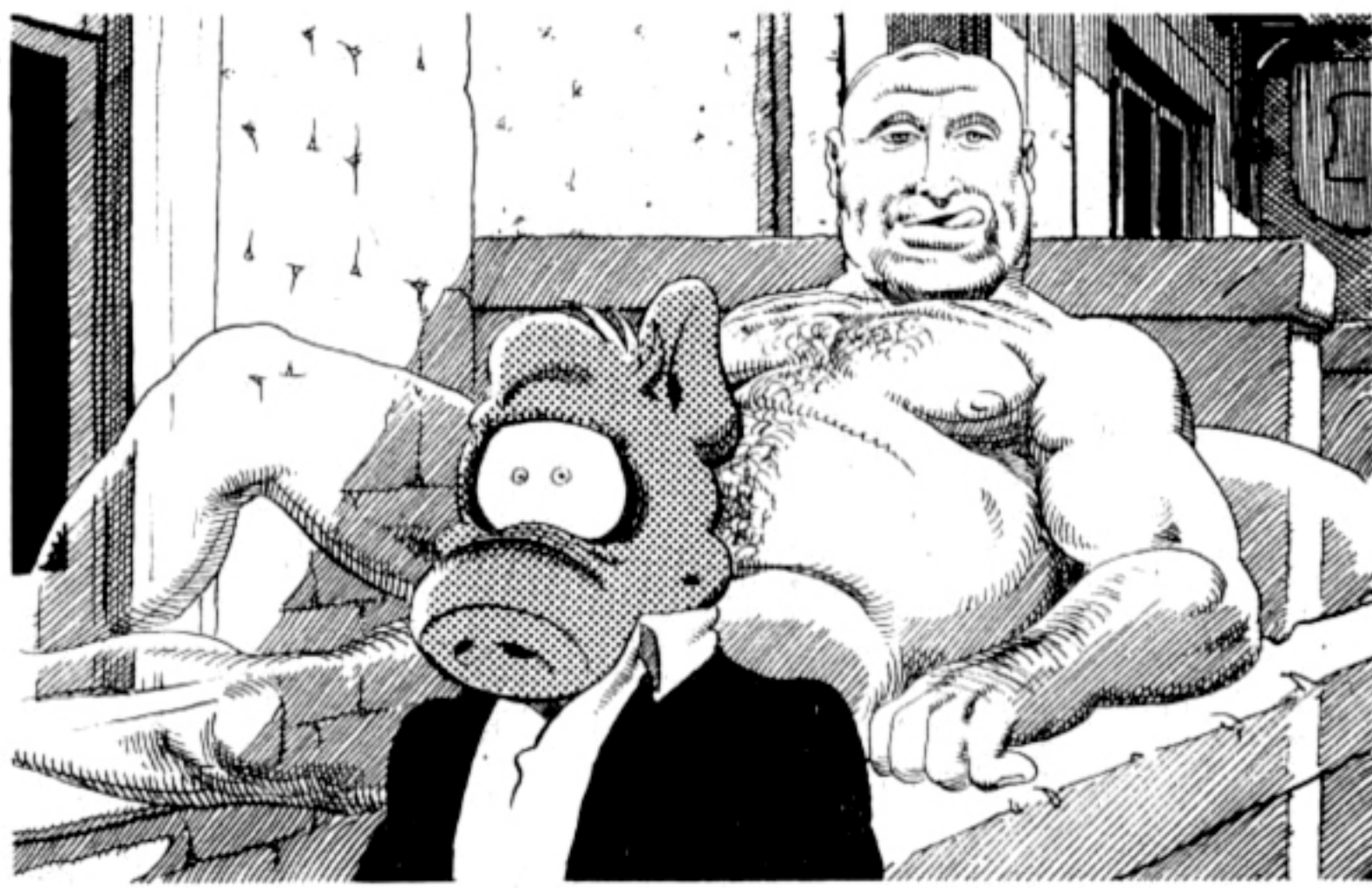
(without missing a beat) I remember bits and pieces. I remember telling you about beautiful women. (saintly and smiling: nice try, devil, the smile says) (out of the blue) I want to see where you sleep. The big building next door, right?



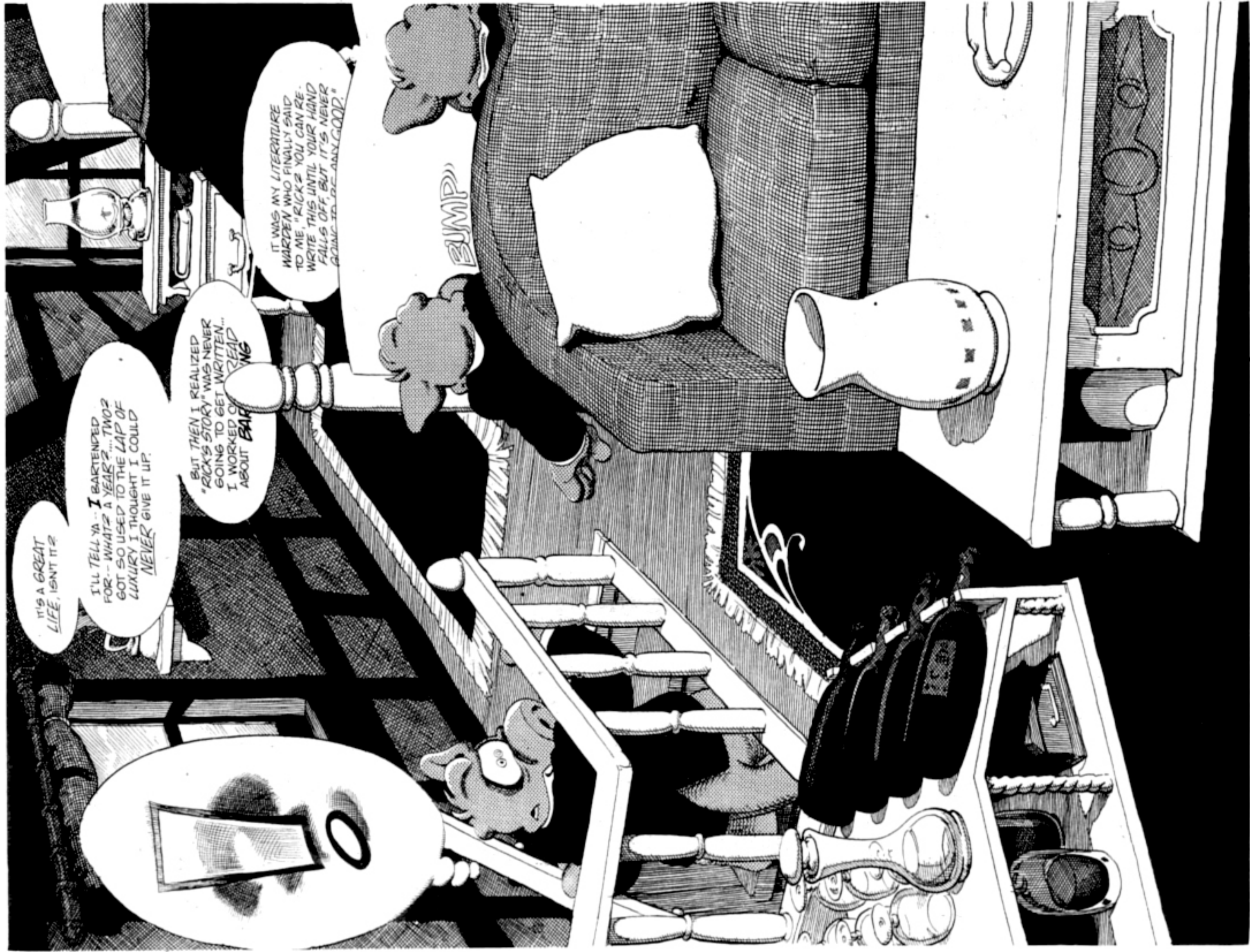




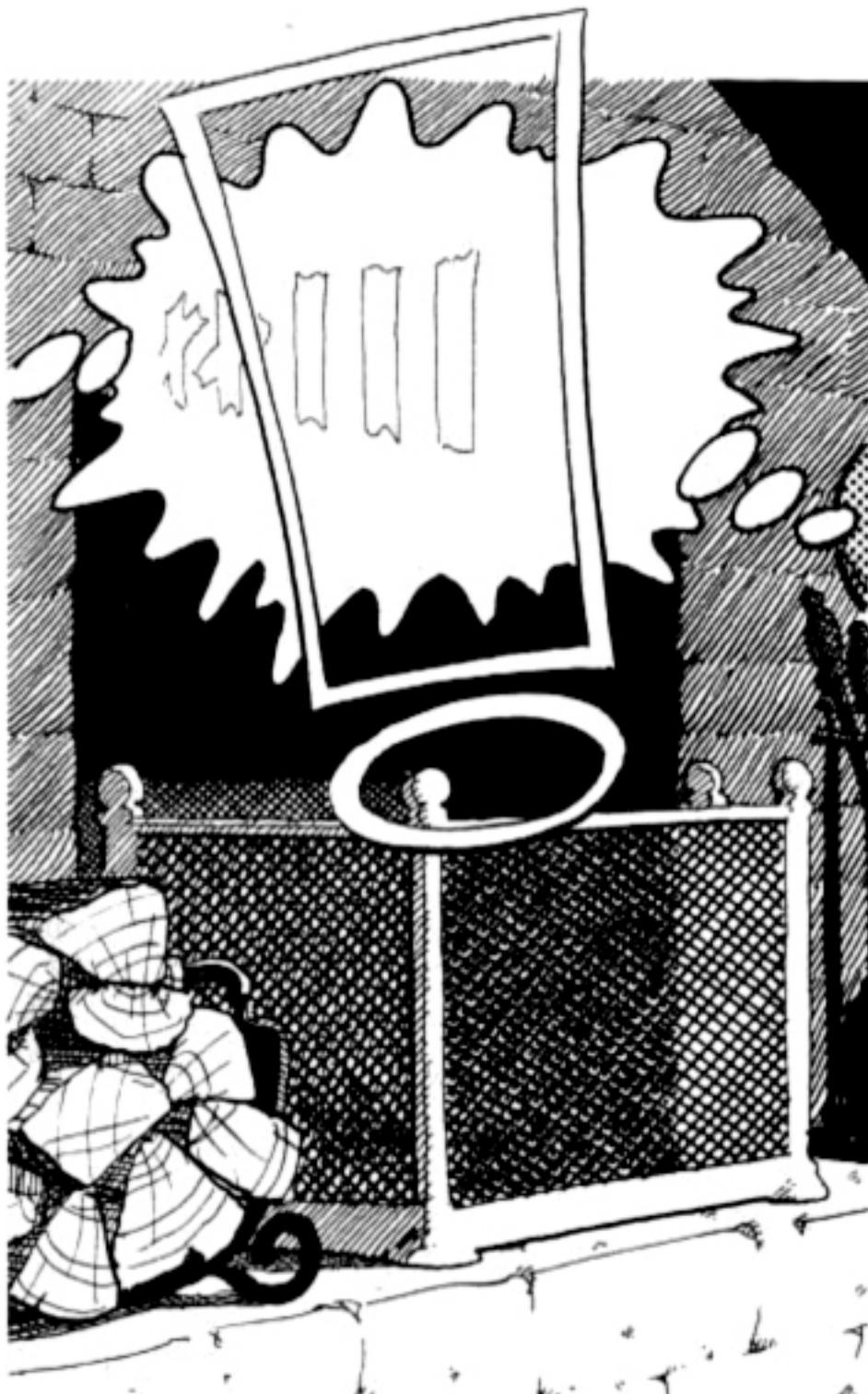
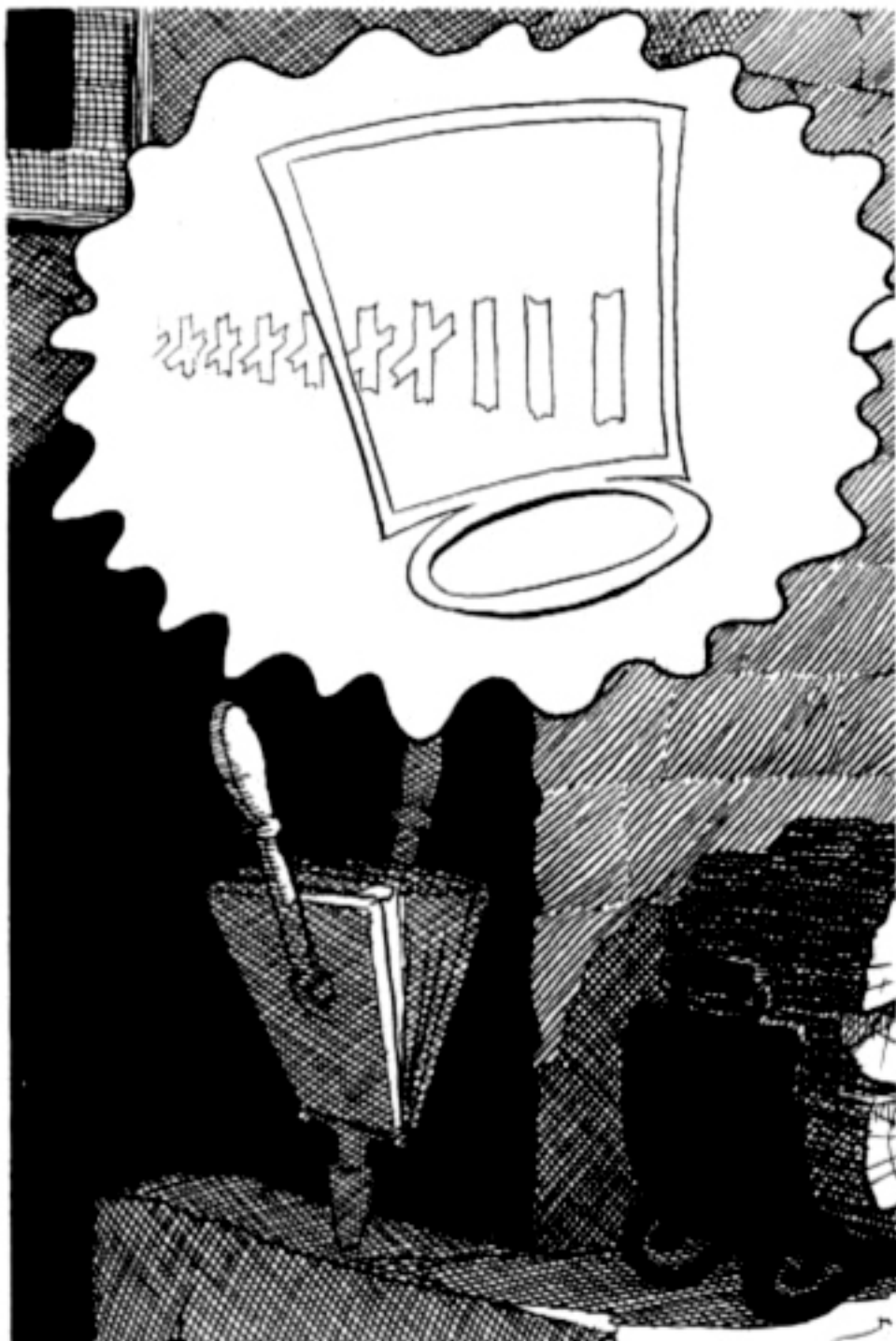














SO!



WADDAYA DO FOR FLIN AROUND HERE?

TUMP  
CLOMP  
TUMP  
CLOMP



FUN? HA.

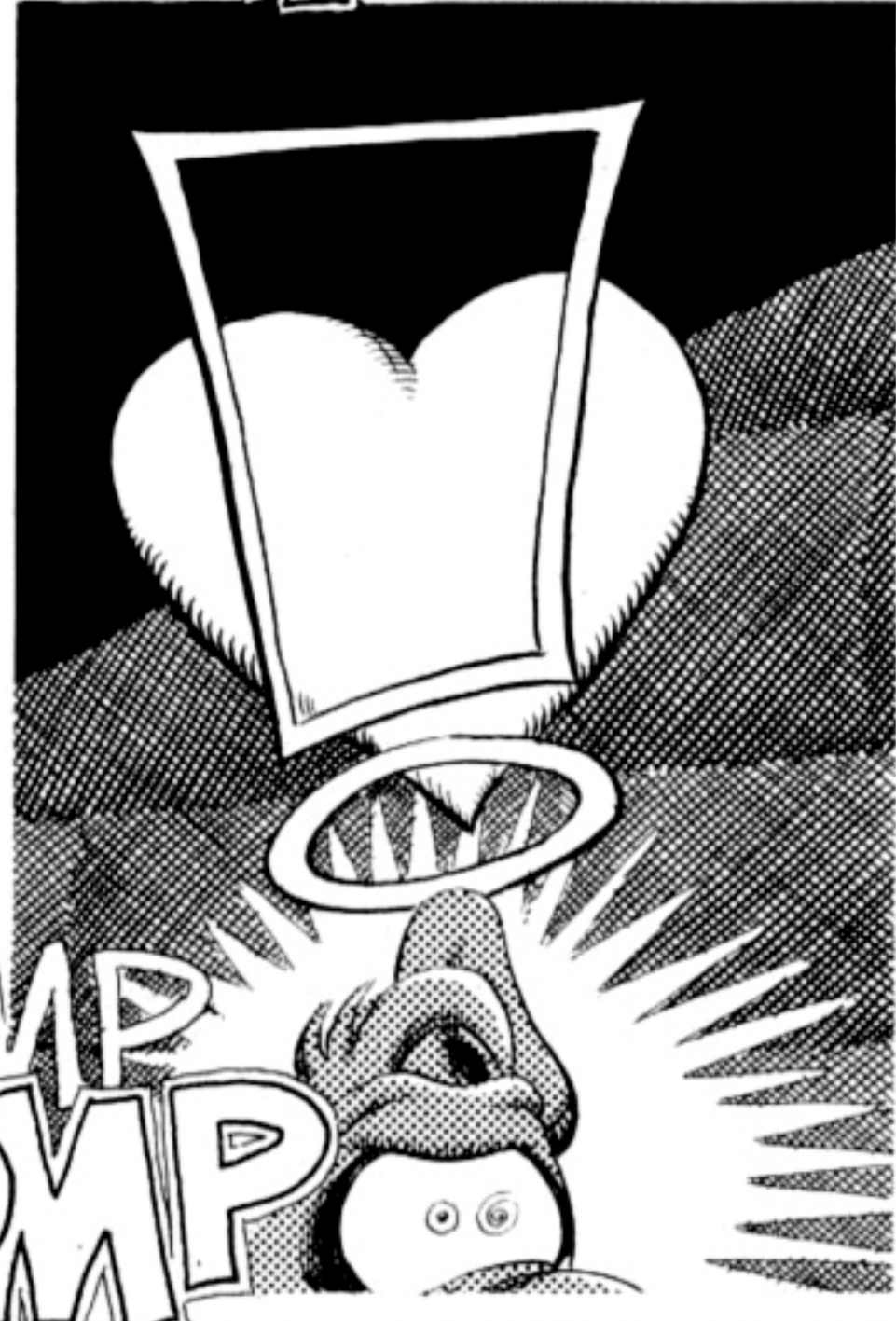
CEREBUS STANDS AROUND ALL DAY...

TUMP  
CLOMP  
CLOMP



CEREBUS STANDS AROUND EVERY \*

TUMP  
CLOMP



WAP

HEY!



TUMP!

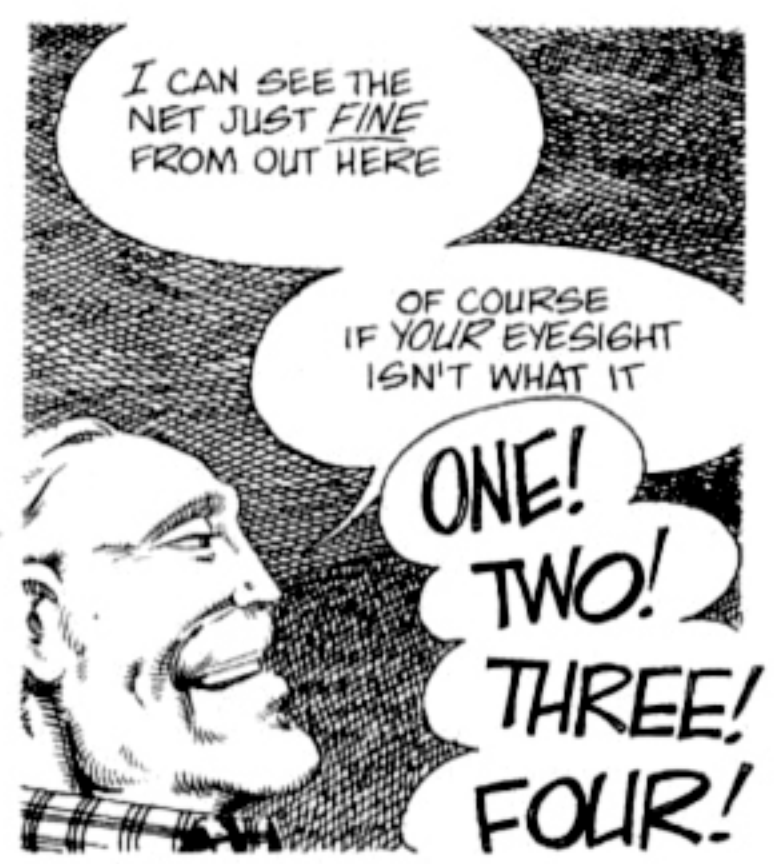


TUMP!

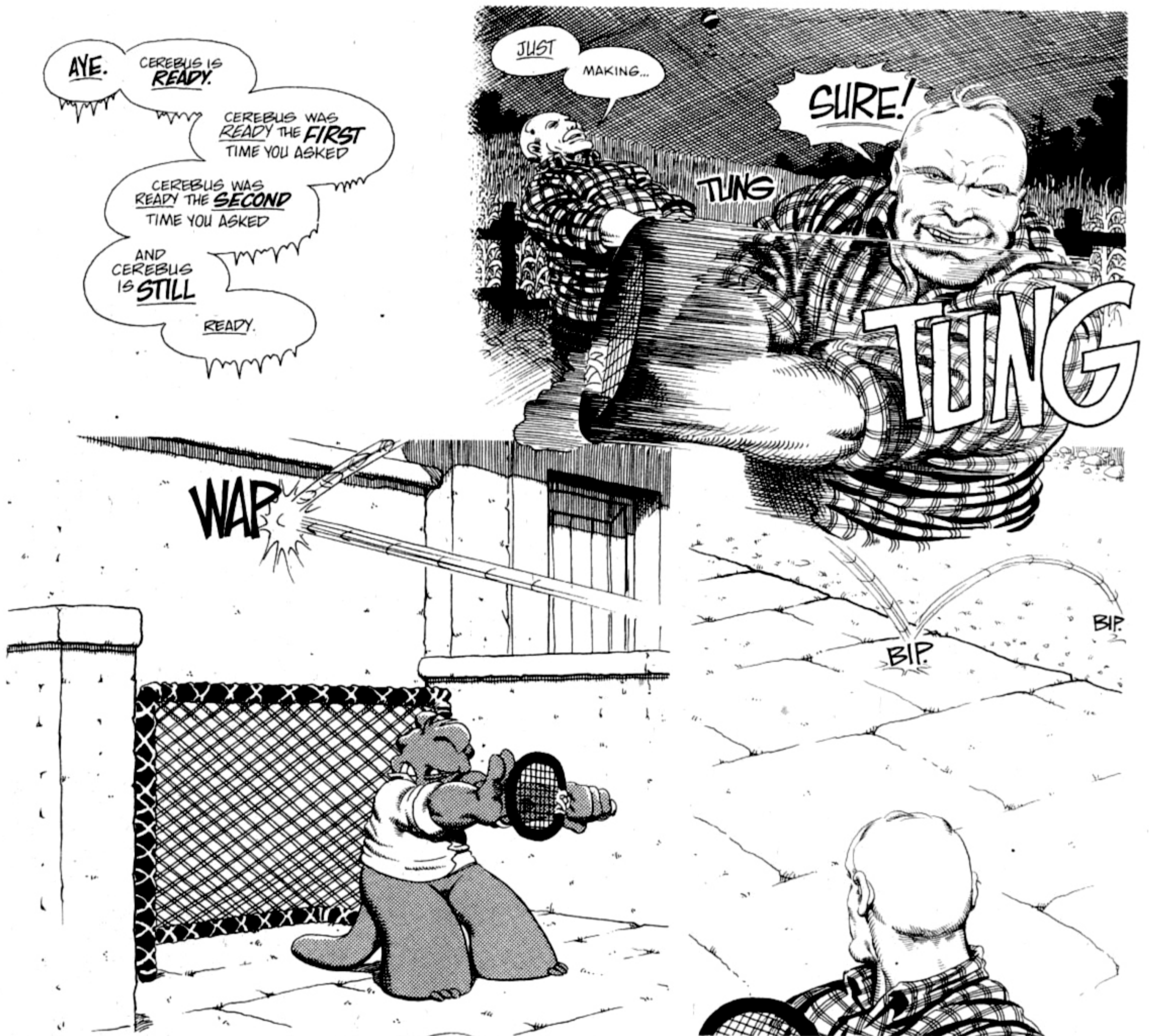


COME ON!  
TUMP! TUMP! TUMP!

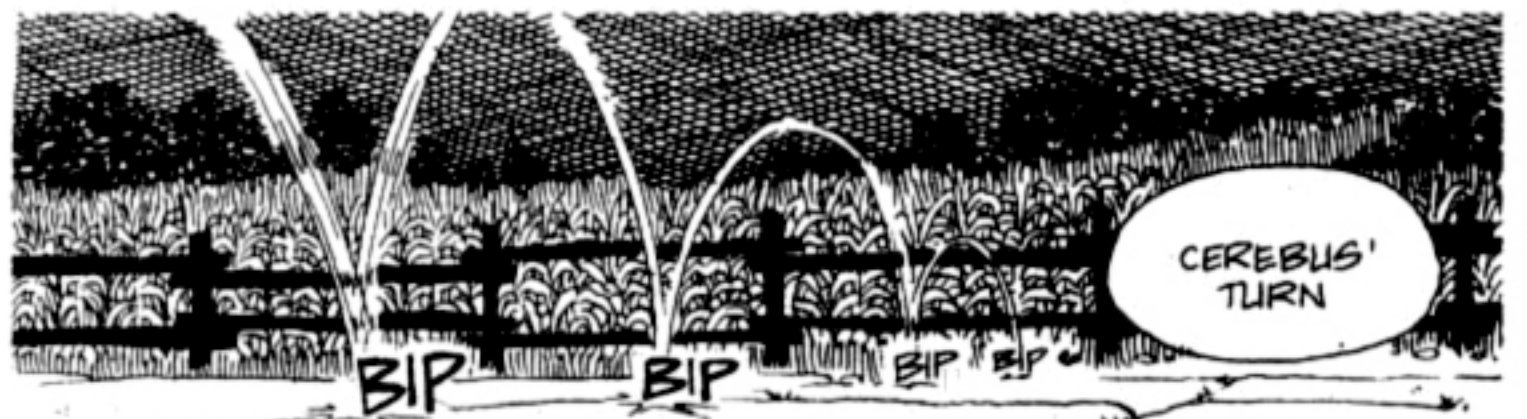




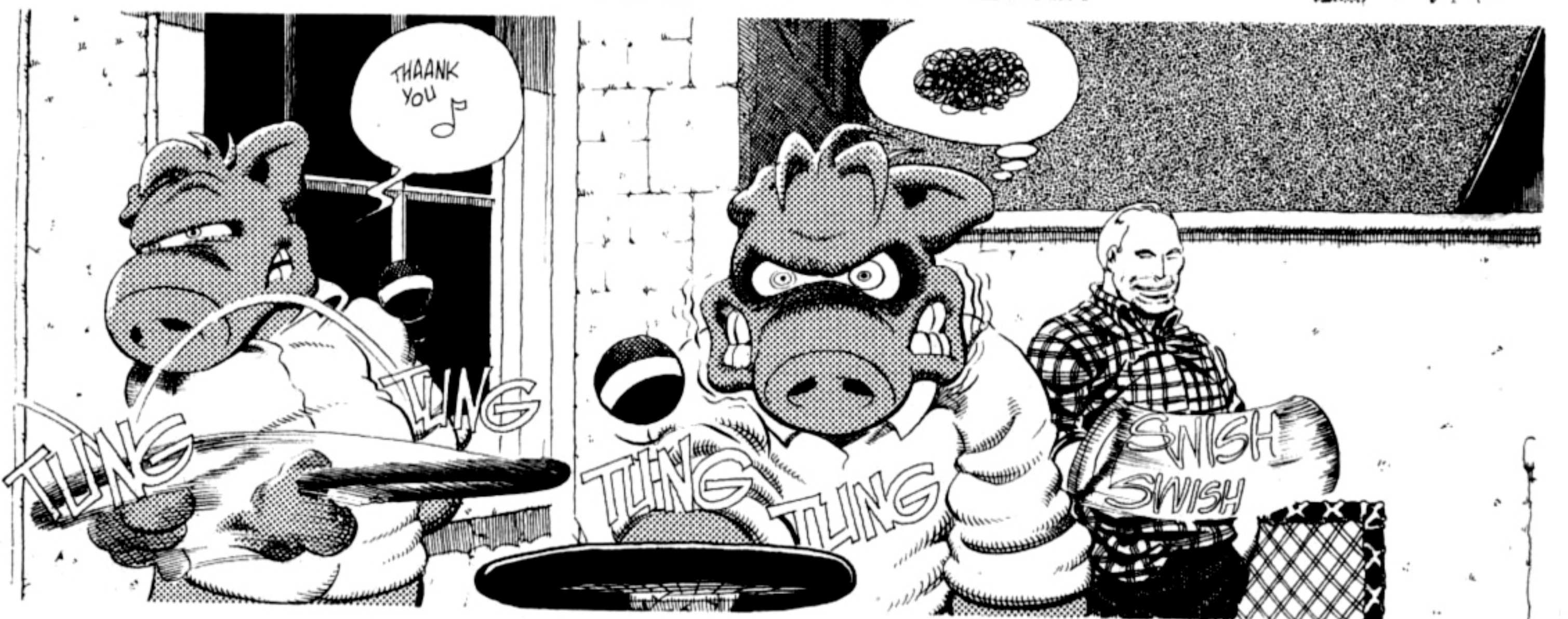




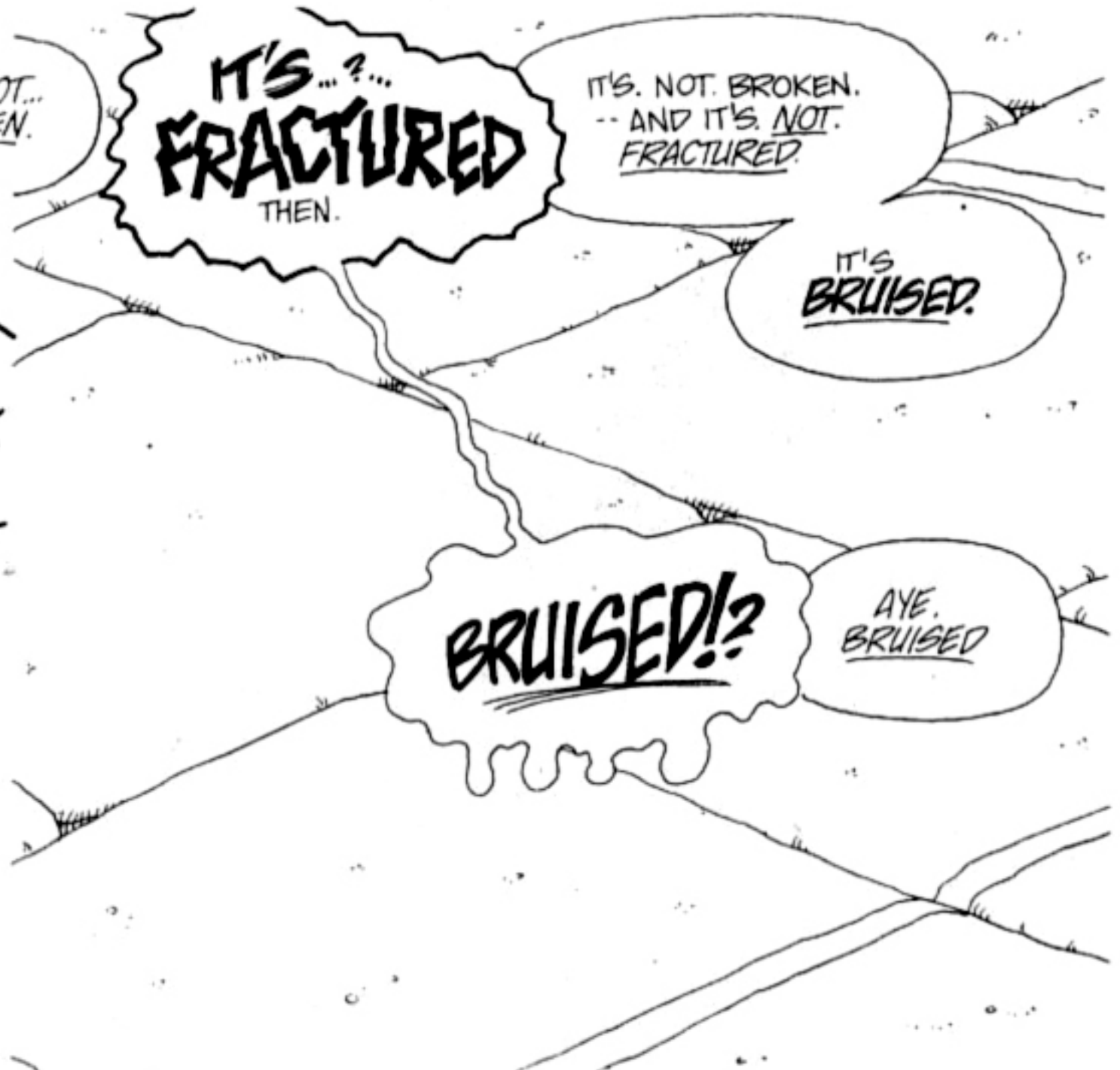
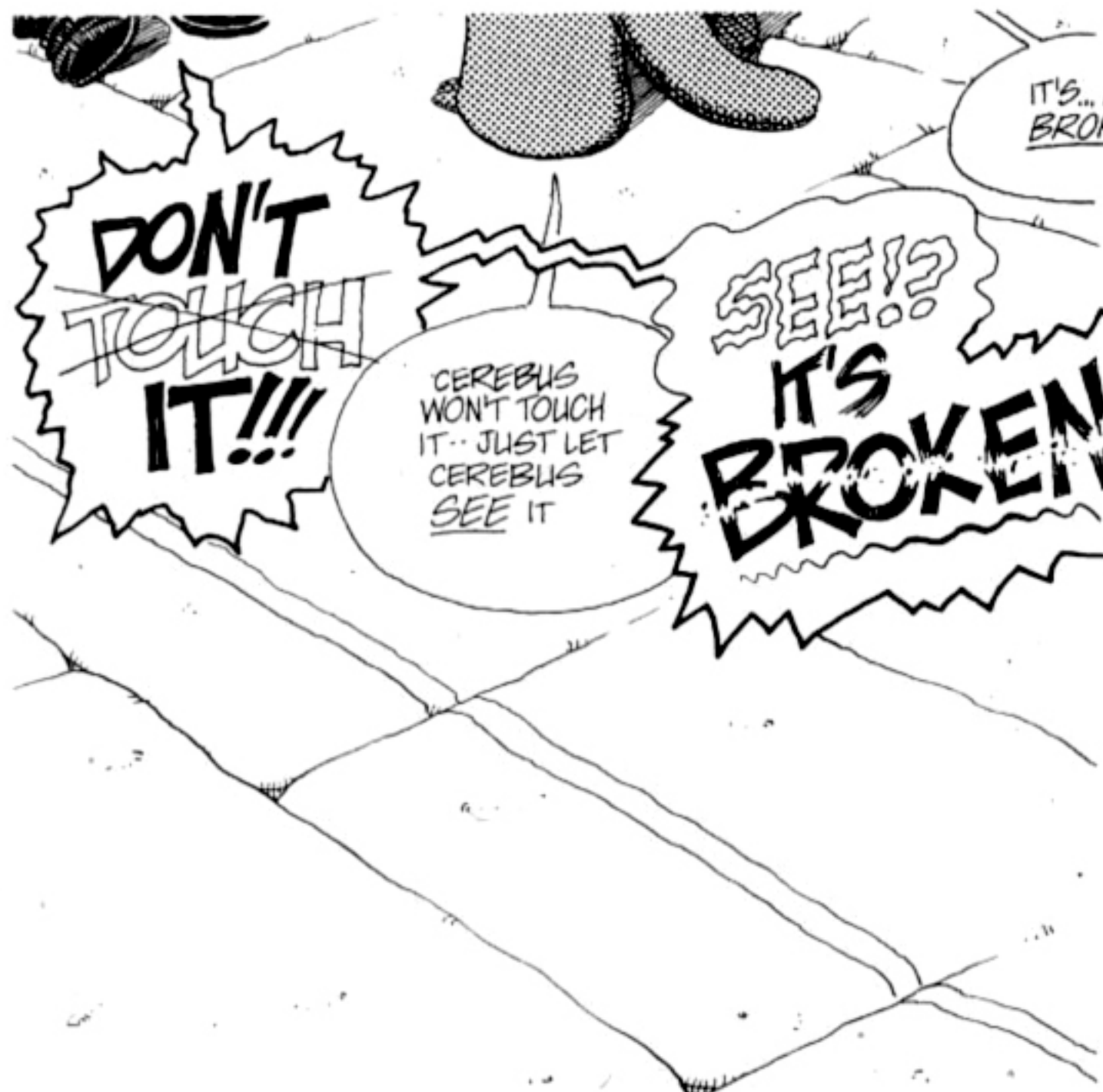
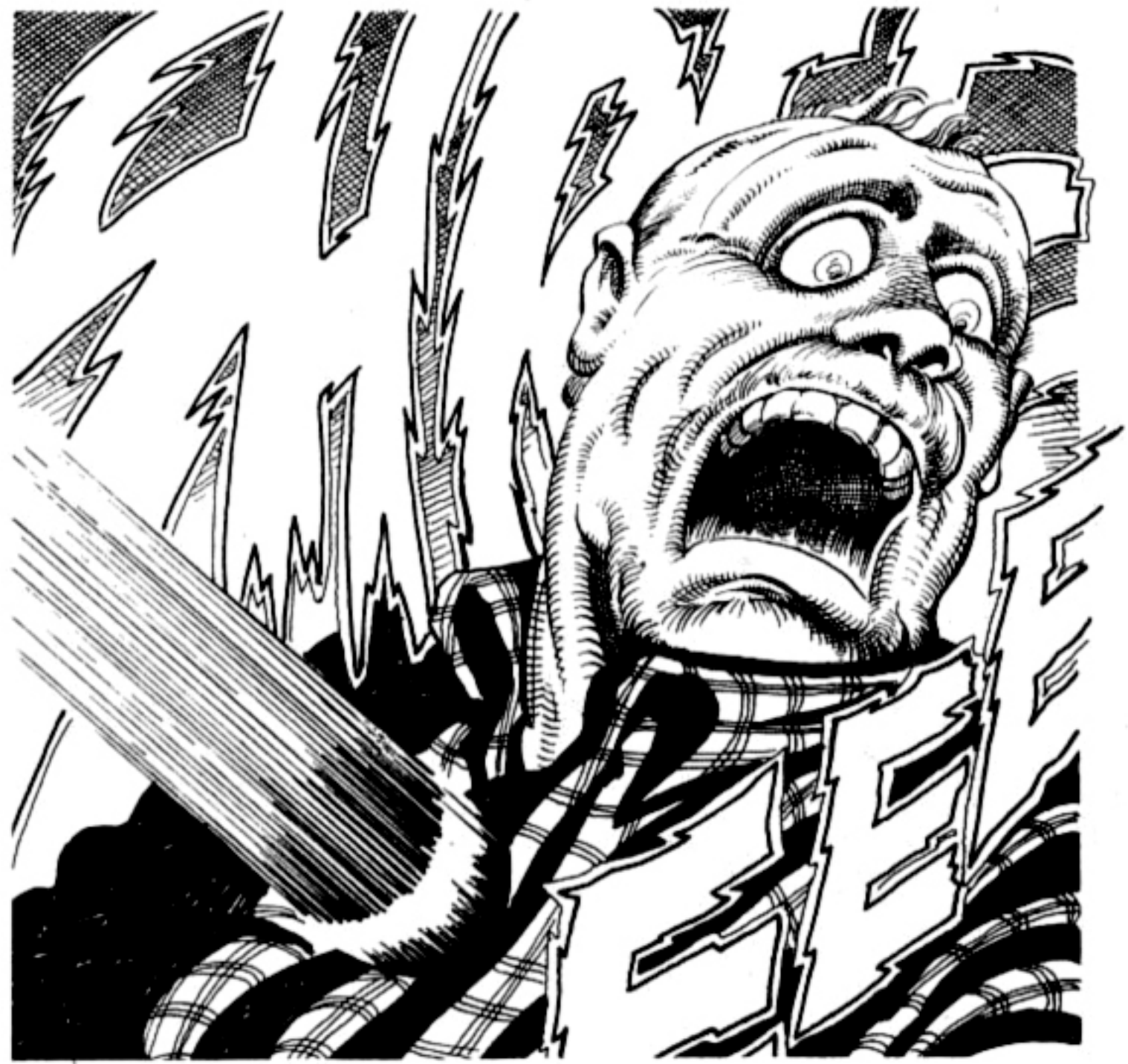




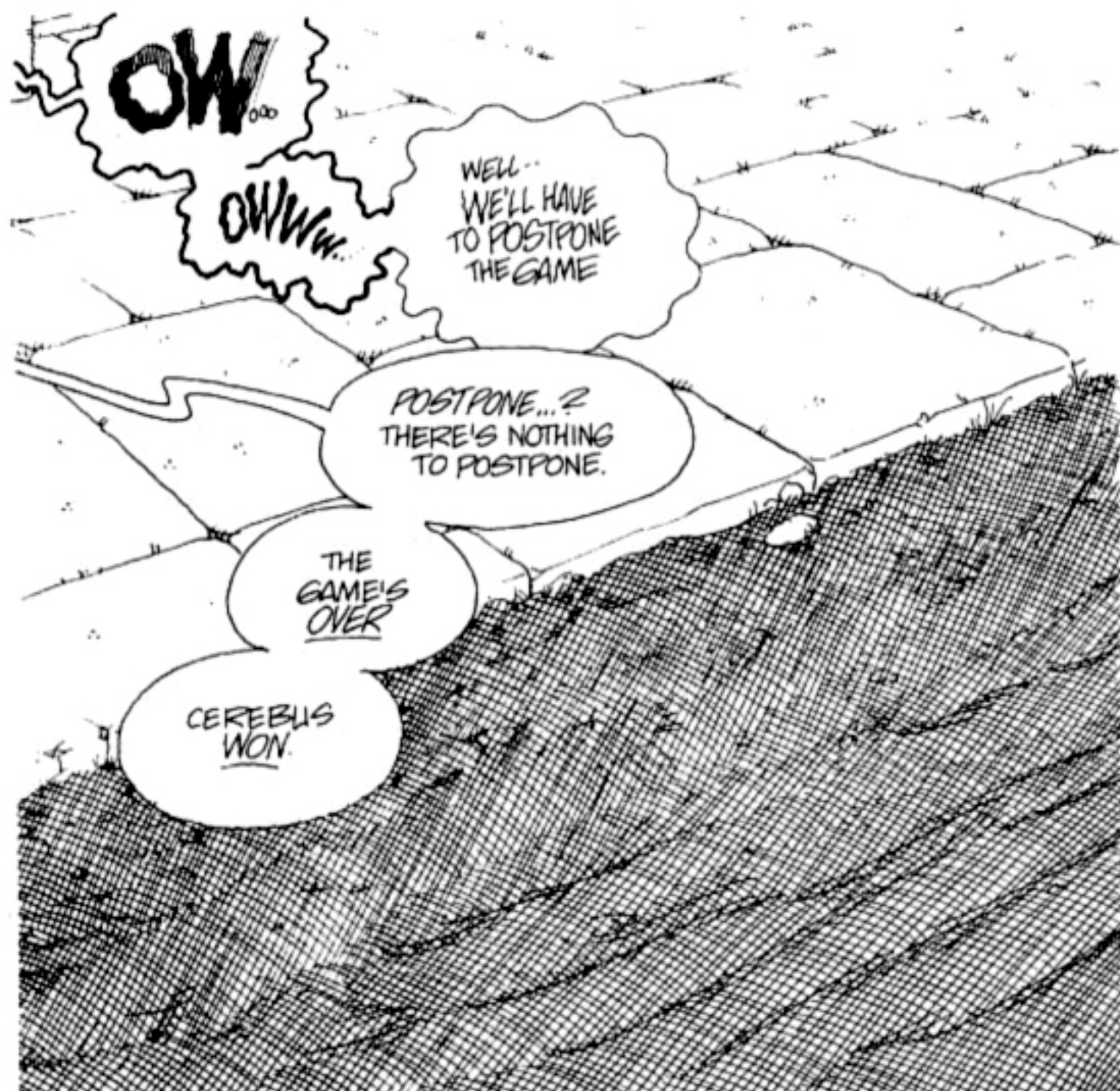








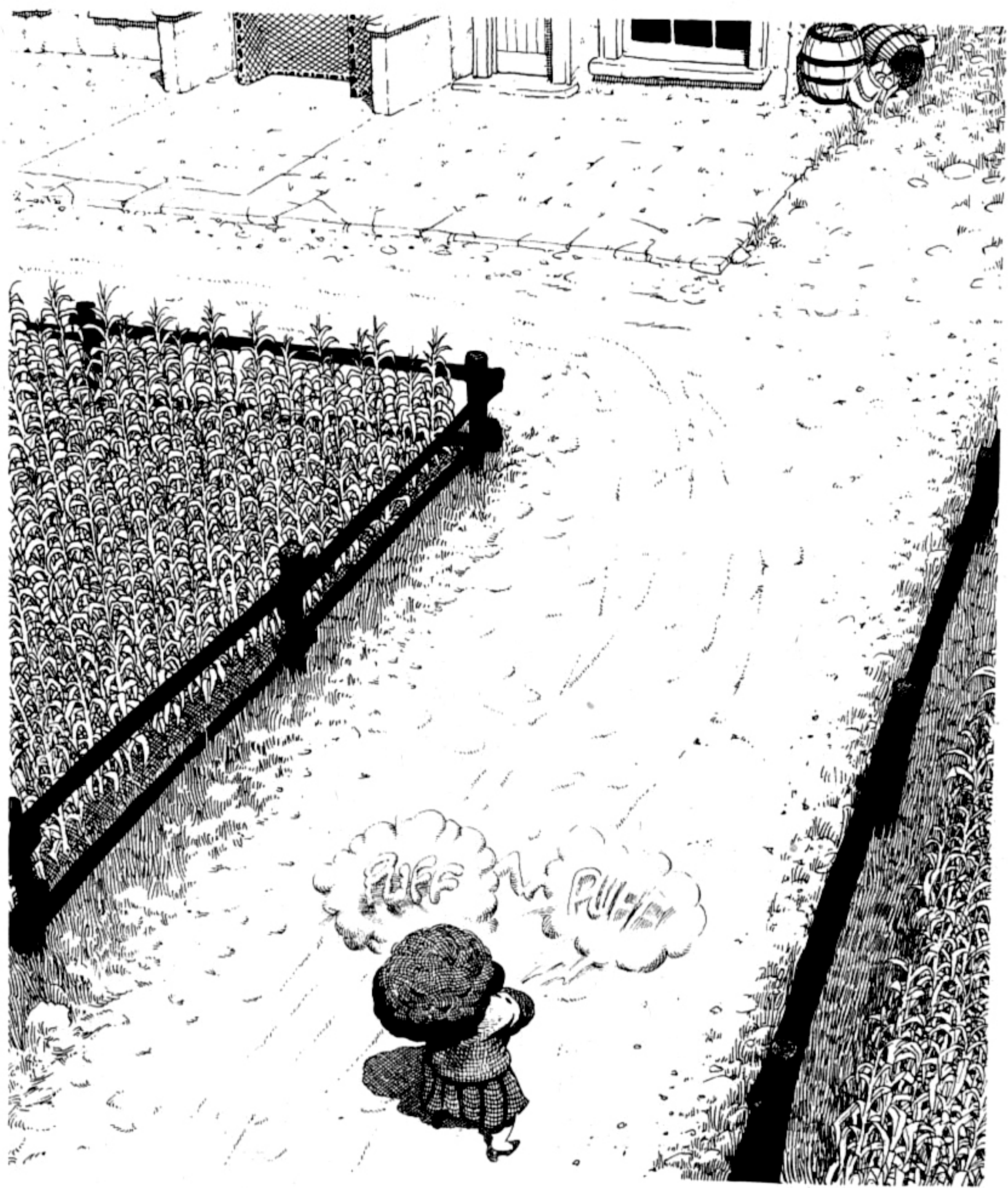




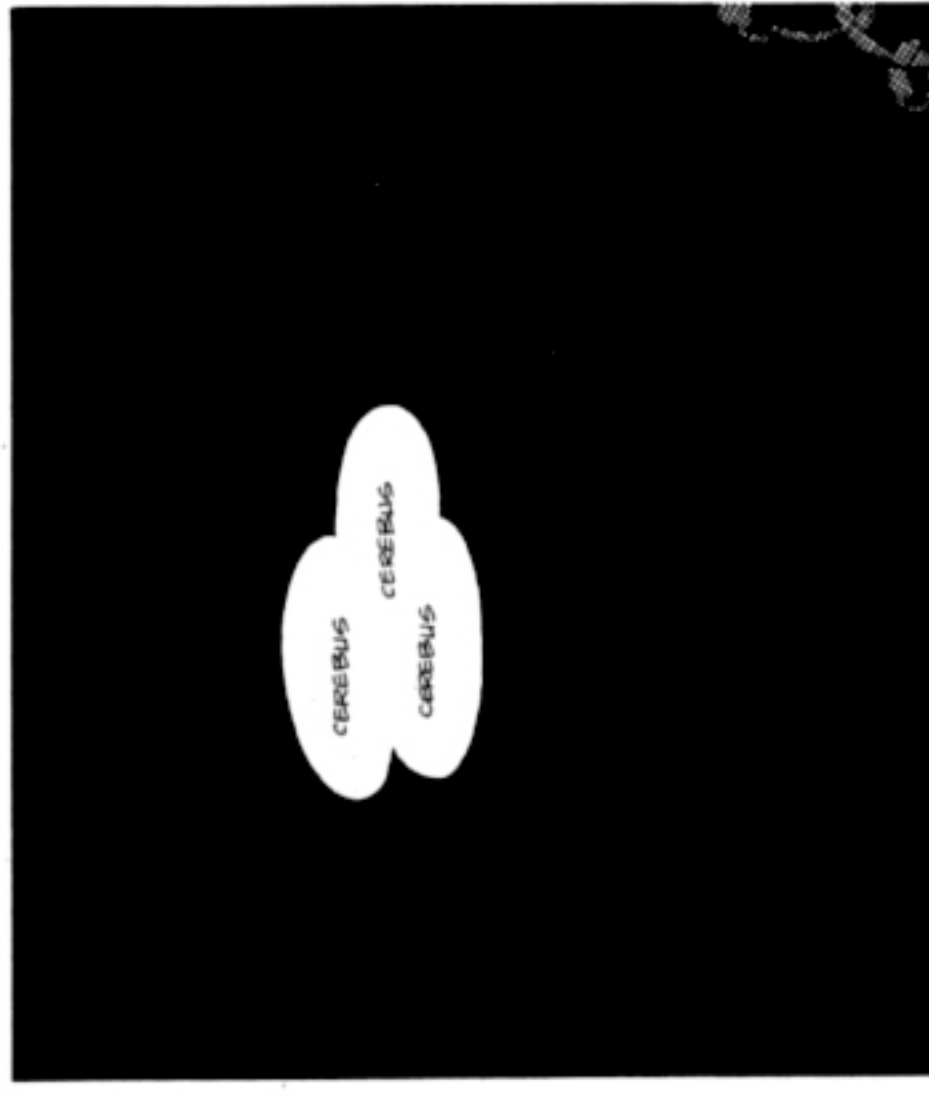
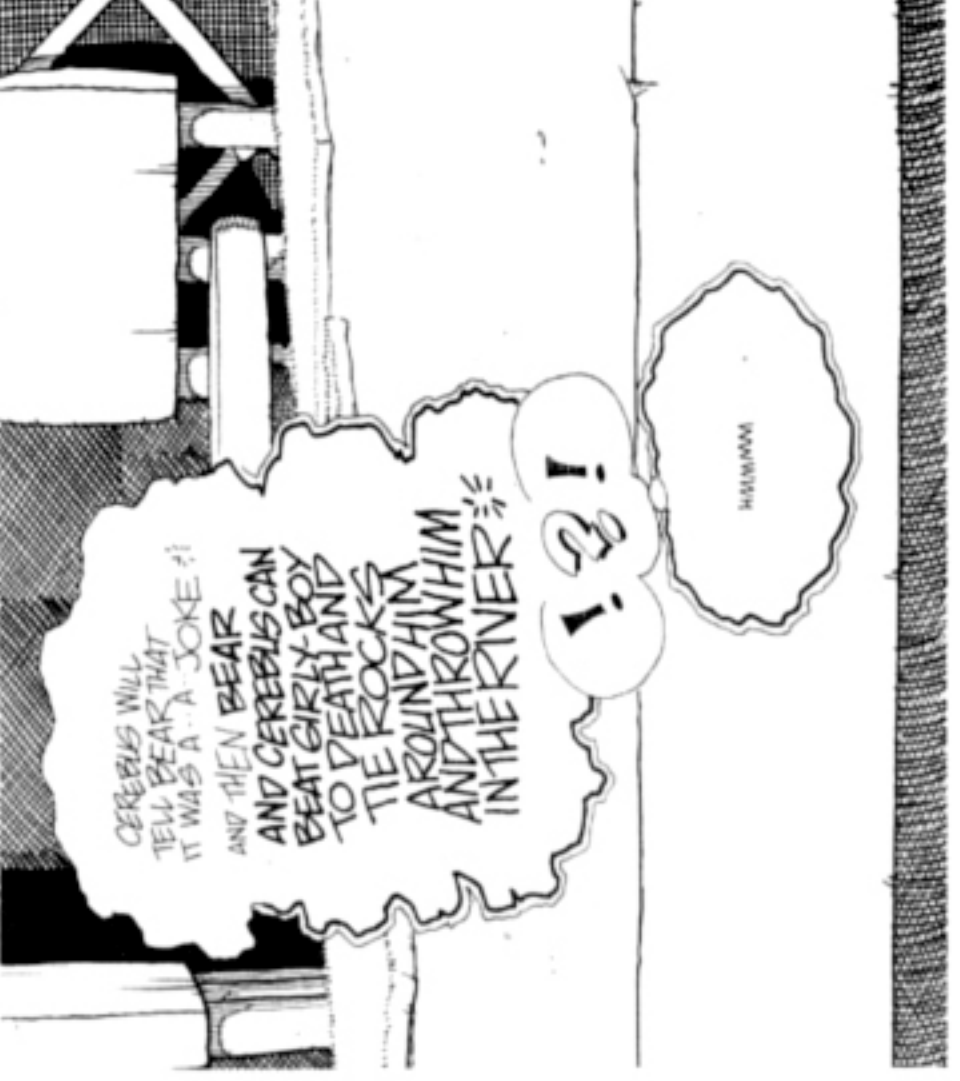
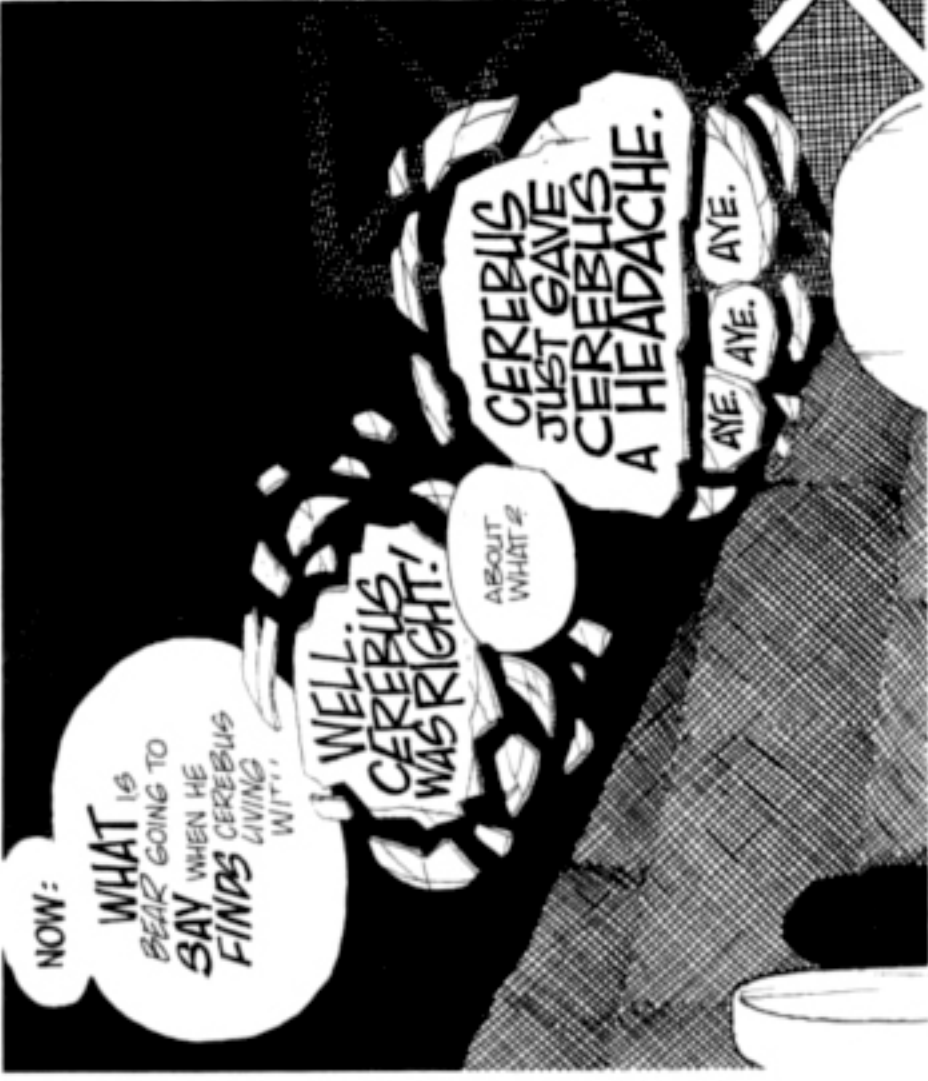
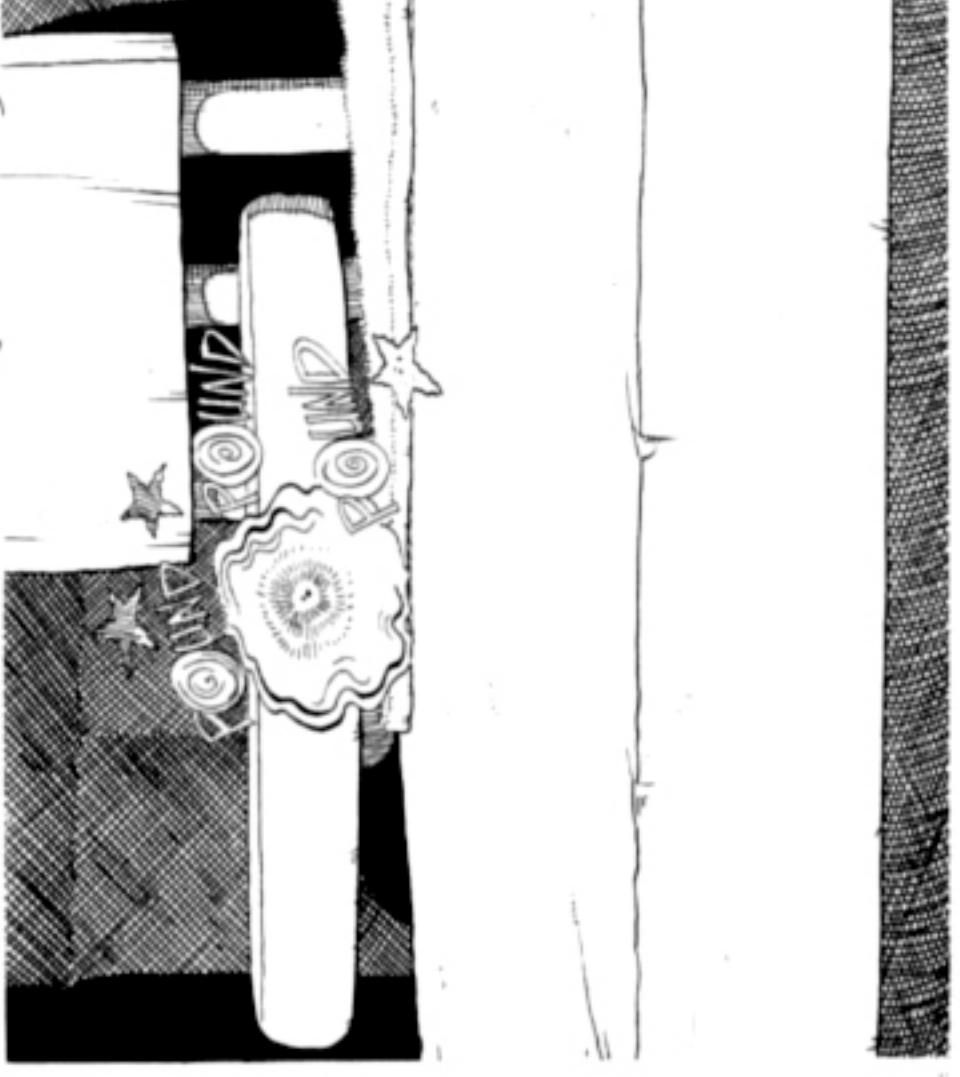
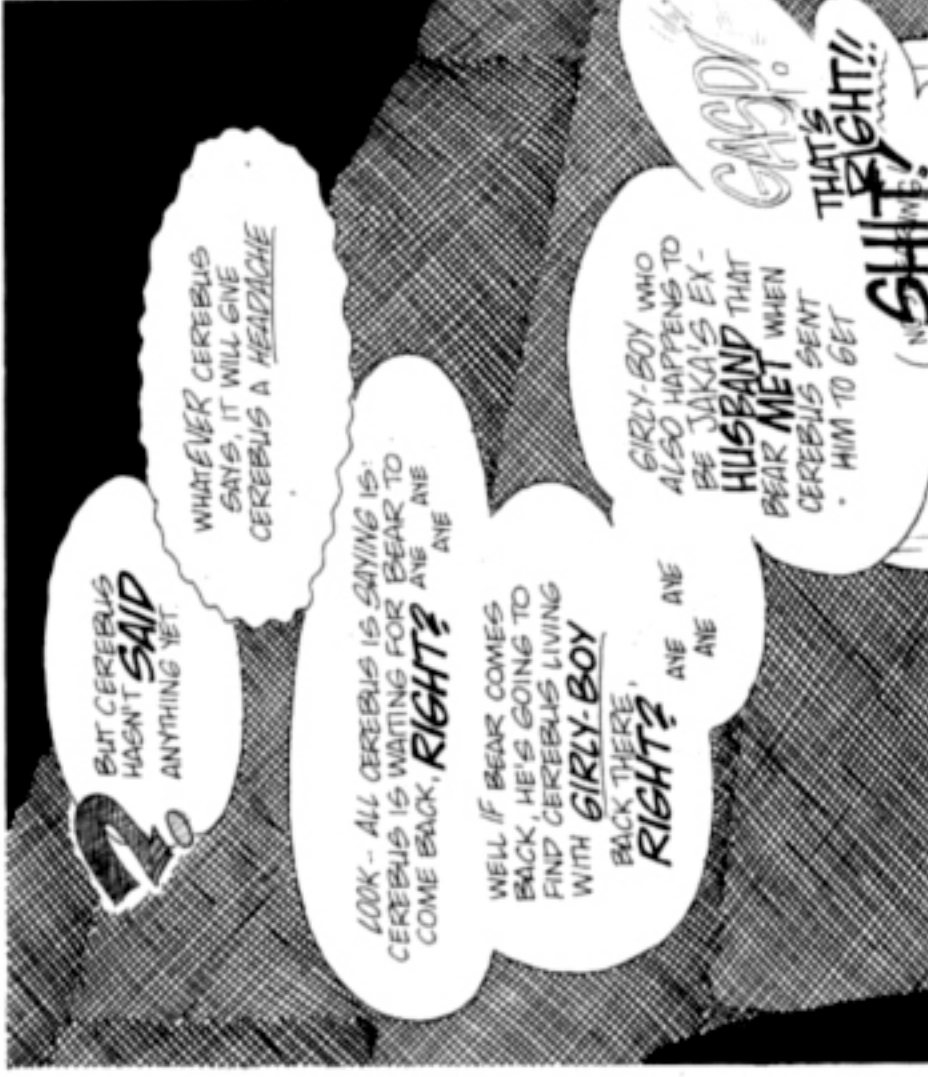
















THE LIVING TARIM GUIDED ME HERE FOR A REASON

AND IT WAS NOT

I ASSURE YOU

TO BE VEILED AND TROUBLED BY MALIGNANT PINES



WE BOTH KNOW



BY TARIM'S SWORD OF RIGHTEOUSNESS DO I CAST THEM INTO THE OUTER DARKNESS AND IN HIS NAME COMMAND THEM THAT THEY TROUBLE ME NO MORE

AMEN



KIAK KAK

20



NOW -- FALLEN POPE -- LEAVE ME TO MY WORK UNLESS

YOU HAVE (AT YOUR COMMAND) ONE OF THE INFINITY SERPENT'S EVEN MORE...



I FEEL YOU STARING AT ME -- WILLING ME TO LOSE MY WAY IN "RICK'S STORY" -- WILLING ME TO FAIL

JUST AS YOU FAILED IN THE PAPA!

HA! THAT BANKS THE FIRES OF YOUR INCOHERENT RAGE DOESN'T IT. YOU DON'T LIKE TO BE REMINDED OF YOUR PAPA! FAILURES

DO YOU



OH CERTAINLY... AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE! YOUR FRACTURING MY ARM DISTRACTED ME!

RIGHT AFTER "LIKE SO MANY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN SHE KNEW LOVE ONLY AS A COMMODITY, AS A MEANS, AS A LEVER, AS A RESOURCE AND AS A CONVICTION -- BUT WAS A CONVICTION OF LOVE'S SPIRITUALITY

I CAN'T RECALL WHAT I HAD INTENDED TO COME NEXT -- ONLY THAT IT WAS A WONDERFUL PARAGRAPH

"AS... INDEED... OF SPIRITUALITY OF ANY SORT."



I THINK NOT, FALLEN POPE...

I THINK NOT.



HA HA HA YOU CAN CALL FORTH AS MANY OF YOUR INFERNAL FEELS AS YOU LIKE

WHAT ARE THEY TO ME BUT ANIMATIONS OF YOUR PAPA! FAILURES HAVE FLESH

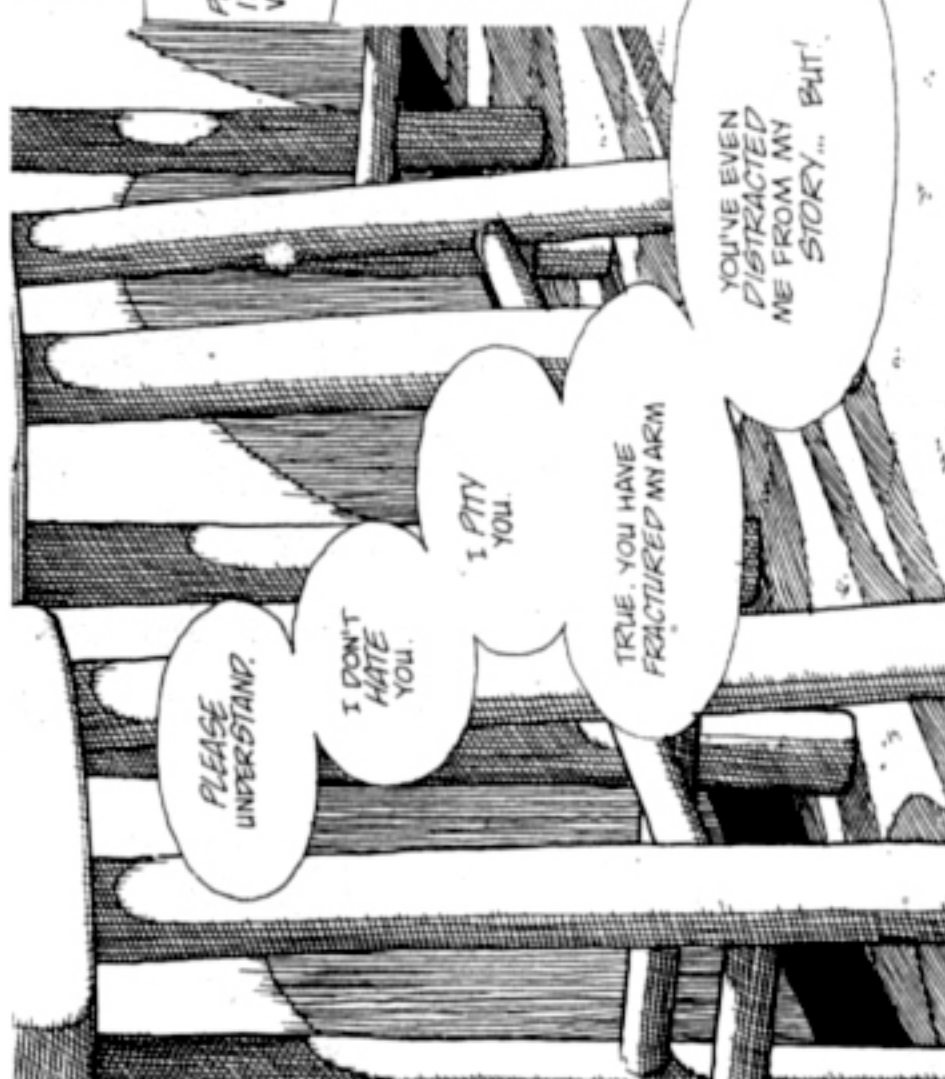
CAN YOUR LIES TORMENT ANY TRUTH?



MY PHYSICAL INJURY WILL HEAL

ANOTHER PARAGRAPH WILL SUGGEST ITSELF

THEY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT IS REALLY AT ISSUE HERE -- THAT YOU ARE BEING DISPLACED -- THAT TARIM HAS A NEW CHOSEN ONE



PLEASE UNDERSTAND

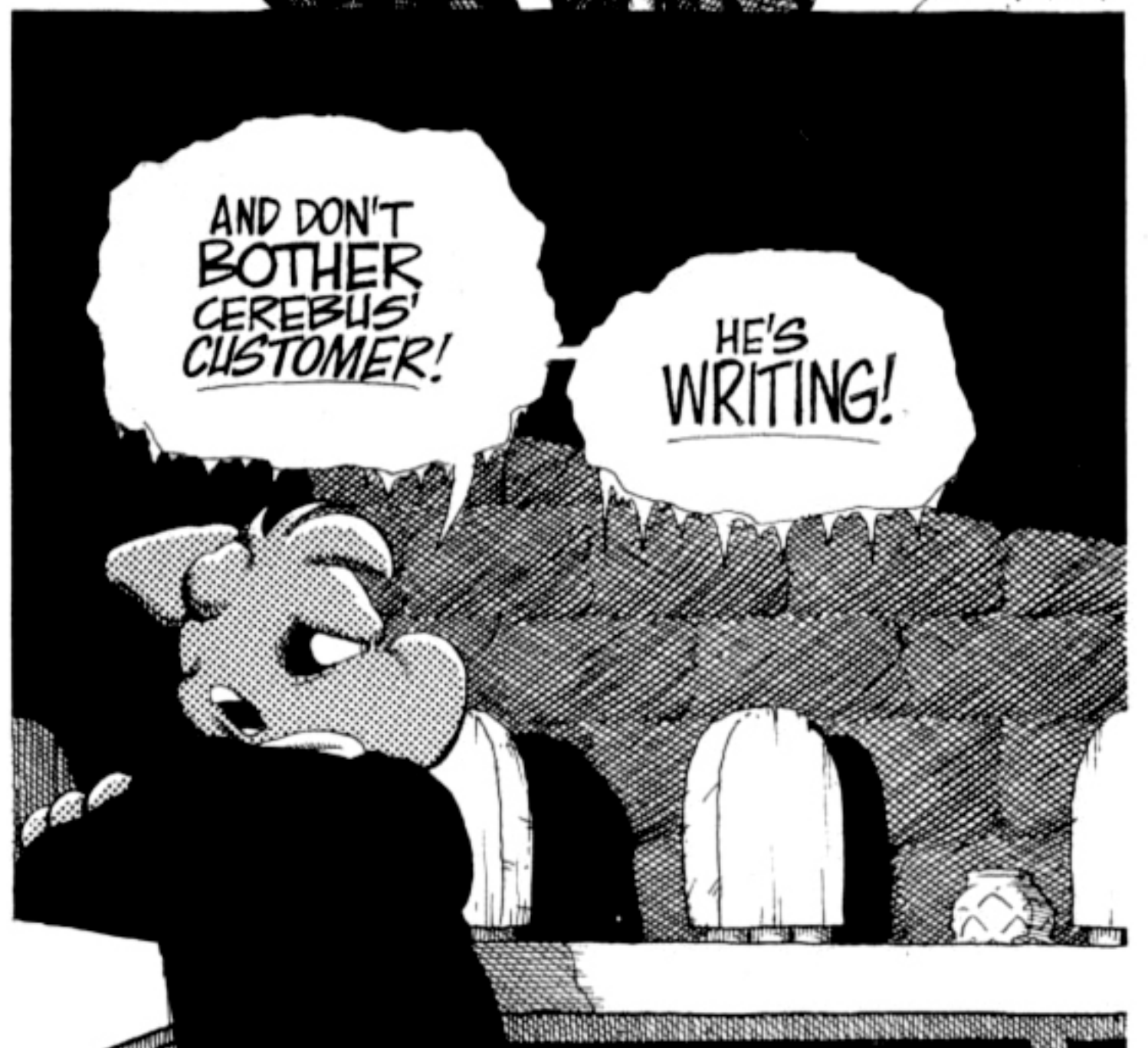
I DON'T HATE YOU

I PITY YOU

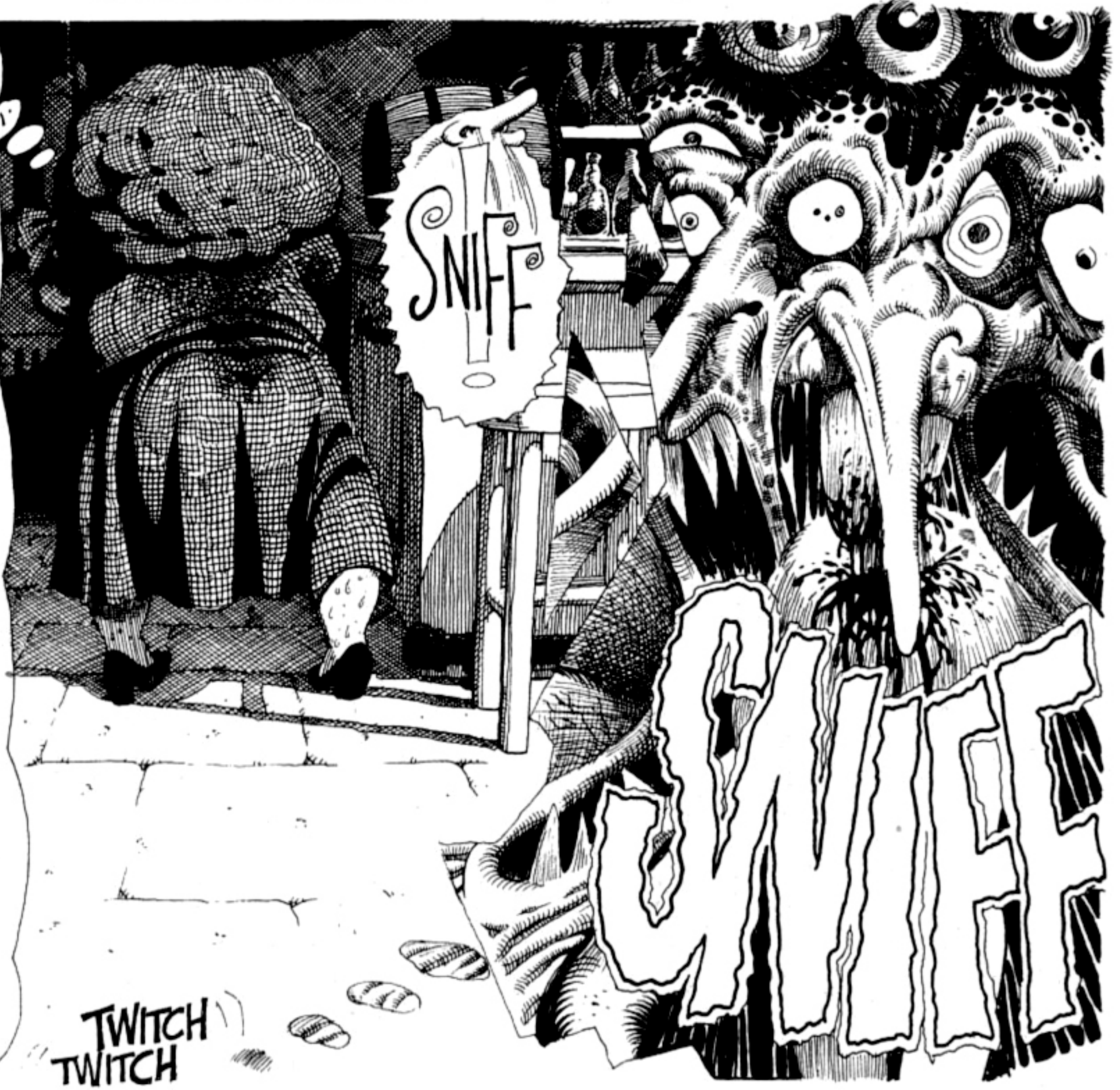
TRUE, YOU HAVE FRACTURED MY ARM

YOU'VE EVEN DISTRACTED ME FROM MY BUT! STORY...

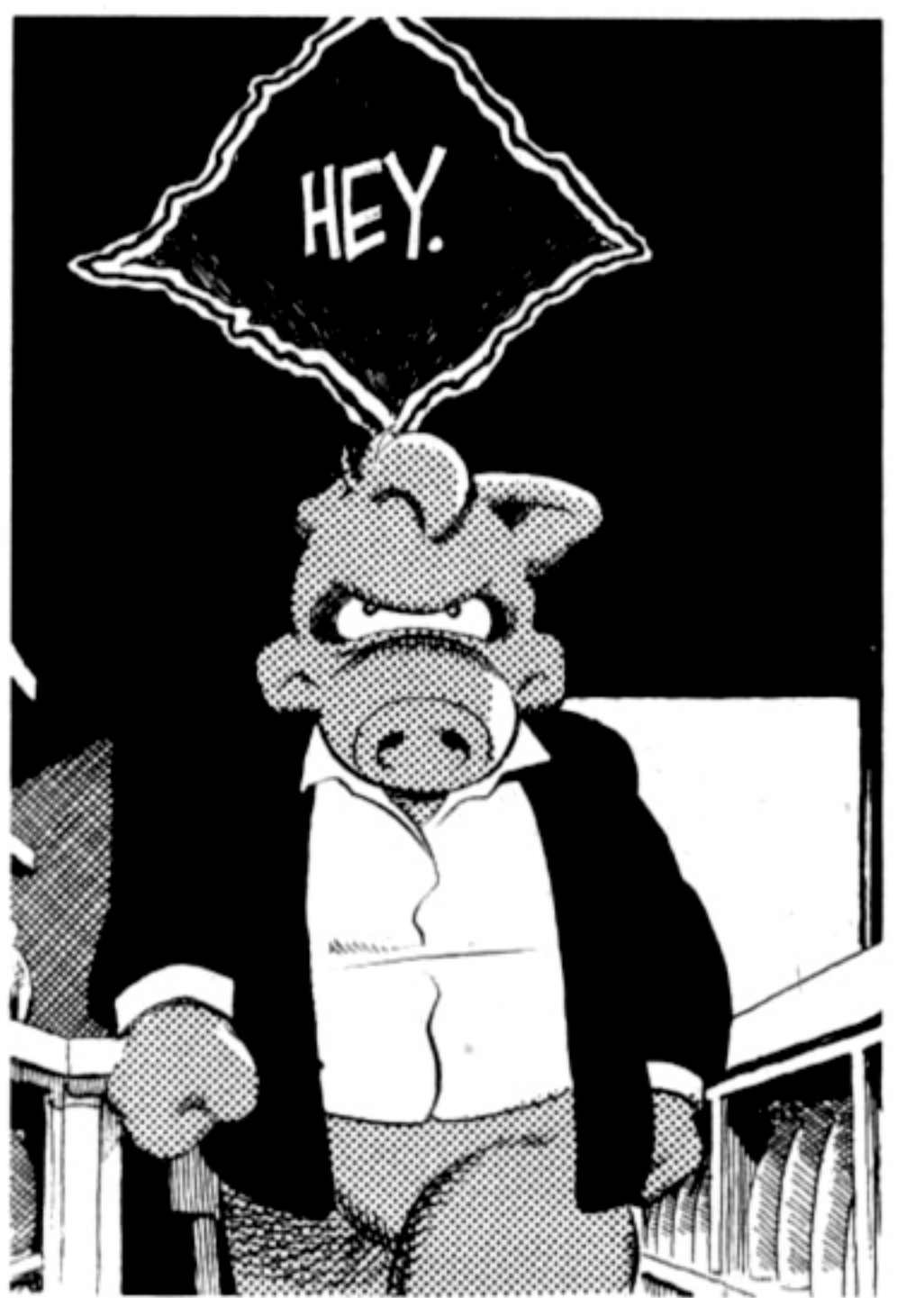
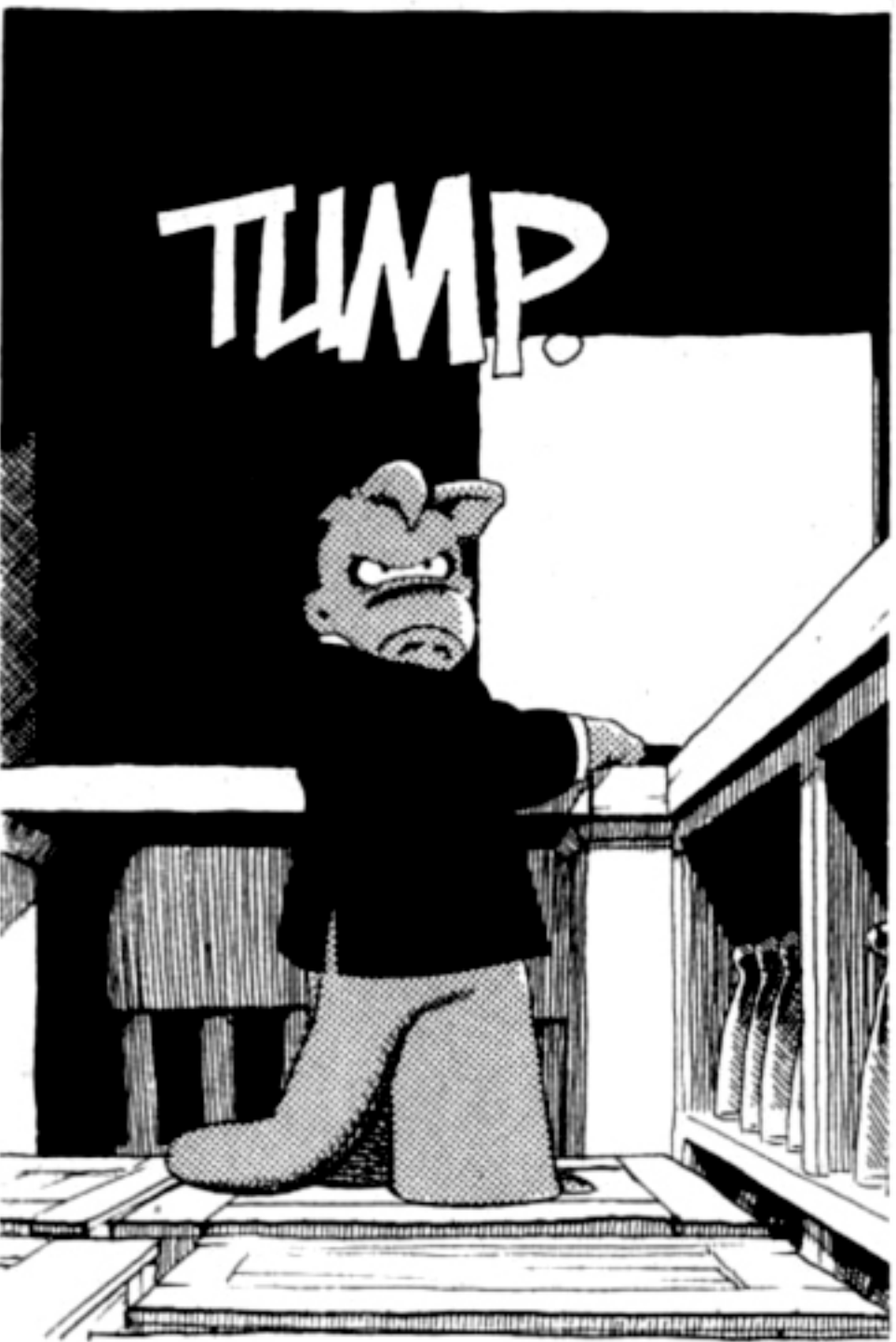




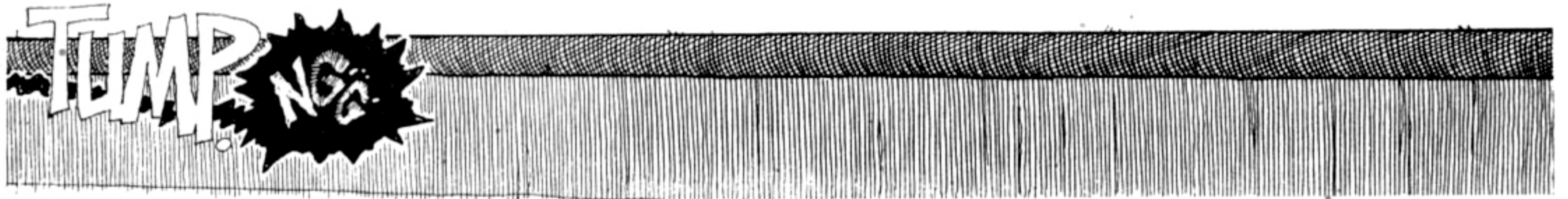
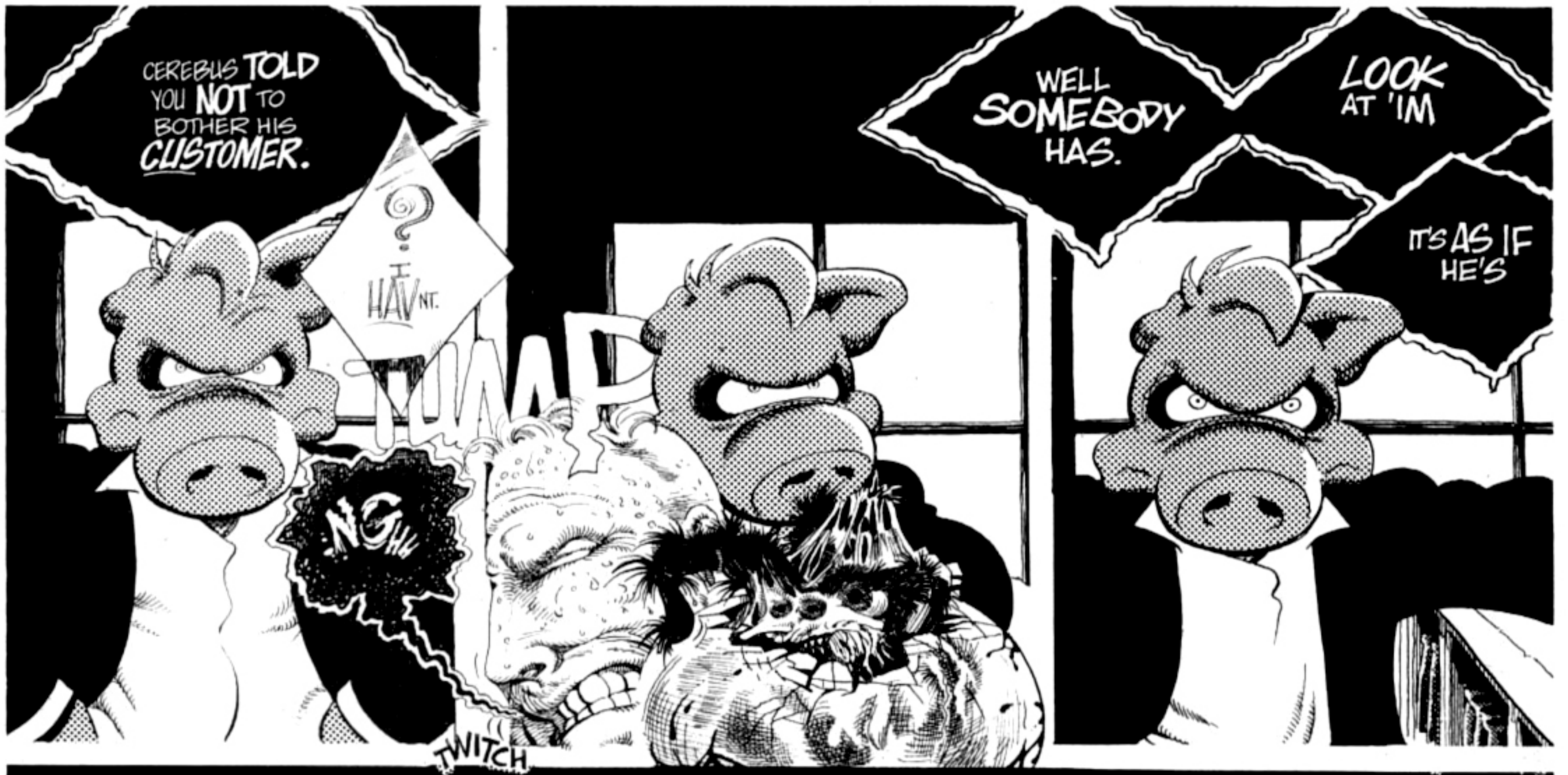




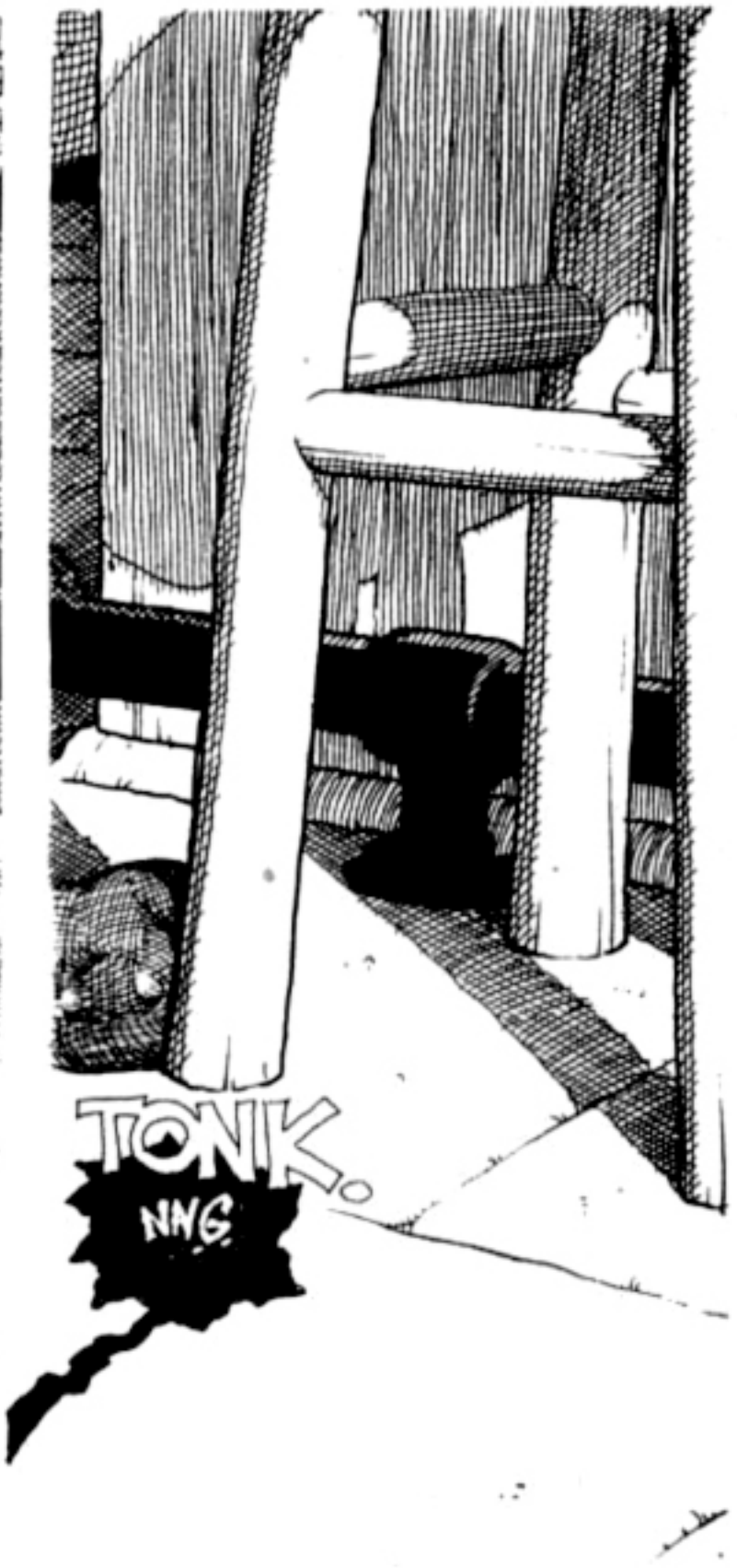






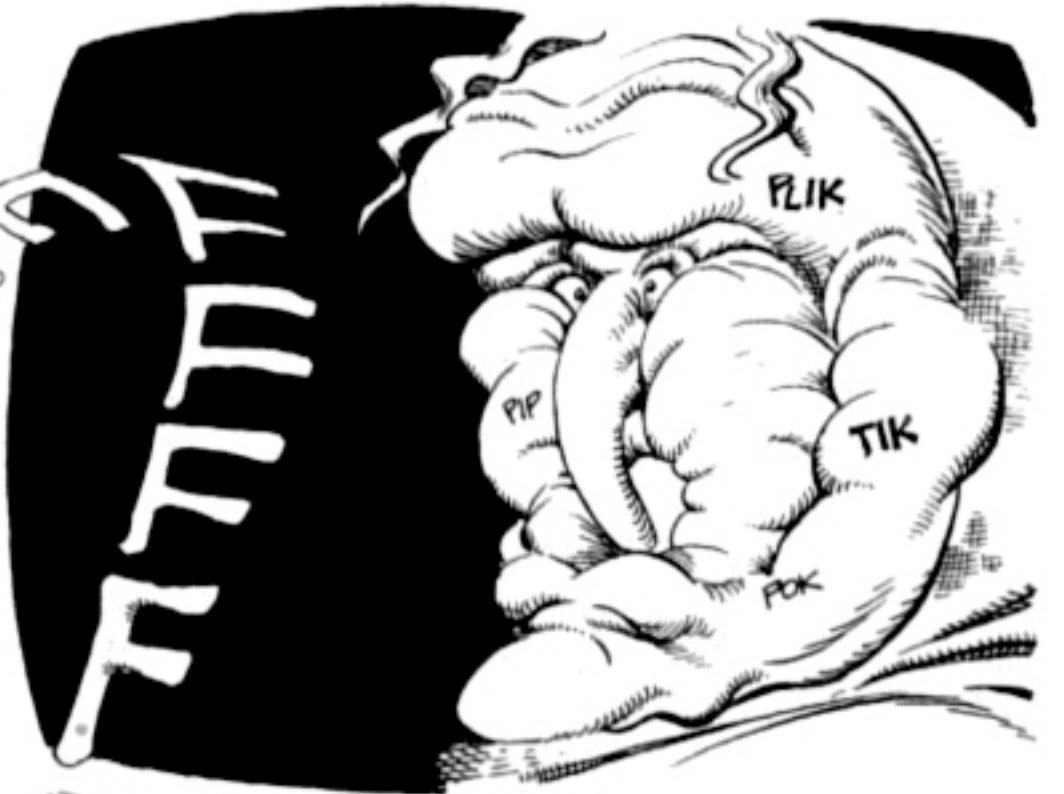




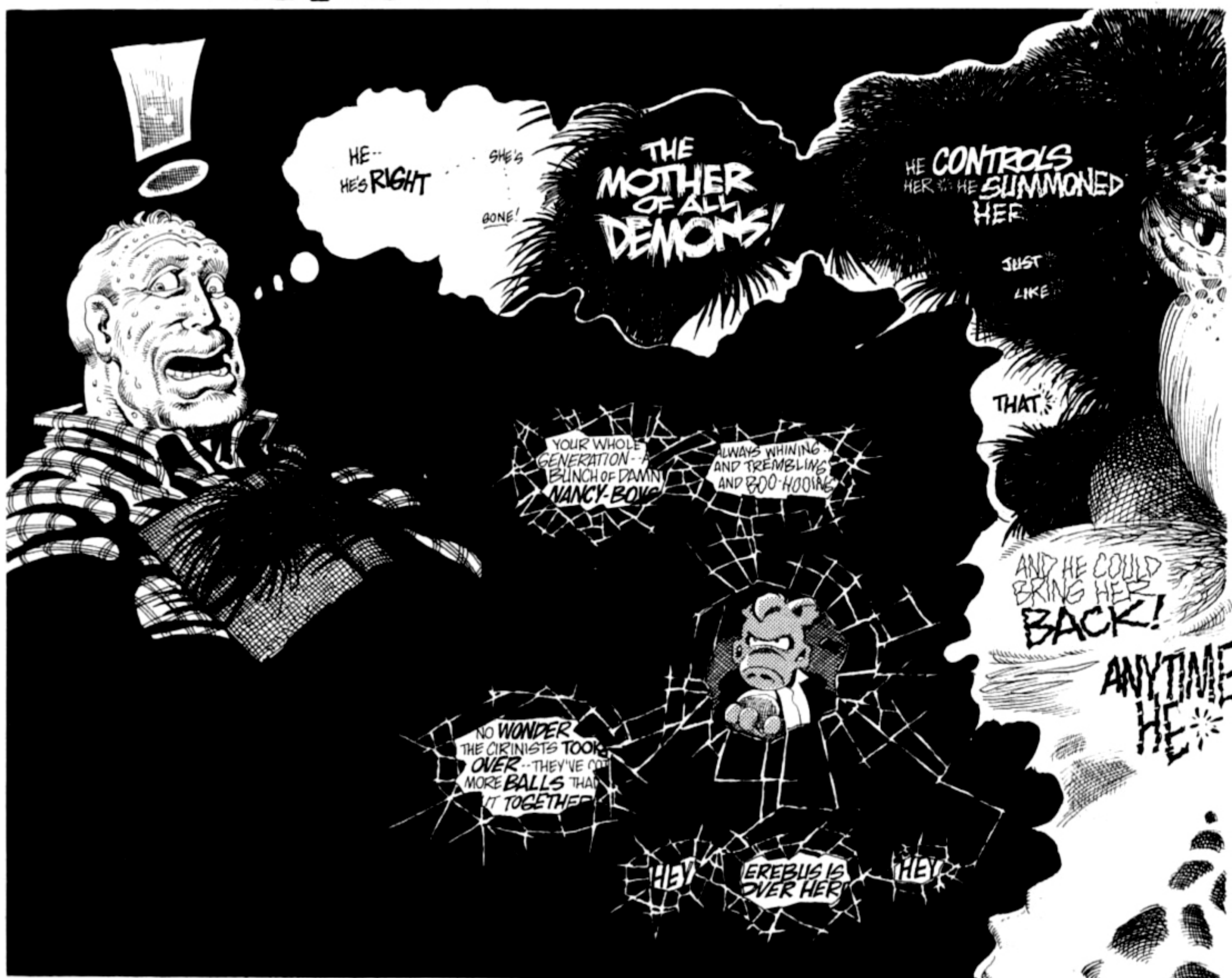


SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF













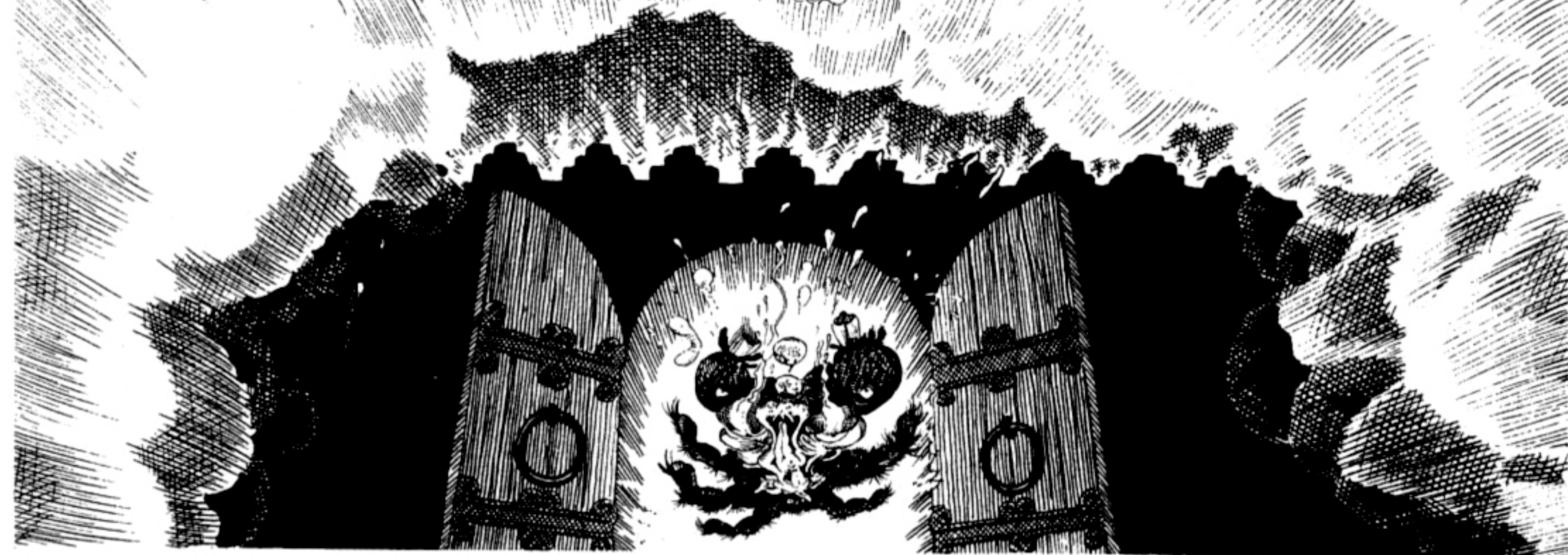
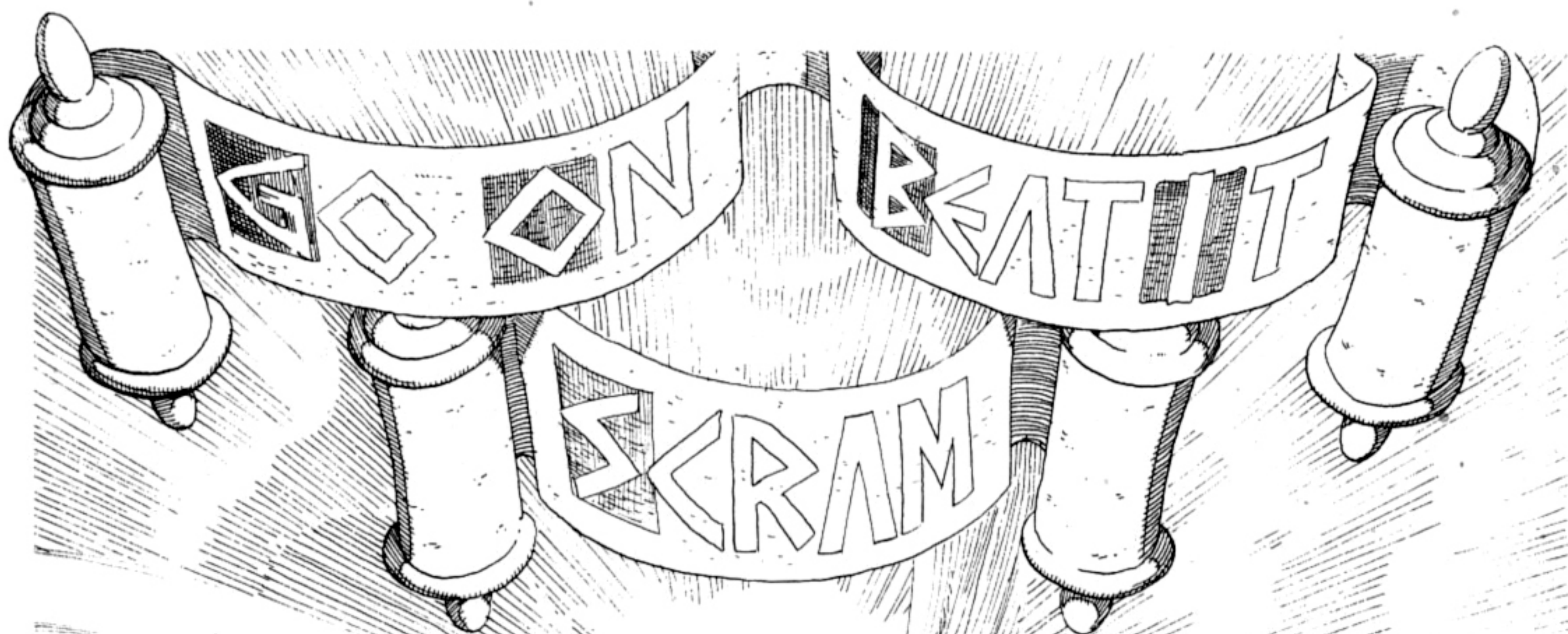
LOOK-- ALL CEREBUS IS TRYING TO TELL YOU IS: IF YOU SHOW THEM THAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF THEM--

THEY'LL EAT YOU ALIVE AND USE THE BONE SPLITTERS TO PICK THEIR TEETH

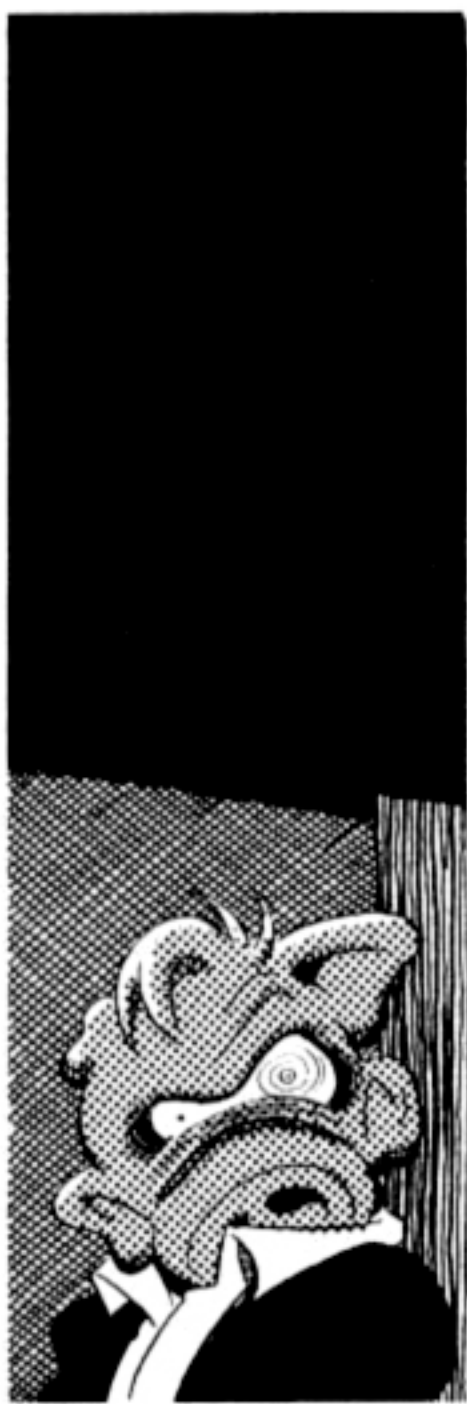
JUST SAY "G'WAN-- BEAT IT!-- SCRAM!"



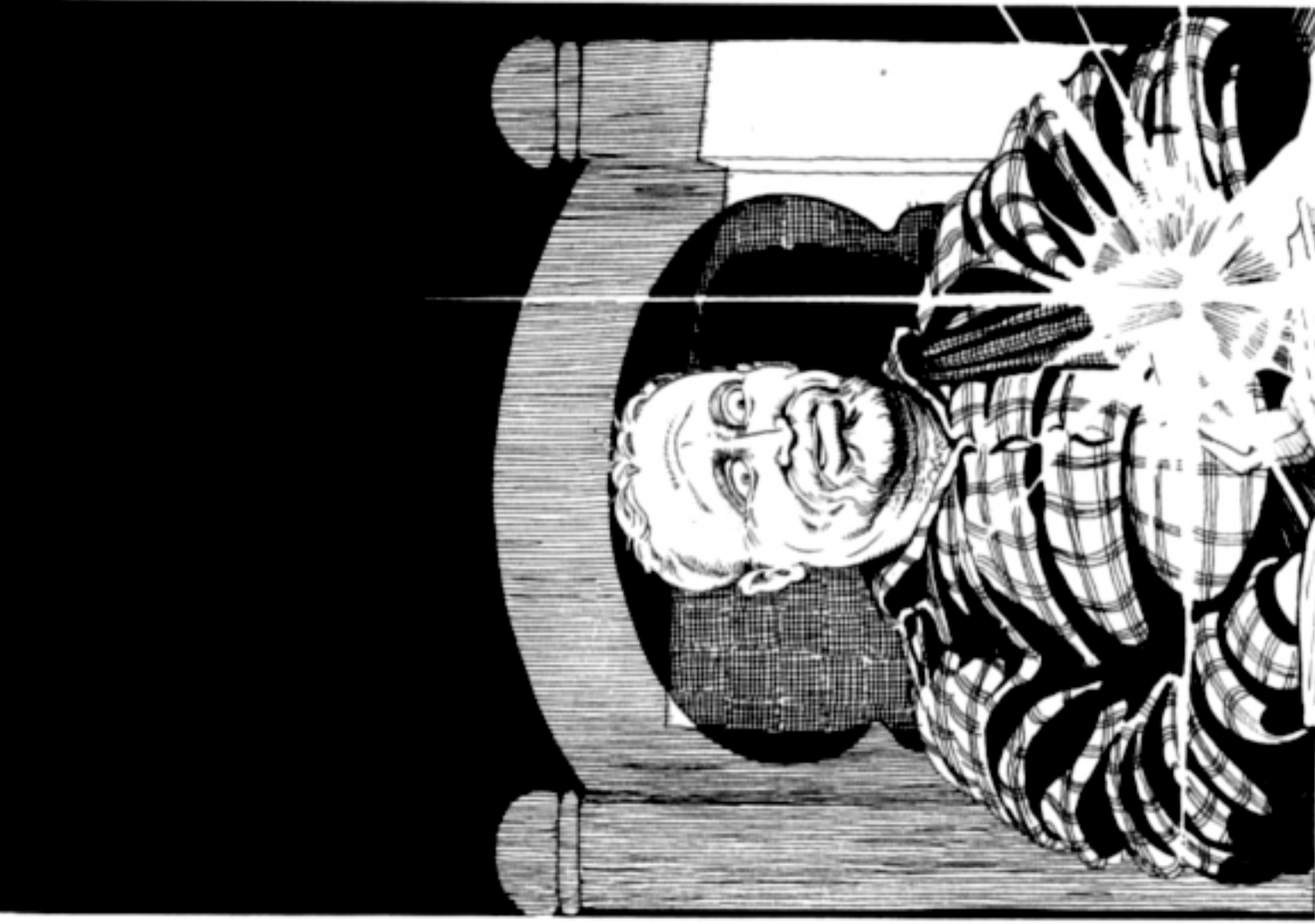
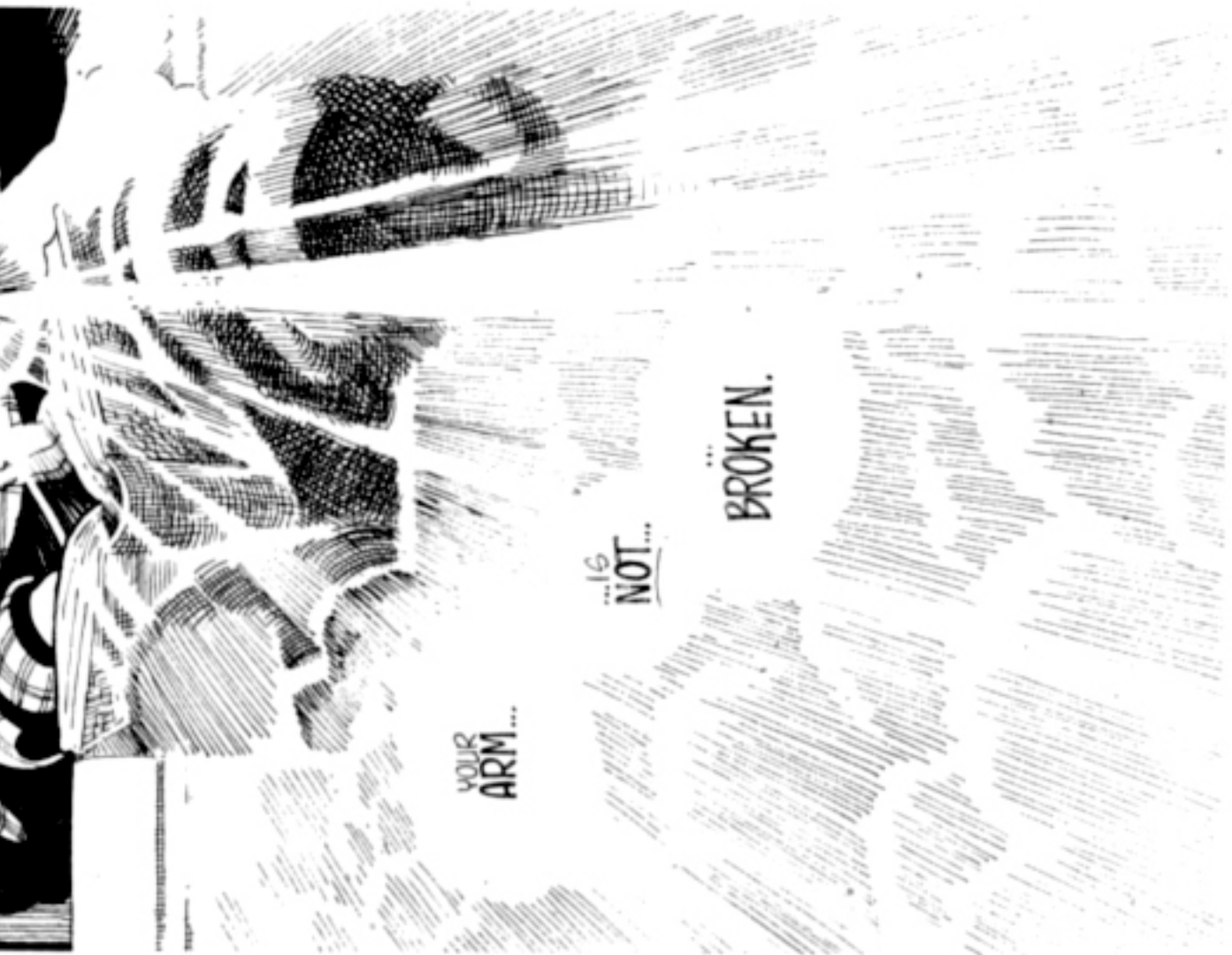
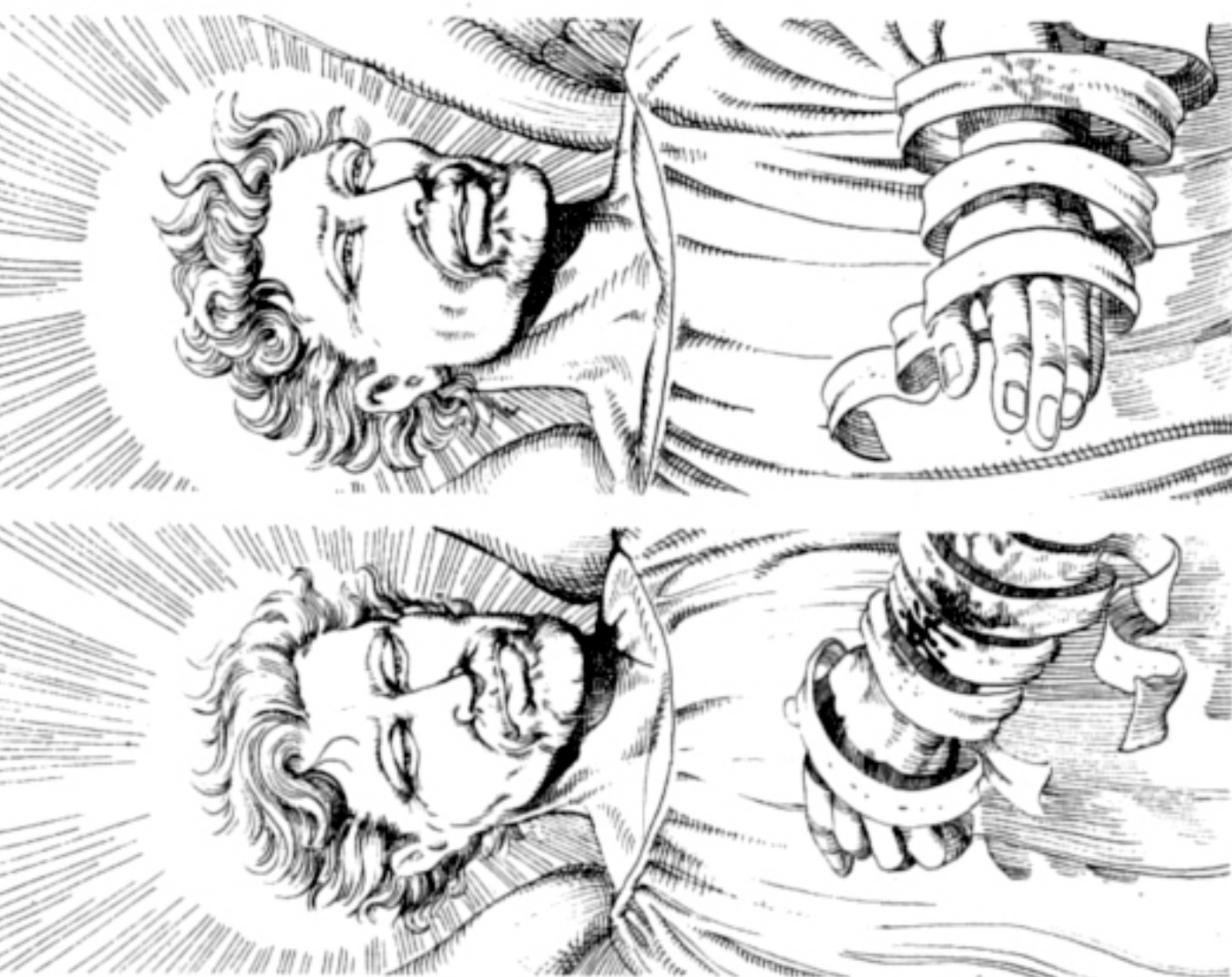
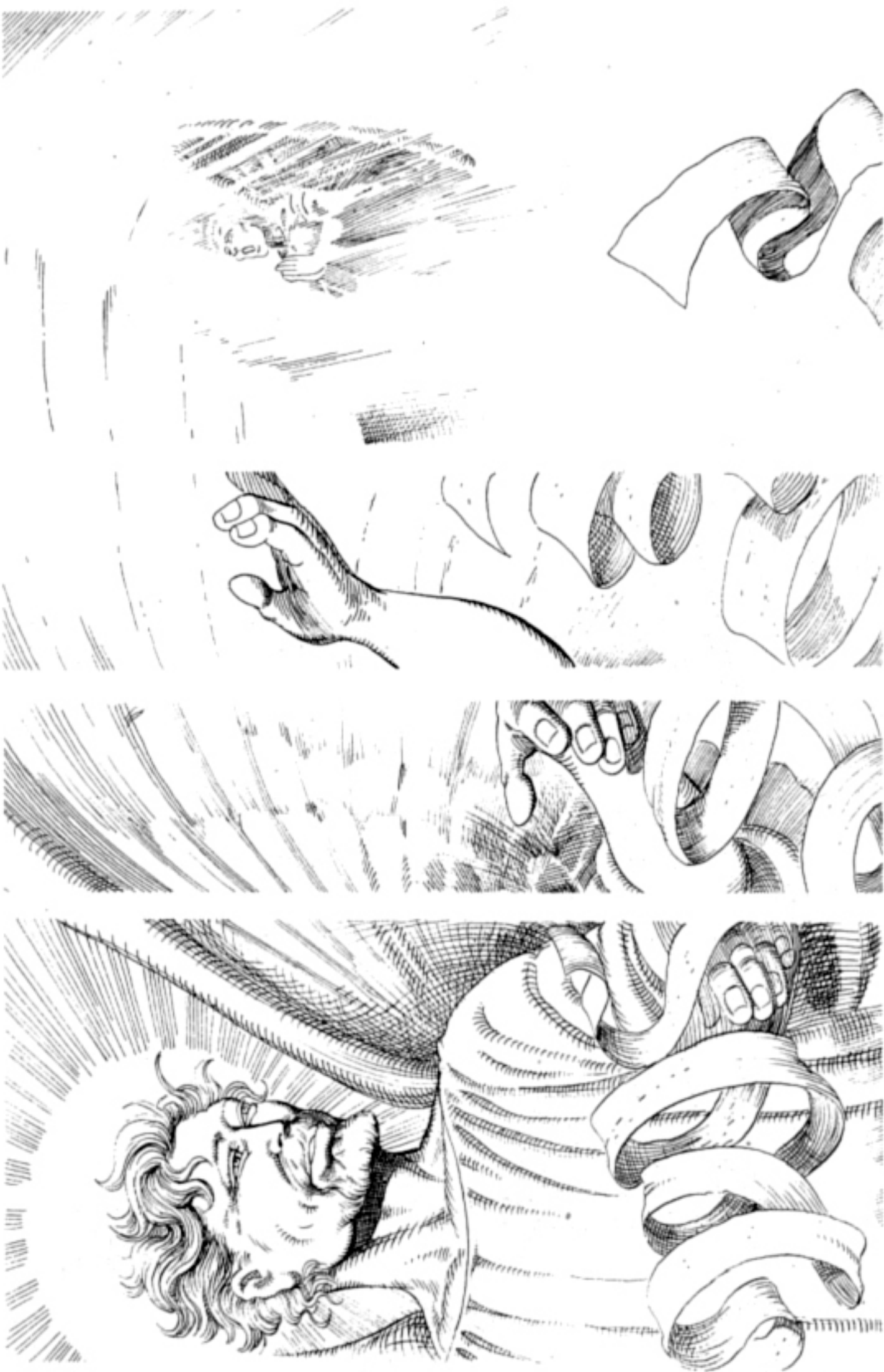












YOUR  
ARM...

...IS  
NOT...

BROKEN.













## HE CONSIDERED

herself to be a strong person. Her admiration for literature was confined to strong heroines. Her every conversation led — inevitably, as night follows day — to what she regarded as the irrefutable fact of her strength. To be in her company was to be faced with the unenviable choice of verbally sharing her admiration of her own strength at regular intervals or being cast out by the failure to do so. Women who failed to share her admiration of her strength were dismissed for their "jealousy" of it — men for their weakness in being "threatened" by it.

As a member of her ever-diminishing circle of friends, I saw her less and less frequently. We all felt a great love for her, first and primarily. It was an inexplicable kind of love. In conversation with one of the permanently exiled — the "jealous" and the "threatened" — we could only squirm in our places when the conversation turned to the Empress (as she was known). Wicked anecdotes about her more excessive exhibitions of her strength were a cause for great hilarity among the permanently exiled, and many were the evenings I spent smiling thinly, reduced to shrugging and making other diffident gestures as all eyes turned to me, challenging me to mount some manner of defense of my absent friend. How else to voice the inexplicable love at the center of our friendship?

If I had been forced to give an answer — and pain of death would not have dragged it from me — it would have been that I loved her for the person I caught glimpses of behind her iron mask of "strength." As the glimpses grew less frequent, it became a struggle to keep my love for her from eroding into compassion for the loneliness and isolation she brought on herself.

Finally, her perception of her own strength consumed her, mask and all. The intervals at which her friends were compelled to share in the admiration of her strength grew more frequent. On our last evening together in some tavern or other — after the third or fourth such interval had arrived with our latest round of drinks — I asked the question I had been framing for some weeks, if not months:

"But strength in service to what? In the name of what? To what purpose? And in the achievement of what end?"

Her eyes darkened as I had seen them darken so many times before.

"Get out," she said.

"This is a public place," I might have said. "I have as much right to be here as you do." As was always the case with her, suitable rejoinders flooded in a cascade through my mind. "I'm staying. Which do you think would require the greater strength on your part, *given* that I'm staying? For you to stay or for you to leave?"

But in that moment, like a knife in my heart, I realized that as love can erode into compassion, compassion can crumble into pity.

Without another word between us, I did what she had told me to do.

I never saw her again.





HAHAHAHA

YOU'RE  
KIDDING



NAY... THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
SAID:

"VIKTOR GOT  
REALLY MAD  
AND HE HAD A  
BIG KNIFE AND

VIKTOR?!  
HAHAHA  
OH HHHH SHIT

NONONONO --  
HEHE I GOT IT  
WHEN I WAS UN-  
LOADING FREIGHT  
ON A DOCK IN...  
IN...

TEST? LOWER FELDA?  
... I FORGET... DOESN'T  
MATTER

THERE WAS A NAIL  
STICKING OUT OF ONE  
OF THE CRATES, SEE

BEDUIN...  
THAT WAS IT...  
BEDUIN...

THE DAMNED  
THING ABOUT IT  
HAHAHA

THE  
DAMNEDEST  
THING ABOUT  
IT WAS:

THERE WAS NO  
DOCTOR FOR  
MILES AROUND...  
JUST THIS OLD  
WICCA WOMAN

A WHAT?  
WOMAN...

A WICCA  
WOMAN

OH! ? AYE.

HUHH! I HAVEN'T  
THOUGHT ABOUT  
THIS IN YEARS  
...  
ANYWAY

SHE TELLS THE GUYS  
WHO BROUGHT ME TO  
HER TO LEAVE... SO THEY  
LEAVE... AND SHE DOESN'T  
EVEN LOOK AT MY WOUND  
SEE --

SHE JUST LOOKS IN MY  
EYES

THEN SHE SPITS ON  
THE GROUND -- AN' SAYS  
(REAL MEAN-LIKE)

"SO, OLD-FOOLISH-  
CHOICE!"

AS IF HA-HA  
AS IF THAT'S  
MY NAME 'R  
SOMETHING

I'VE NEVER  
MET HER BEFORE  
IN MY LIFE -- SO  
I FIGURE SHE'S  
YOU KNOW

CRAZY.

YEAH...  
EXACTLY

SO SHE SHOWS  
ME THESE TWO POUltICES  
-- THAT LOOKED LIKE  
SEAWEED OR HEH-HEH:  
BIG FURBALLS

AND SHE SHAKES  
ONE AT ME AND SAYS,  
"THIS ONE HURT FOR  
ONE DAY -- LEAVE  
NO SCAR"

AND THEN SHE SHAKES  
THE OTHER ONE AT ME AND SAYS  
"NO PAIN, THIS ONE --  
LEAVE BIG SCAR -- YOU  
CHOOSE"

I TOLD HER I  
WANTED THE "NO PAIN"  
ONE

SHE SAYS

"KNOW  
YOUR NAME"

HEHHEHHEHH? VIKTOR...?  
HAHAHA

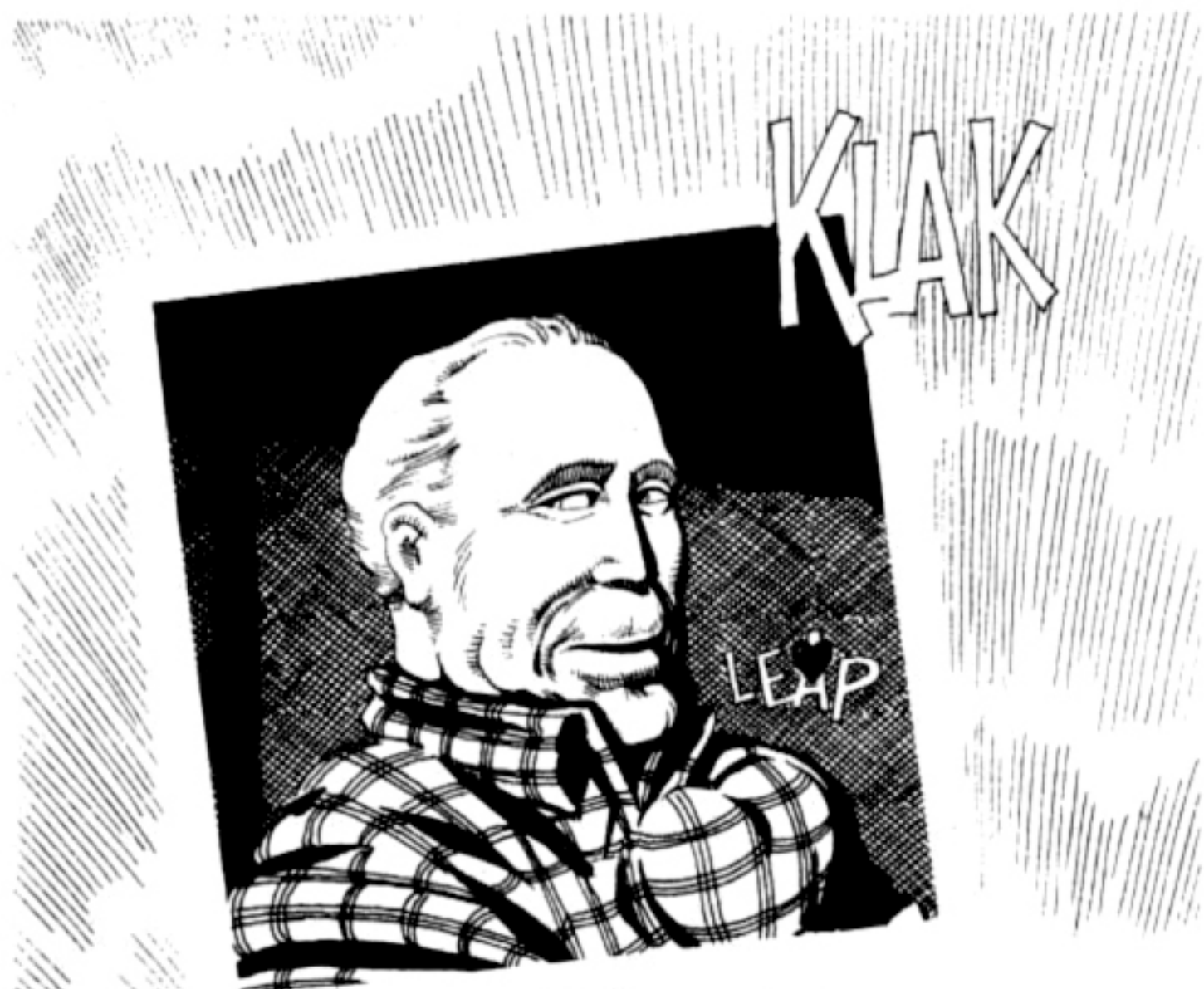
AND YOU SAY THAT  
IT'S A LIE THAT SOME  
PEOPLE SHOULDN'T  
DRINK?

NAY... CEREBUS  
AGREED THAT  
SOME PEOPLE  
SHOULDN'T

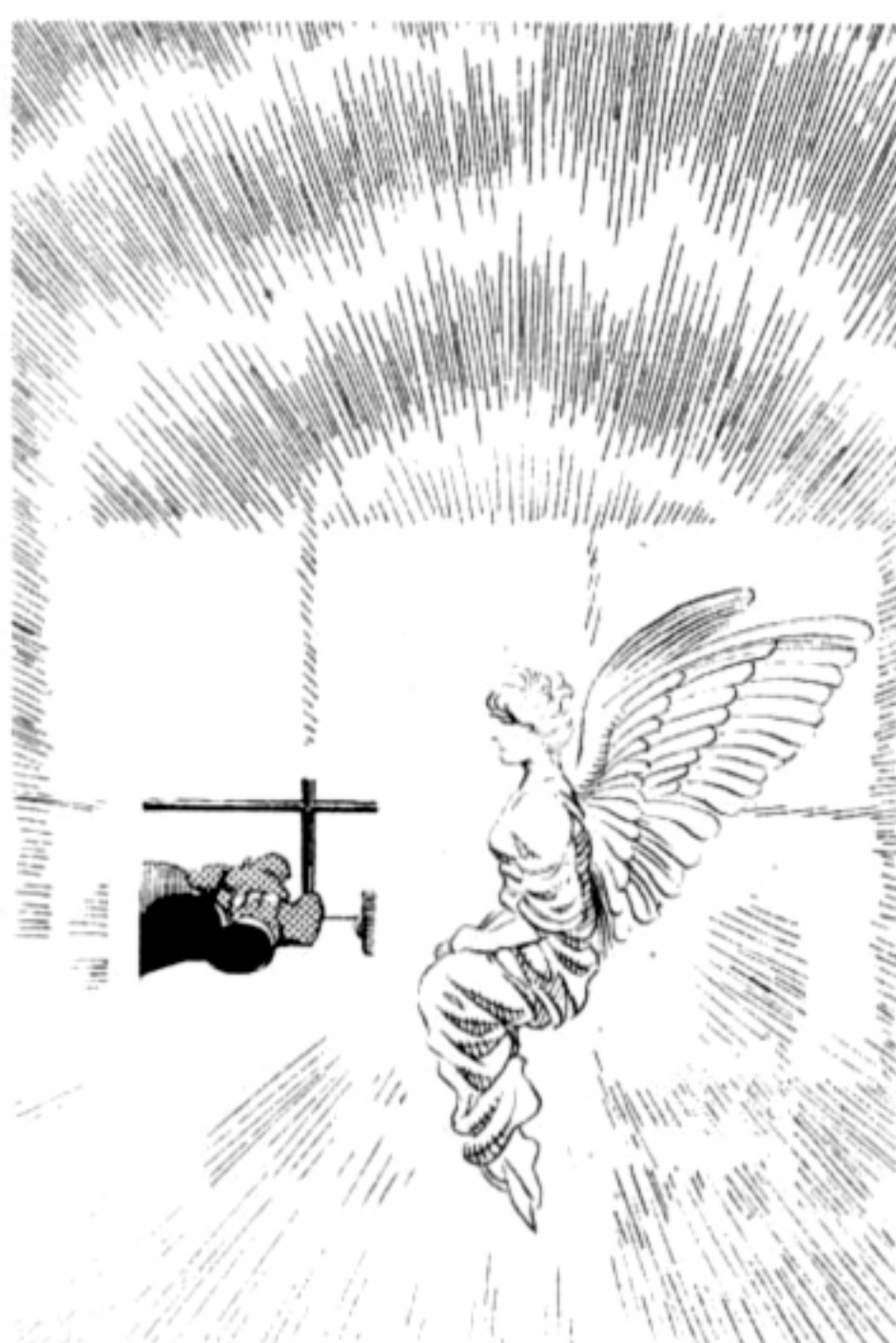
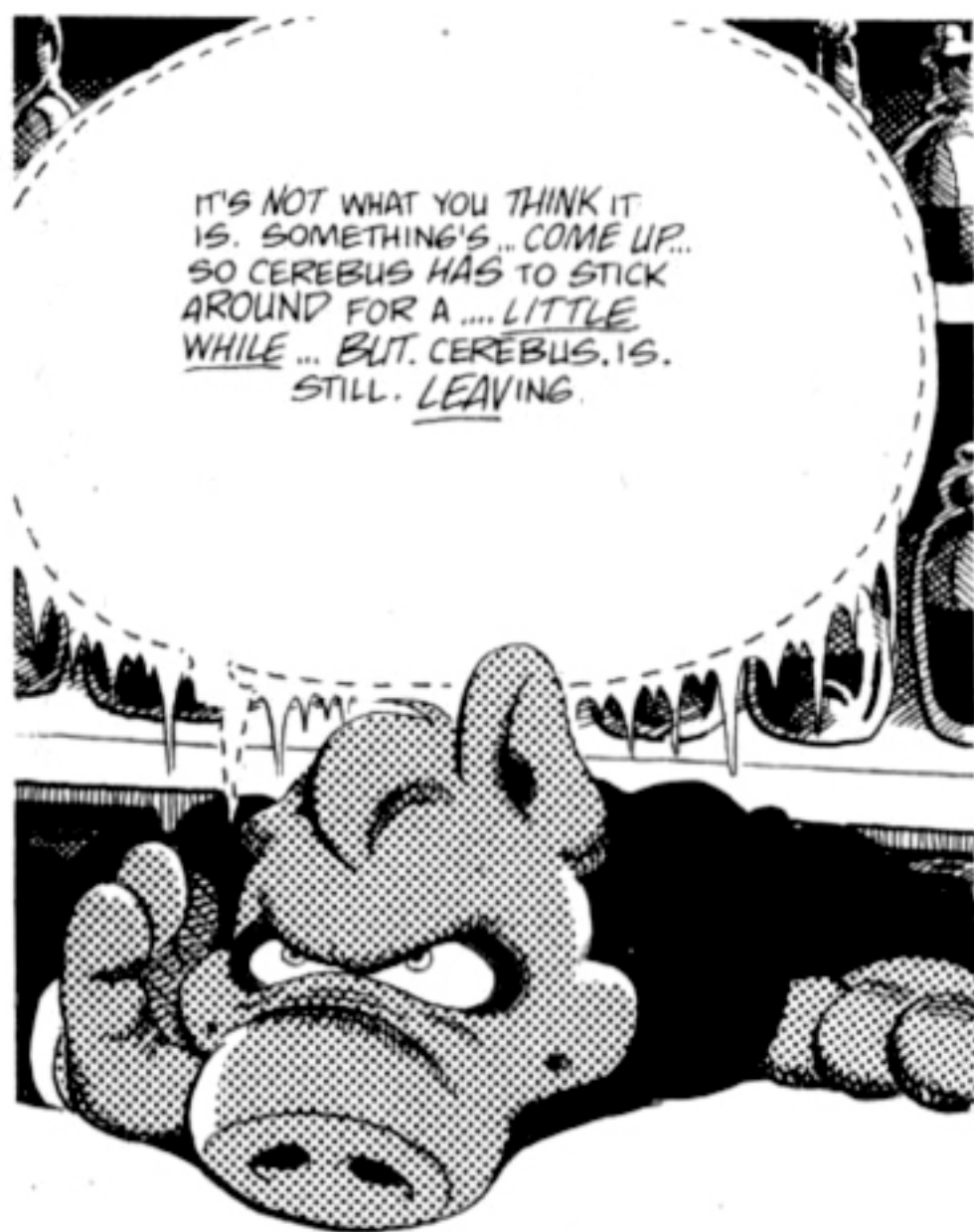
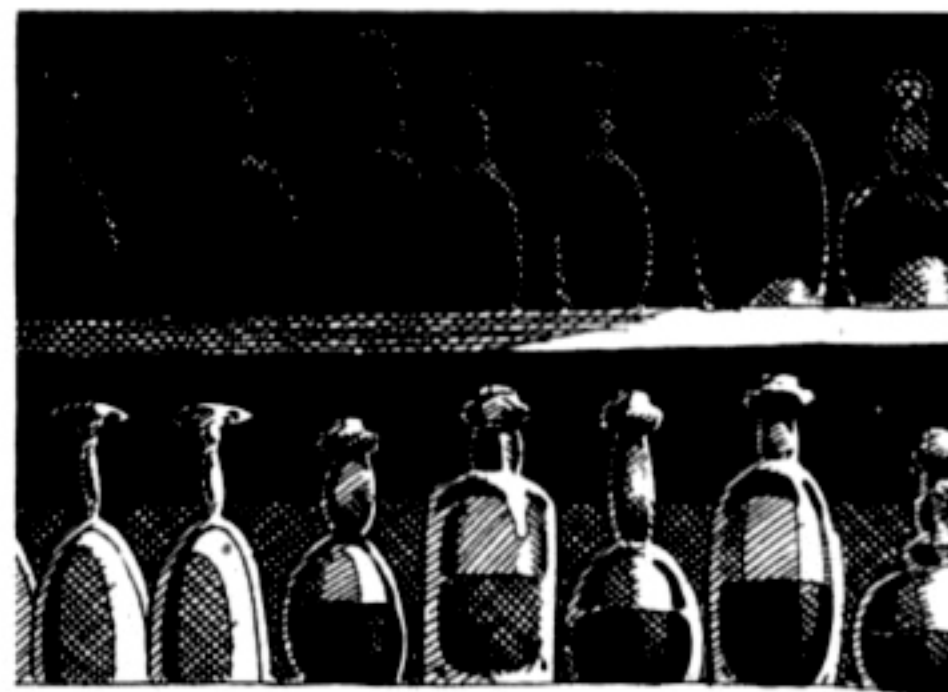
KLIK KLAK















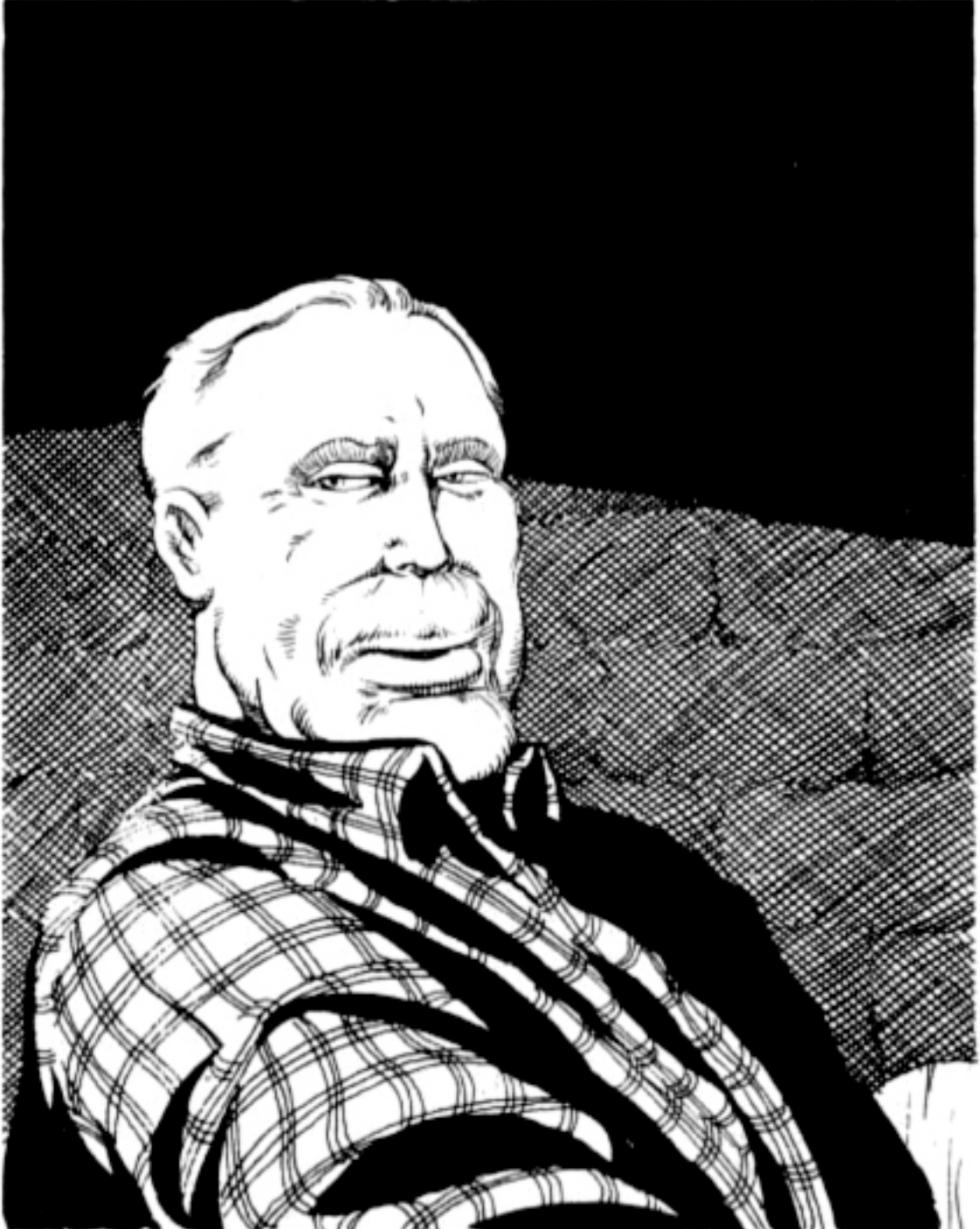
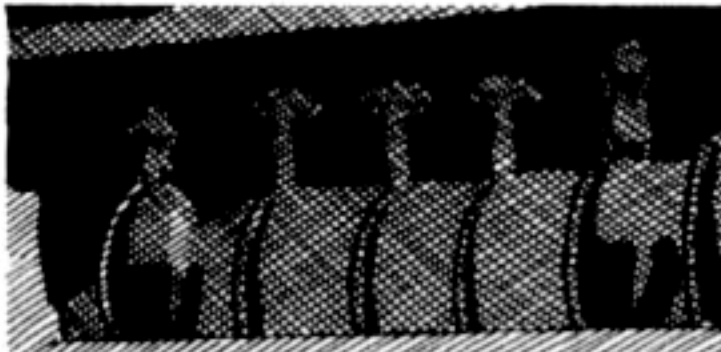
"OF WHITE WINE?"



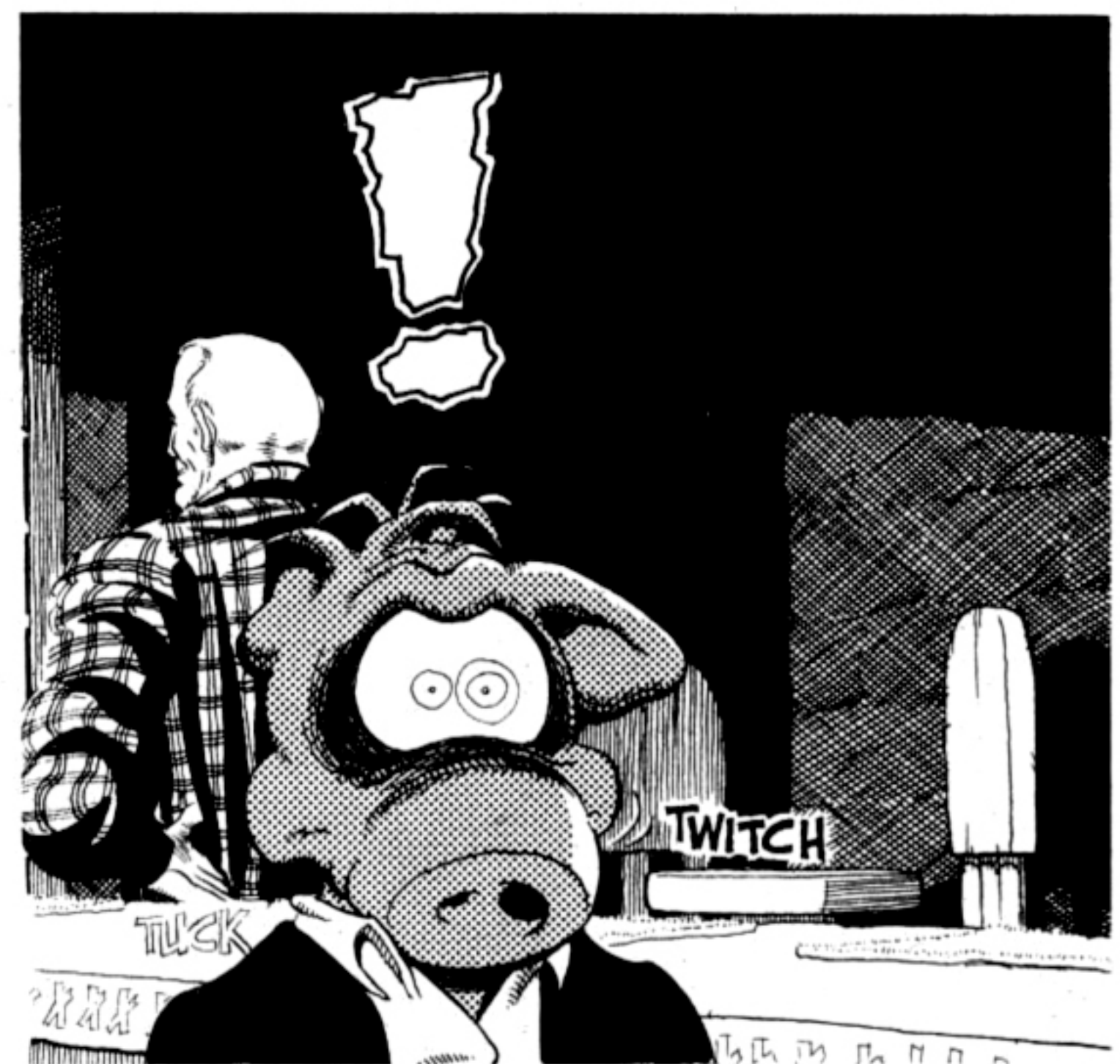
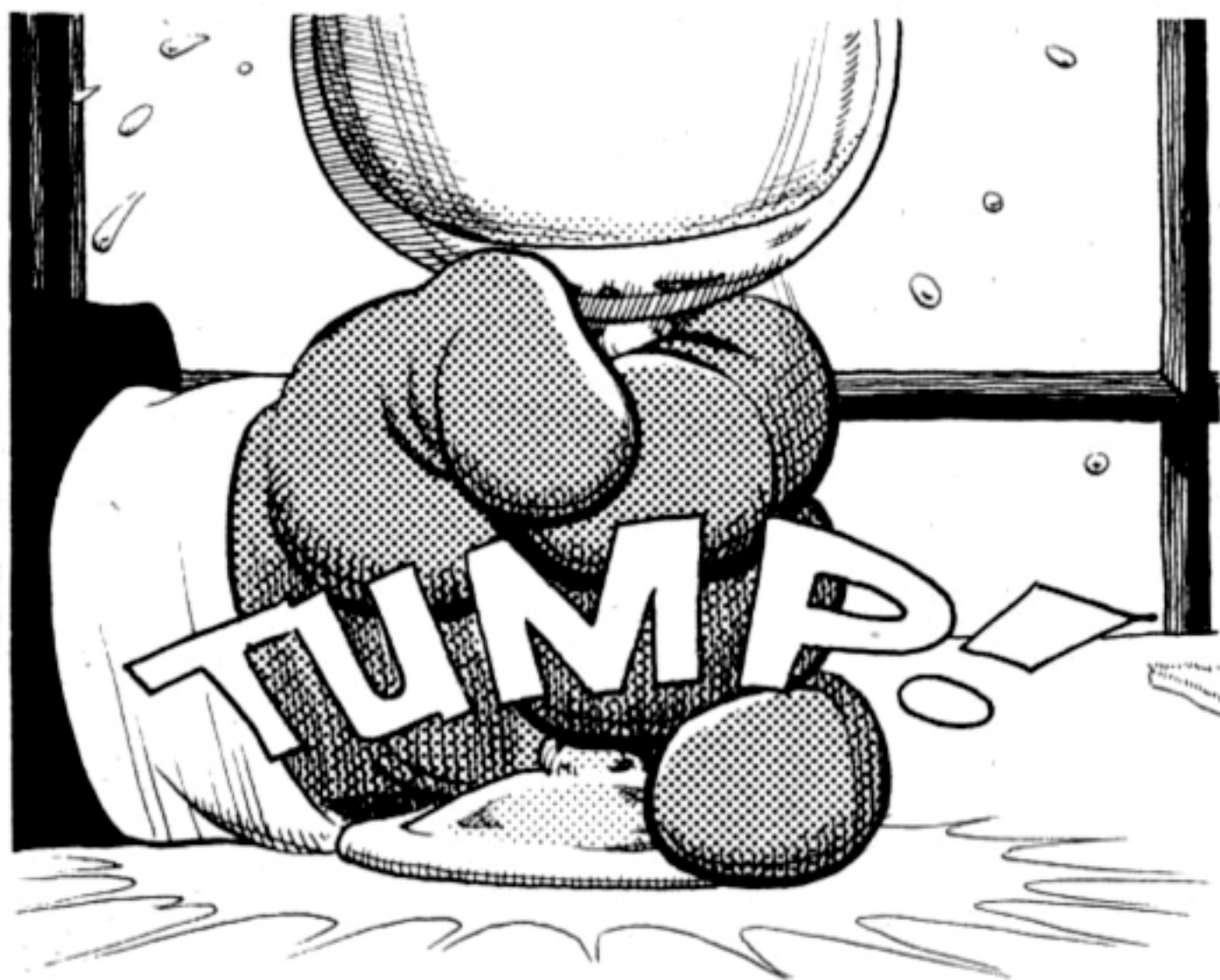
"PLEASE..."



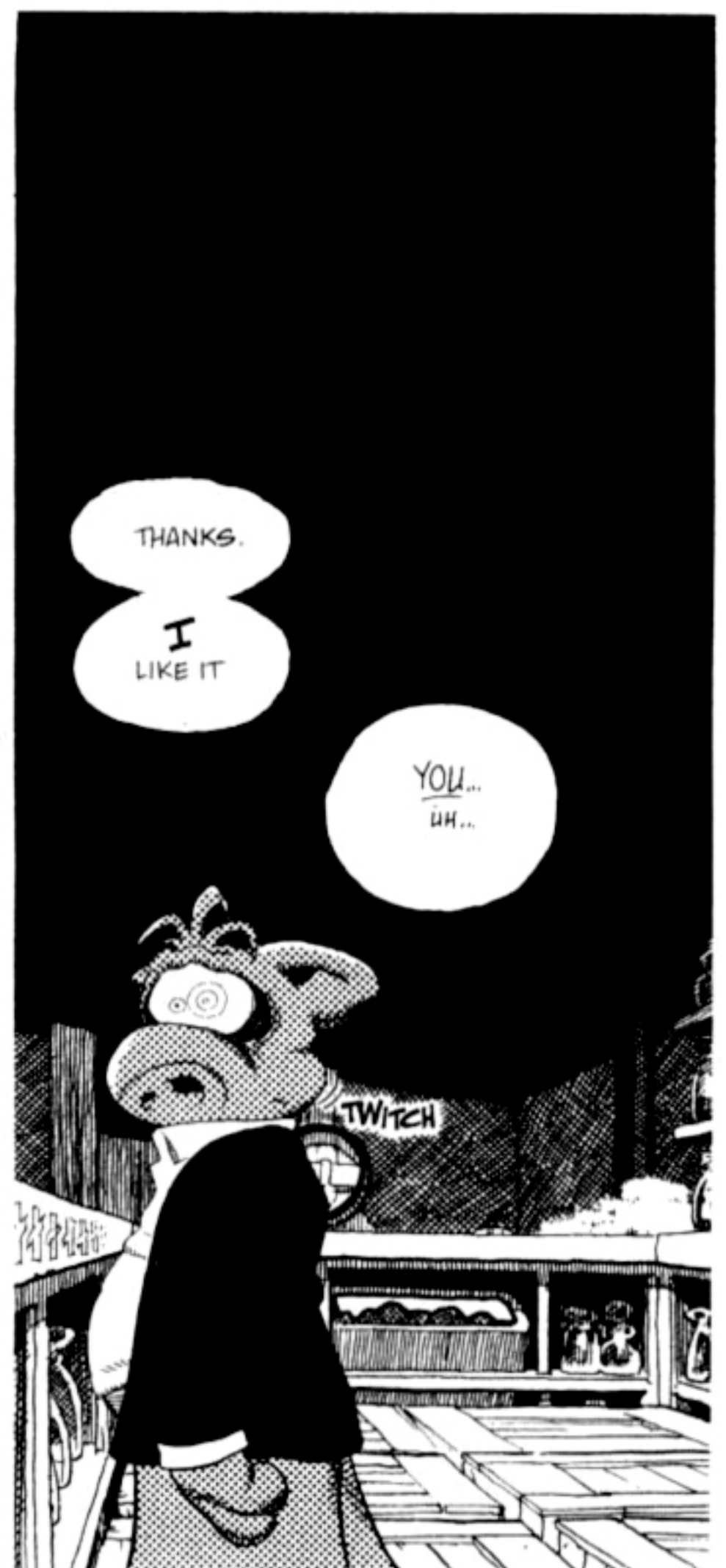
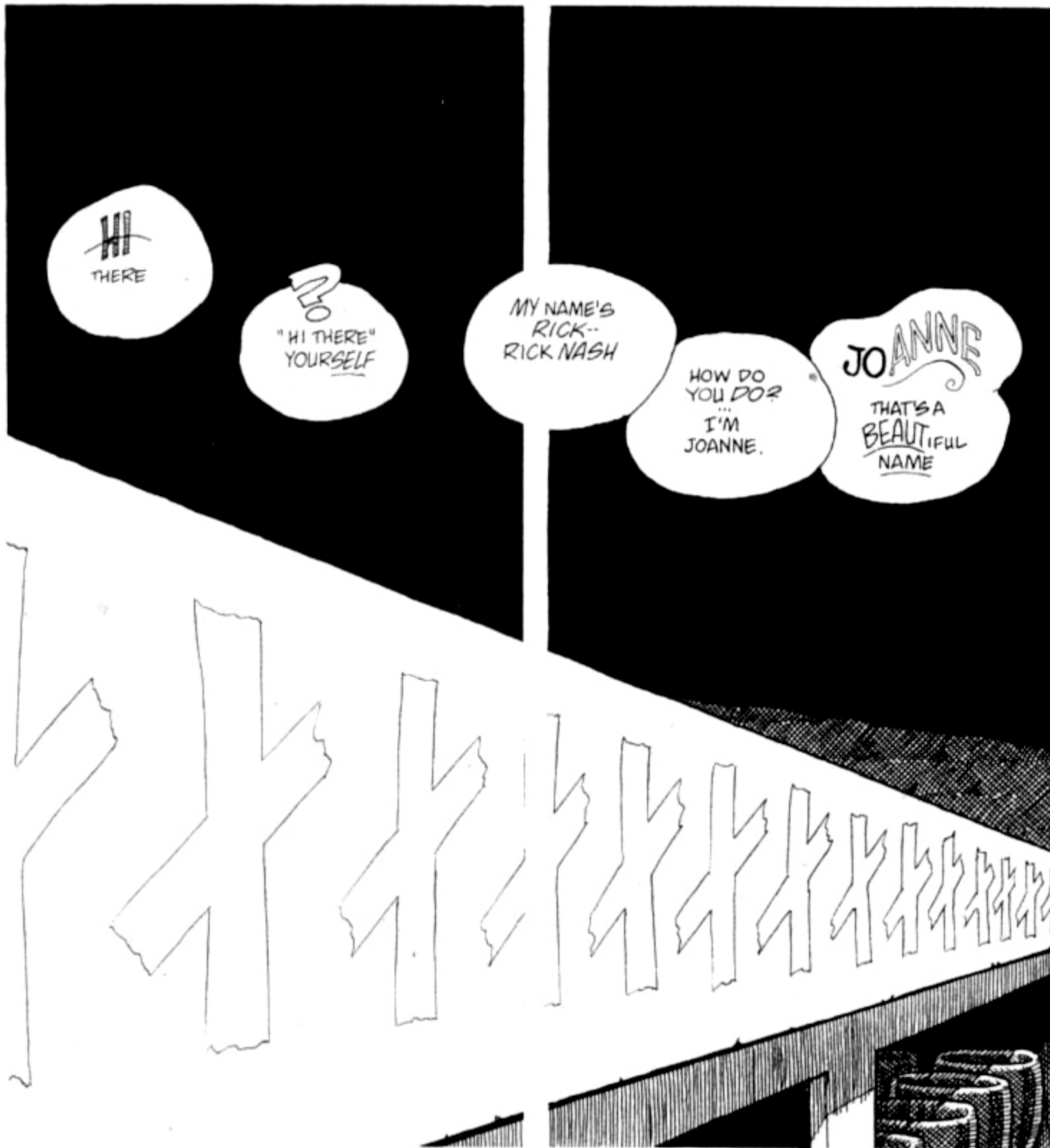
"...BAR...TENDER."















*You must be new around here, Mr. Nash.*

***Please. Call me Rick.***

*All right...(trying it out) Rick.*

***I'm new everywhere.***

*(ironically) Oh, really.*

***Uh-huh. I'm a writer.***

*(imperious) I see. (patronizing) And what sorts of things do you write?*

***Romances, mostly.***

*(the little girl) Oh! I love romance. Are you going to put me into one of your stories?*

***I wouldn't have come over here if I weren't going to.***

*Well! (now that that's settled) What sort of character will I be?*

***Divine Radiance.***

*(laughing) Now, that's an odd name.*

***It's not a name. It's a...(pretending to be at a loss for words) (looking deeply into her eyes) It's an essence. I always start with the essence of the character (smiles) and build from there.***

*(coy) And what's Divine Radiance going to be like? (digging deeper) What's she going to do?*

***She...illuminates. (offering depth) She's the original connotation of Terim from antiquity...she's Tarim's Wisdom.***

*(laughing) (retreating to the shallows) That doesn't sound like much fun.*

***(laughing in turn) Possibly not. (maintaining the depth) But that's who she is.***

*(sulking) I was hoping she'd have a grand adventure.*

***(immediately) Oh, she's much too wise for grand adventures.***

***(considering it) She has little adventures. (knowingly) So she doesn't get hurt.***

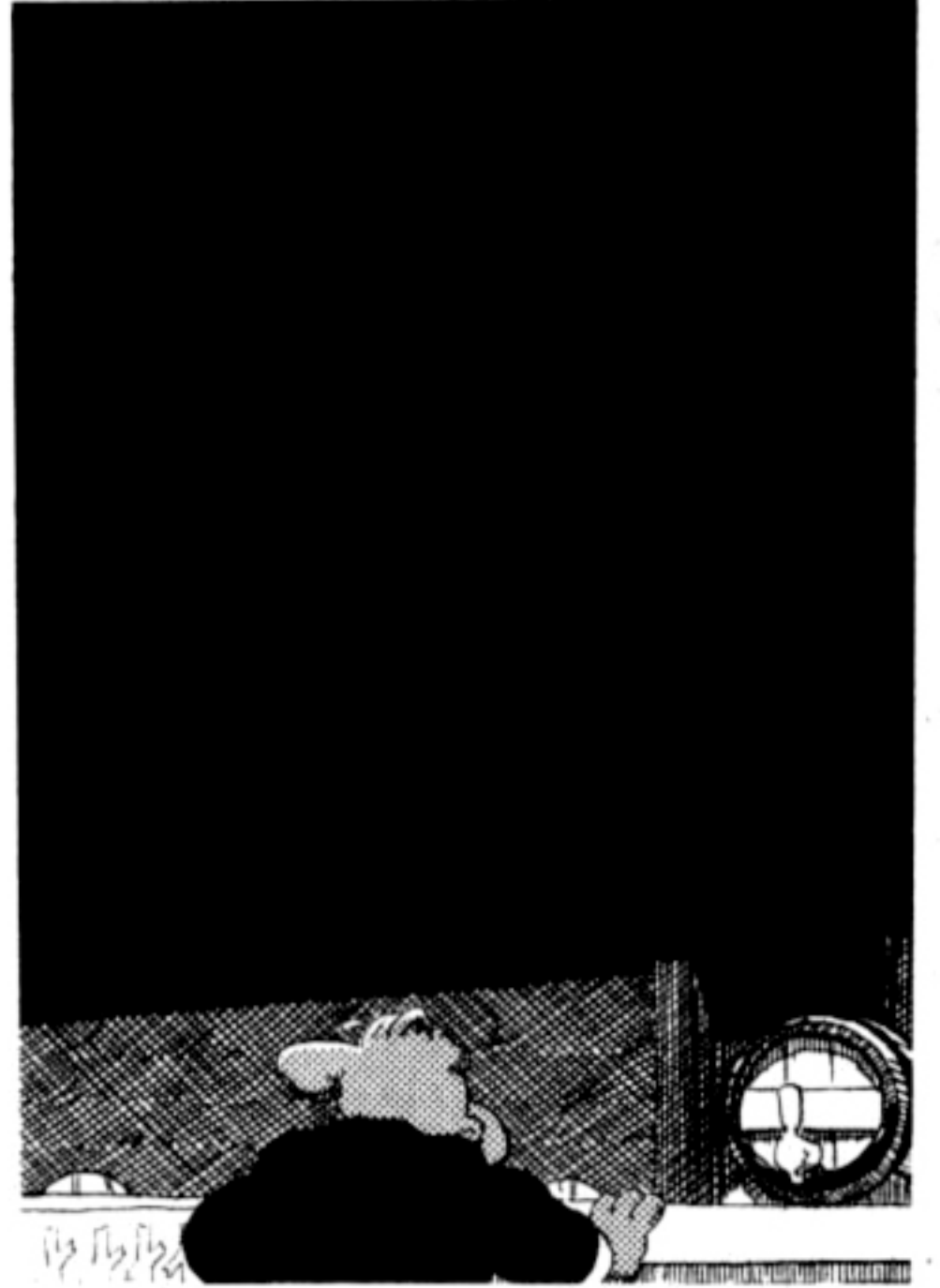
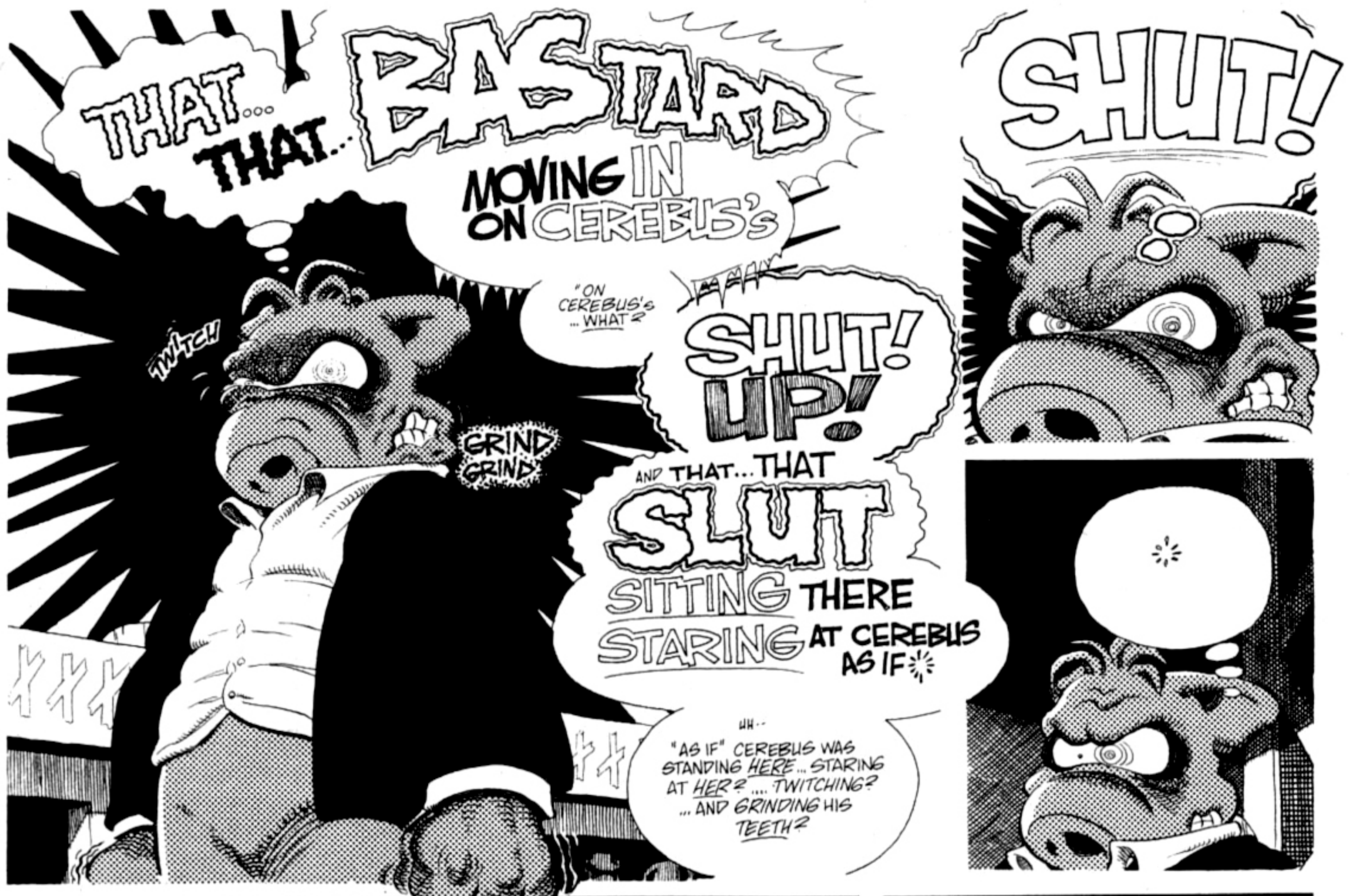
*(a little too close to home) (rueful) She sounds like a big coward.*

***(to the rescue) Actually, she's very, very brave. (conspiratorial) She's really only afraid of one thing.***

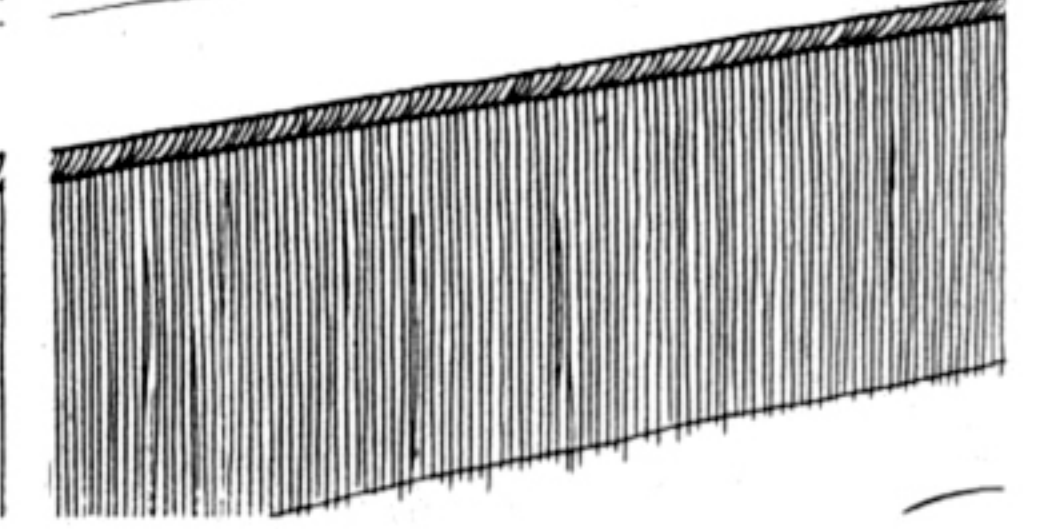
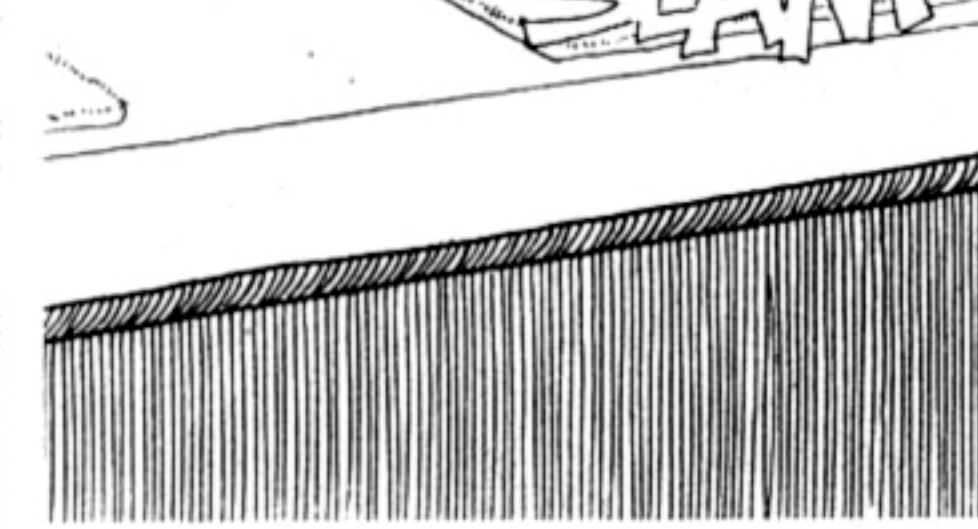
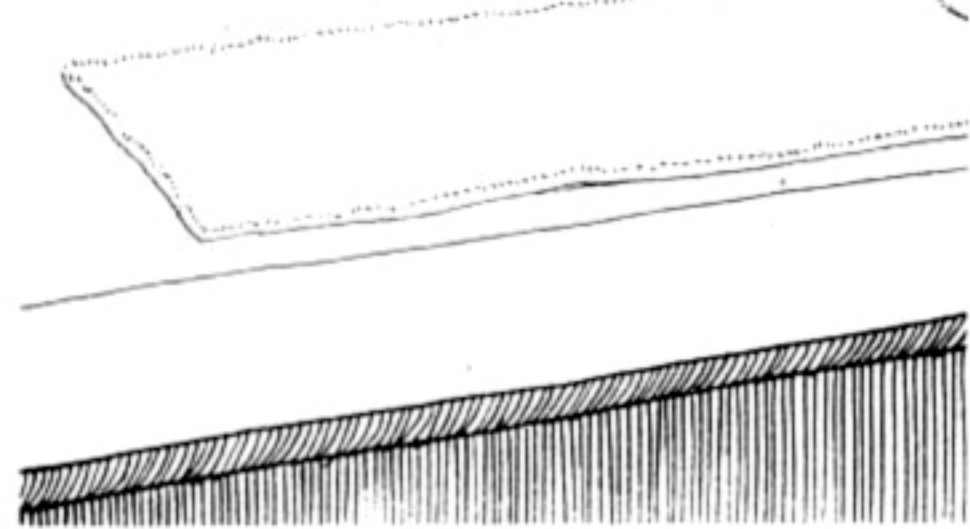
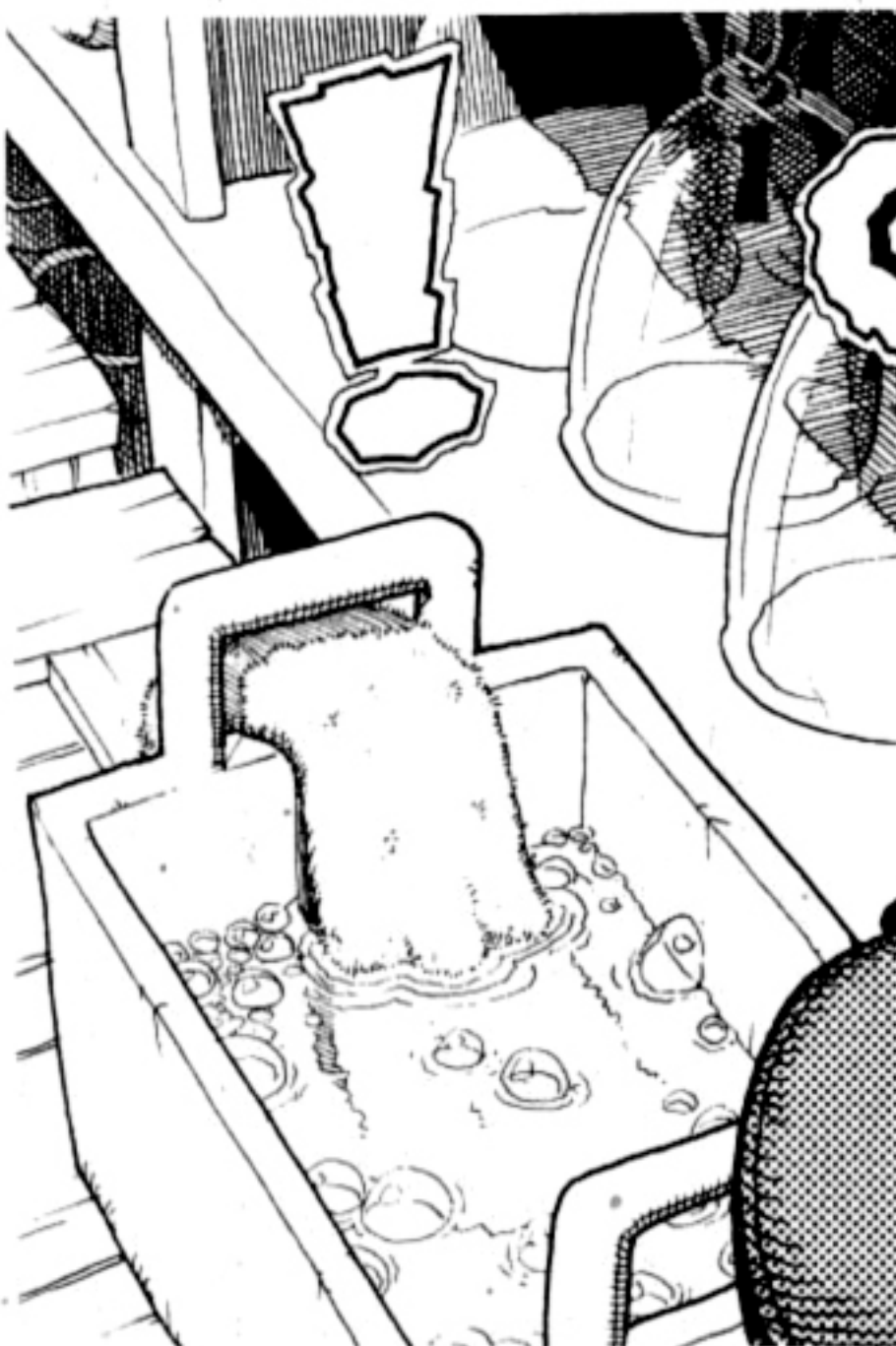
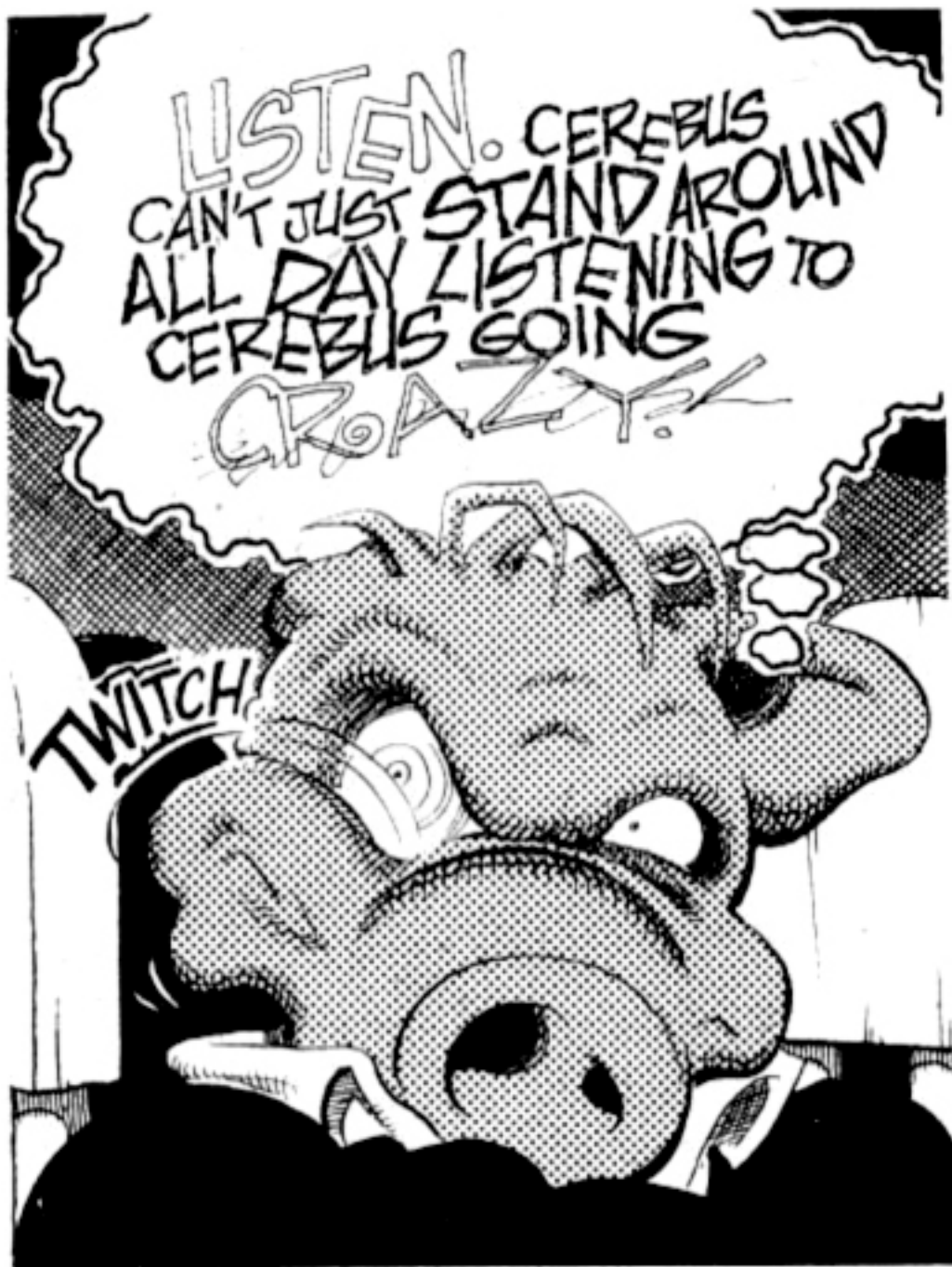
*(drawn in) And what's that?*

***Her own strength. (wink)***









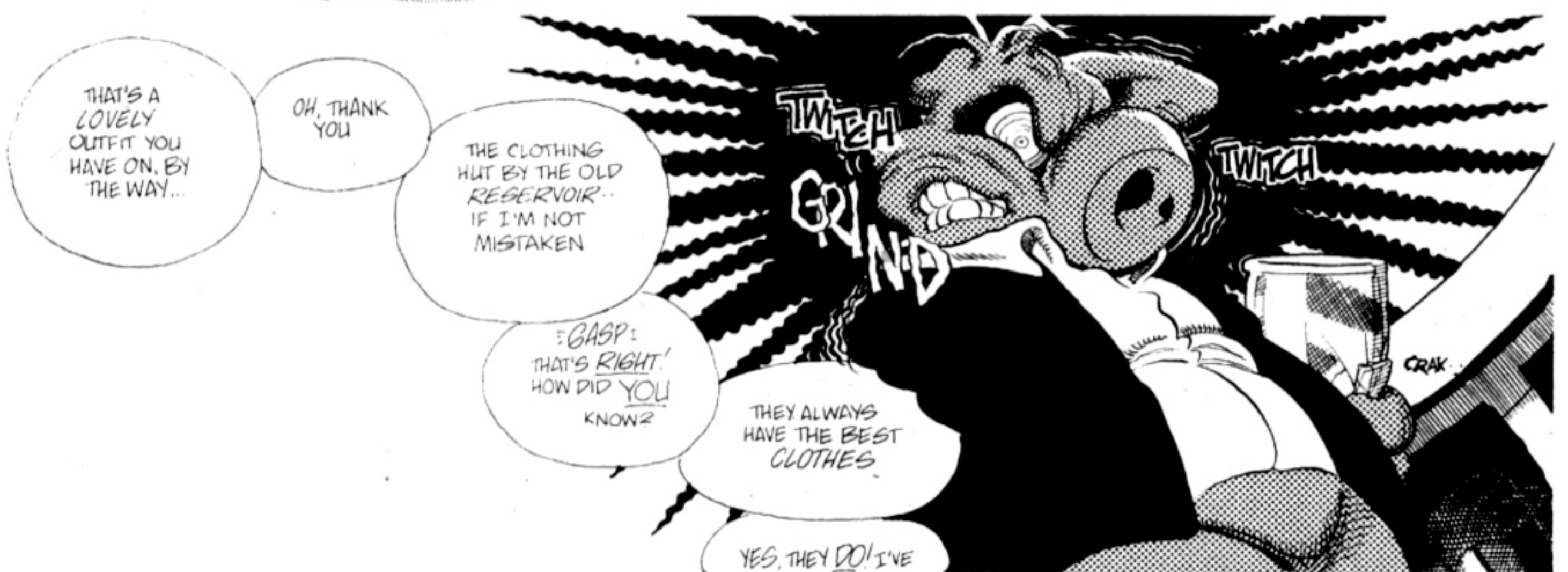
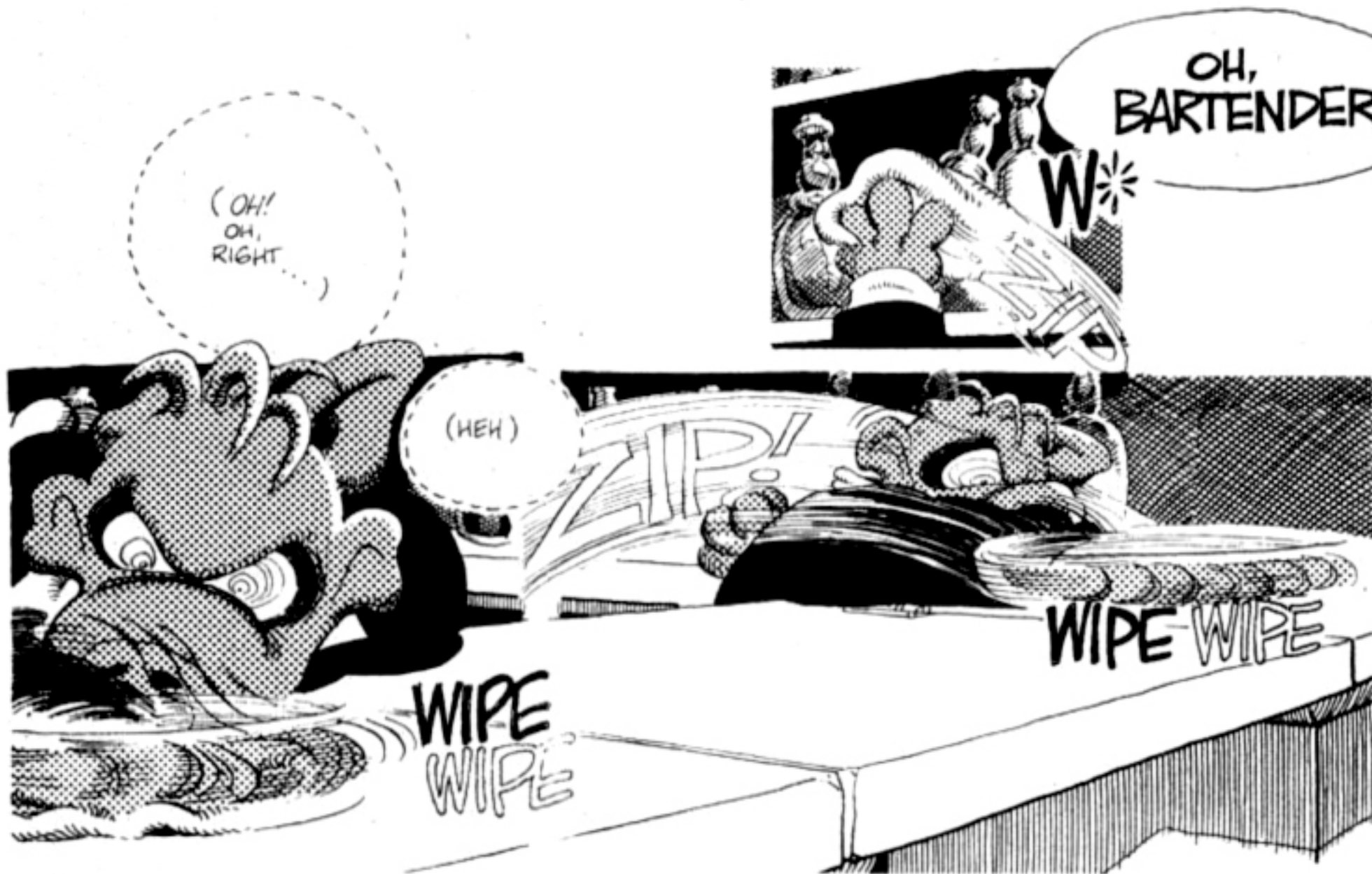




**DRINKS  
OFF THE BAR  
PLEASE.**









They're always  
some kind of  
been a  
other  
The cat

THAT NO PICK  
SWEARING  
FIRST HE GETS  
JAKA-- AND  
NOW HE GETS

So  
Beats his  
thing  
laugh

New  
would notice

Then how do you e.

Well, the clothing hut people  
that ... (realizing what he

(pretending he's thinking  
course, that doesn't explain  
his trump c

(irritated) Hemlines? W

Well, you can certainly sh  
clothes, but (pretending to be  
how can

You could just ...

(staring into his glass and keeping his  
neutral) See, I think (pretending to wrestle  
idea)... I think the Mothers have changed their m

(pre-empting her objection) about some thing  
Clothes being one of them. (sips from his glass as if  
he has exhausted the subject,  
allowing her time to mull it over)

(hook, line, and sinker) Well, I think you're wrong. (by  
rote) The reason the Mothers took over from the old  
patriarchal system is that they were wiser and they had  
fewer rules, better rules, and unchanging rules.

(pretending to consider her words, nodding slowly)  
Mmmm. (frowning his brow and smiling at her)  
You're probably right. Still... (pretending to be  
confounded by a great mystery)... those hemlines.

(confounded by the great mystery) (thinking the  
unthinkable) You really think they changed their minds?

(offhandedly to maximize the impact) Oh, I think  
they do it all the time. What they don't do (wink) is  
admit they were wrong.

(severely disoriented by the impact)

(smiling, playful, but closing in for the  
mother ever admitted

(pre-empt

(seeking  
seem to

CEREBUS CAN'T  
CUT HIM OFF...  
HE ISN'T DRUNK

AYE. AYE. AYE.

THERE  
HAS TO BE  
A WAY  
TO

pants, sweaters,

SHUT UP  
HE HASN'T  
GOT HER  
YET.

YES NO HE  
HASN'T  
YES NO HE  
HASN'T  
YES NO HE  
HASN'T

SHUT  
UP!

CEREBUS  
HAS TO CALM  
DOWN. BREATHE!

HUNNY  
HUNNY  
HUNNY

MUCH  
BETTER

PRETTY  
CLEVER OF HIM...  
TO GET CEREBUS TO  
POUR HIS DRINKS

MAKES IT  
LOOK AS IF  
HE'S IN CHARGE

AYE. AYE. AYE

CEREBUS  
HAS TO GET  
CONTROL  
OF HIS TAVERN  
BACK

AYE!

AYE!

AYE!

BUT  
HOW?!

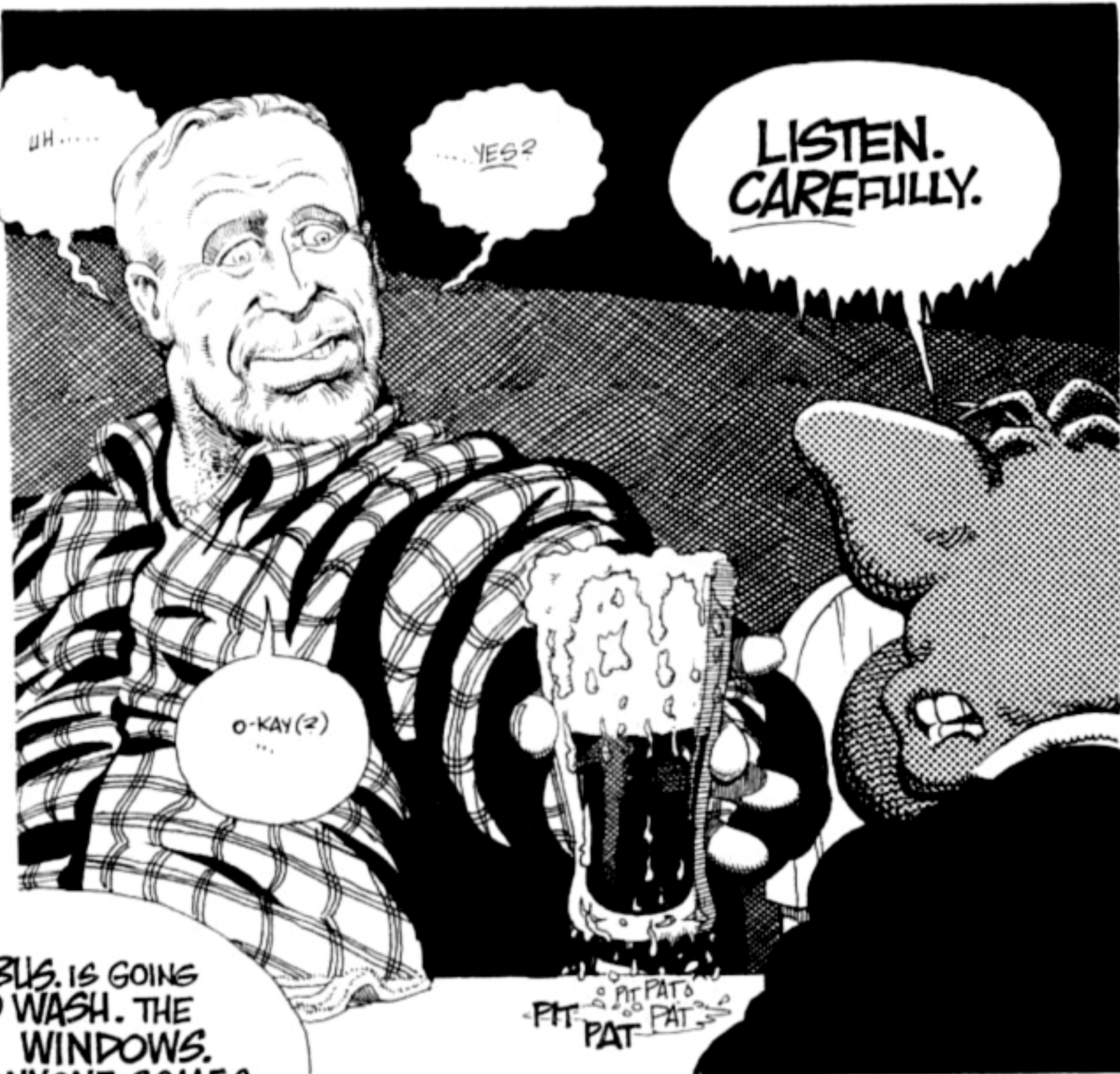
CUT  
HIM  
OFF!





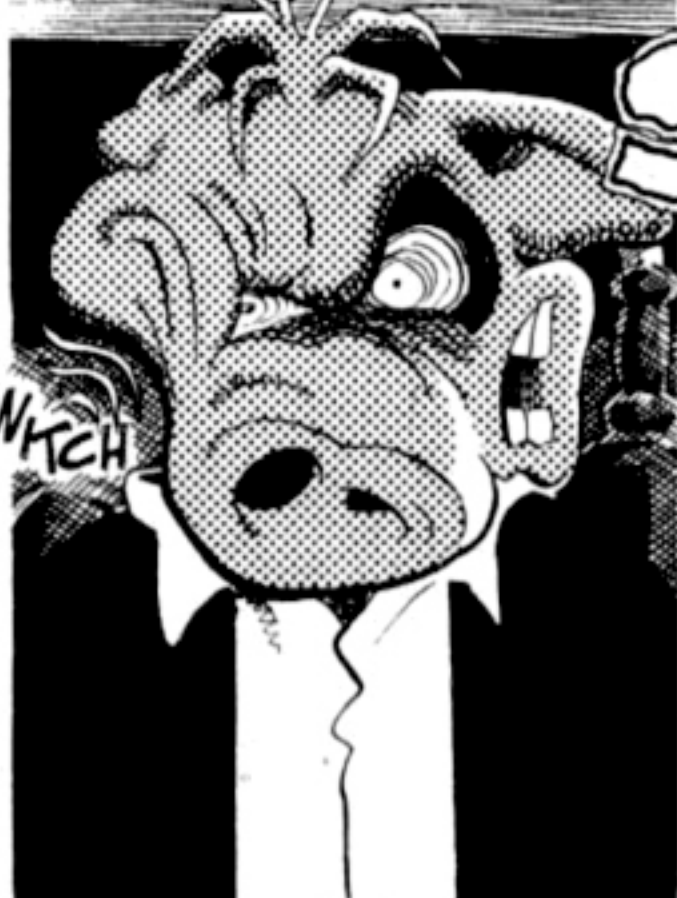


RICK.

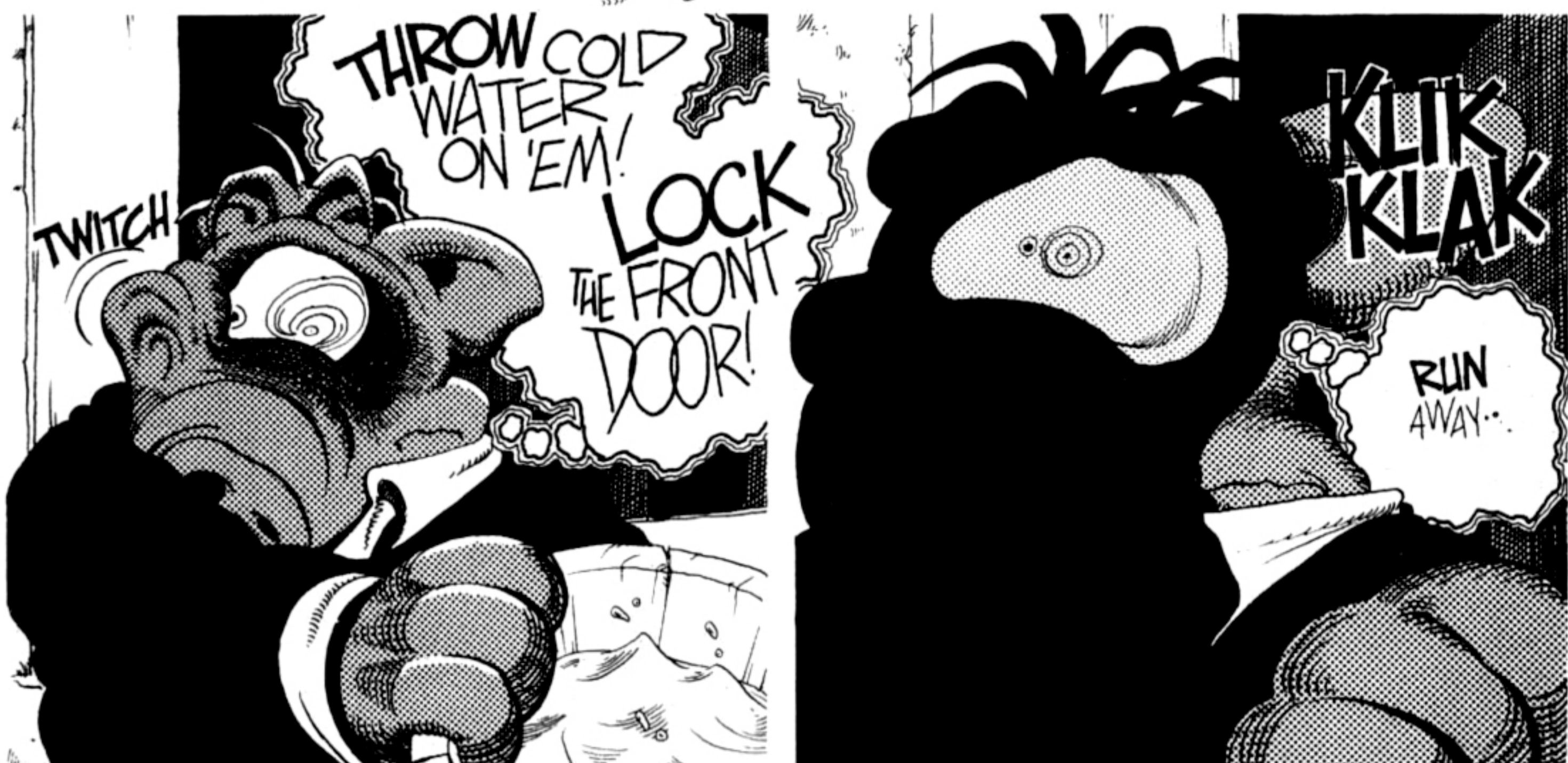
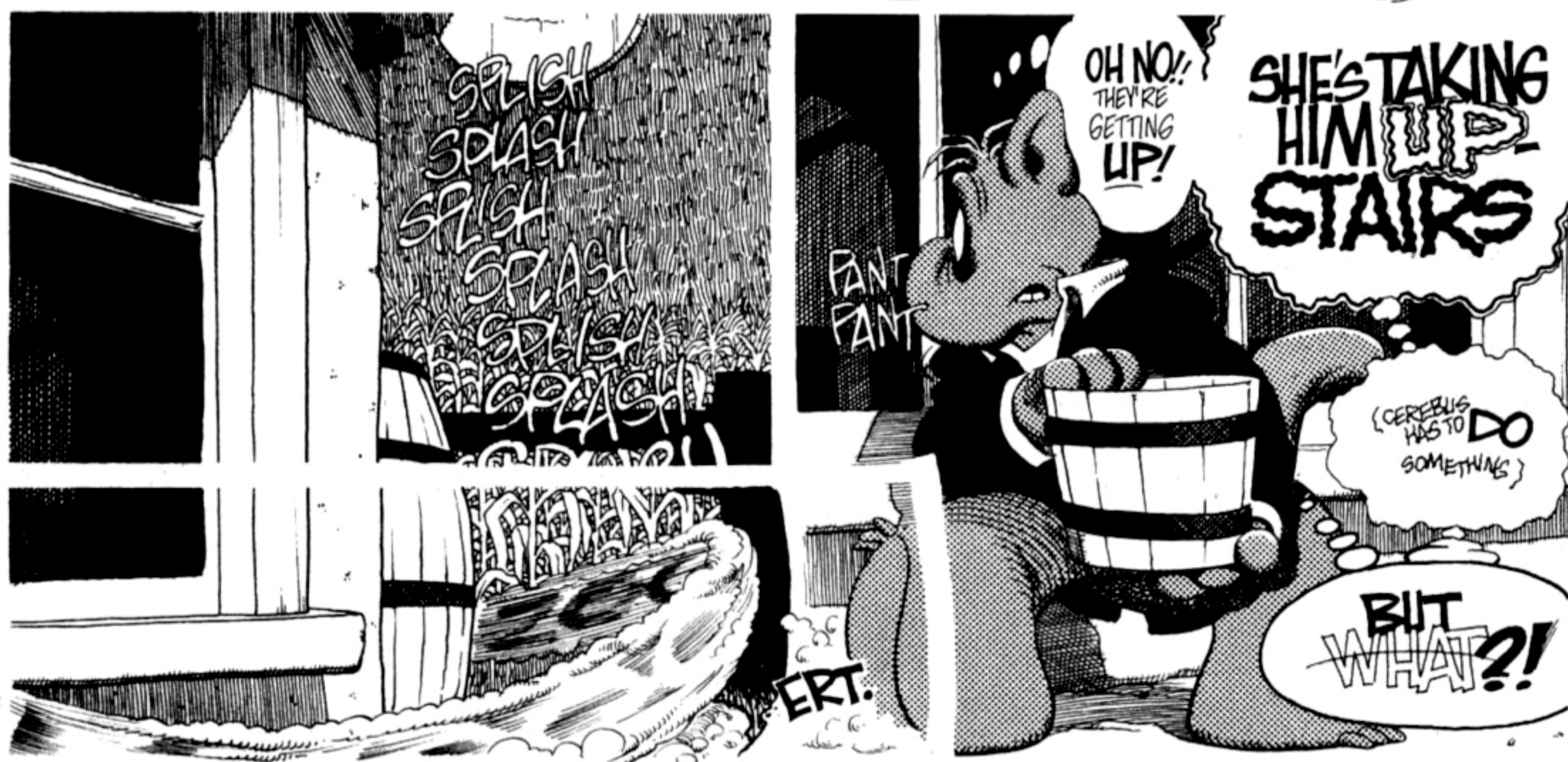
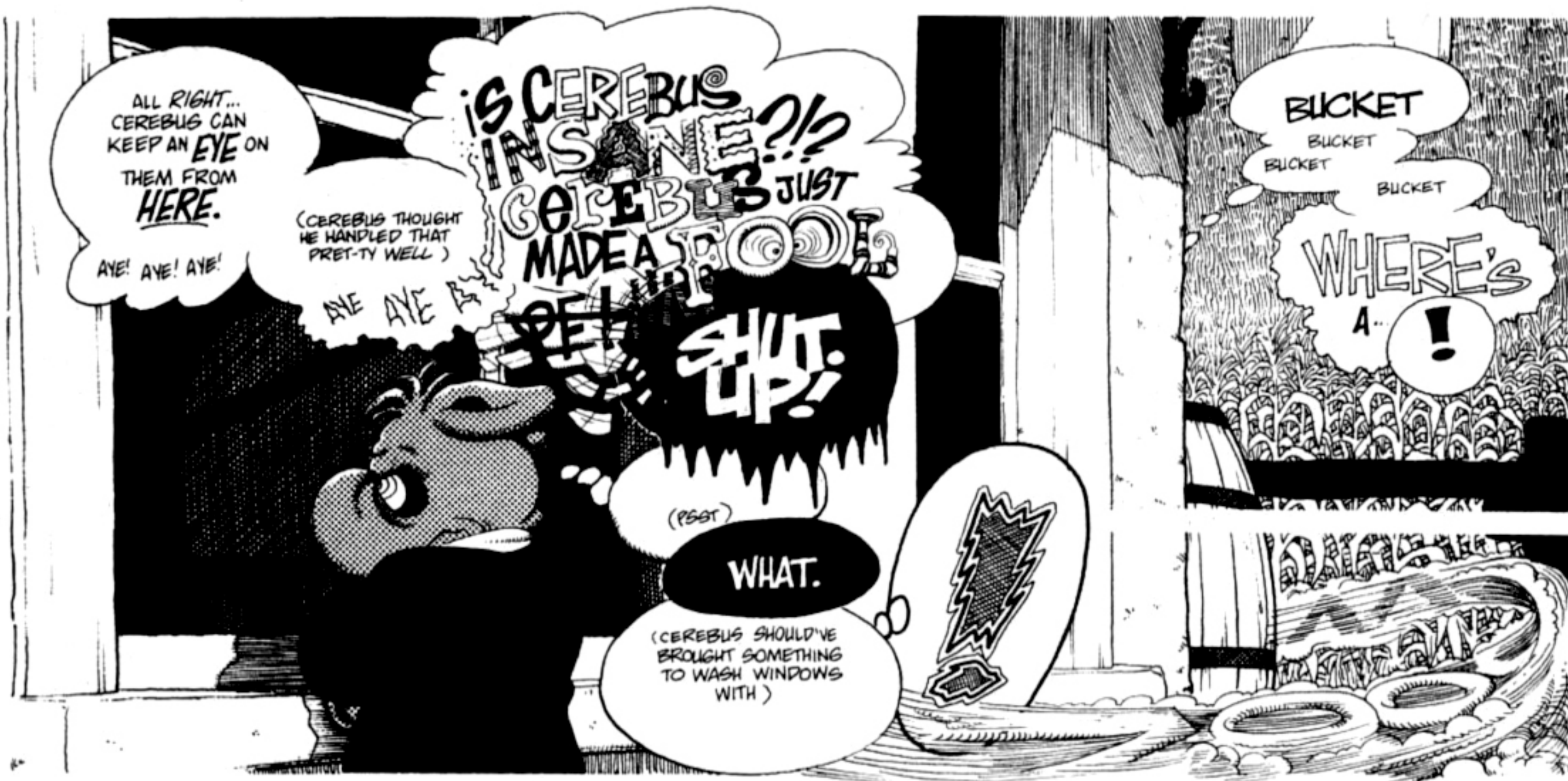


CEREBUS. IS GOING OUT. TO WASH. THE FRONT. WINDOWS. SO! IF ANYONE COMES IN...

BE SURE AND TELL THEM WHERE. CEREBUS. IS.



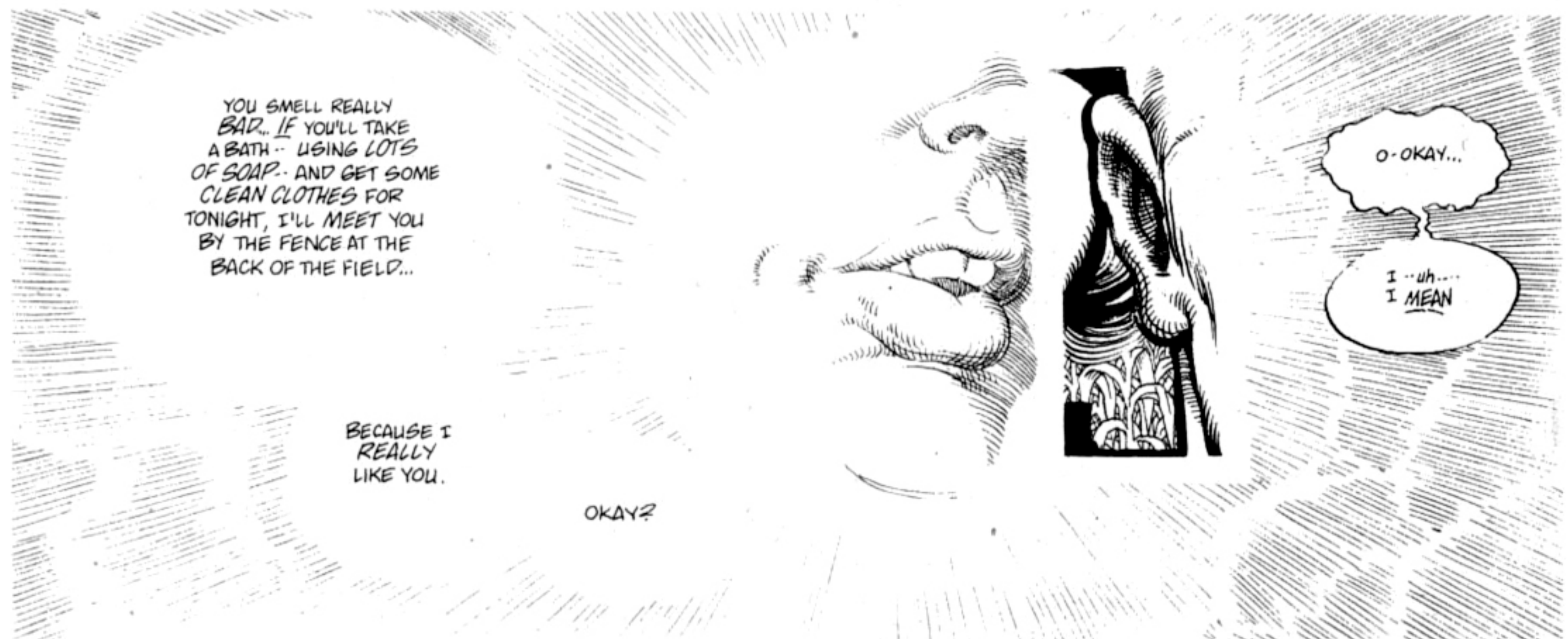
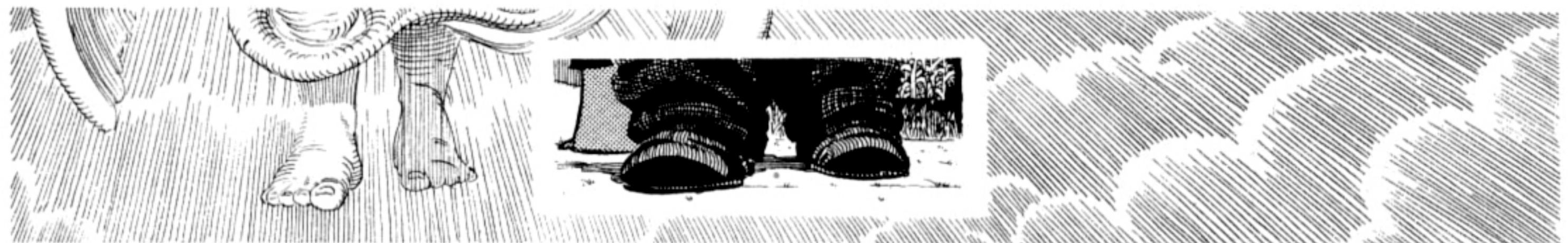
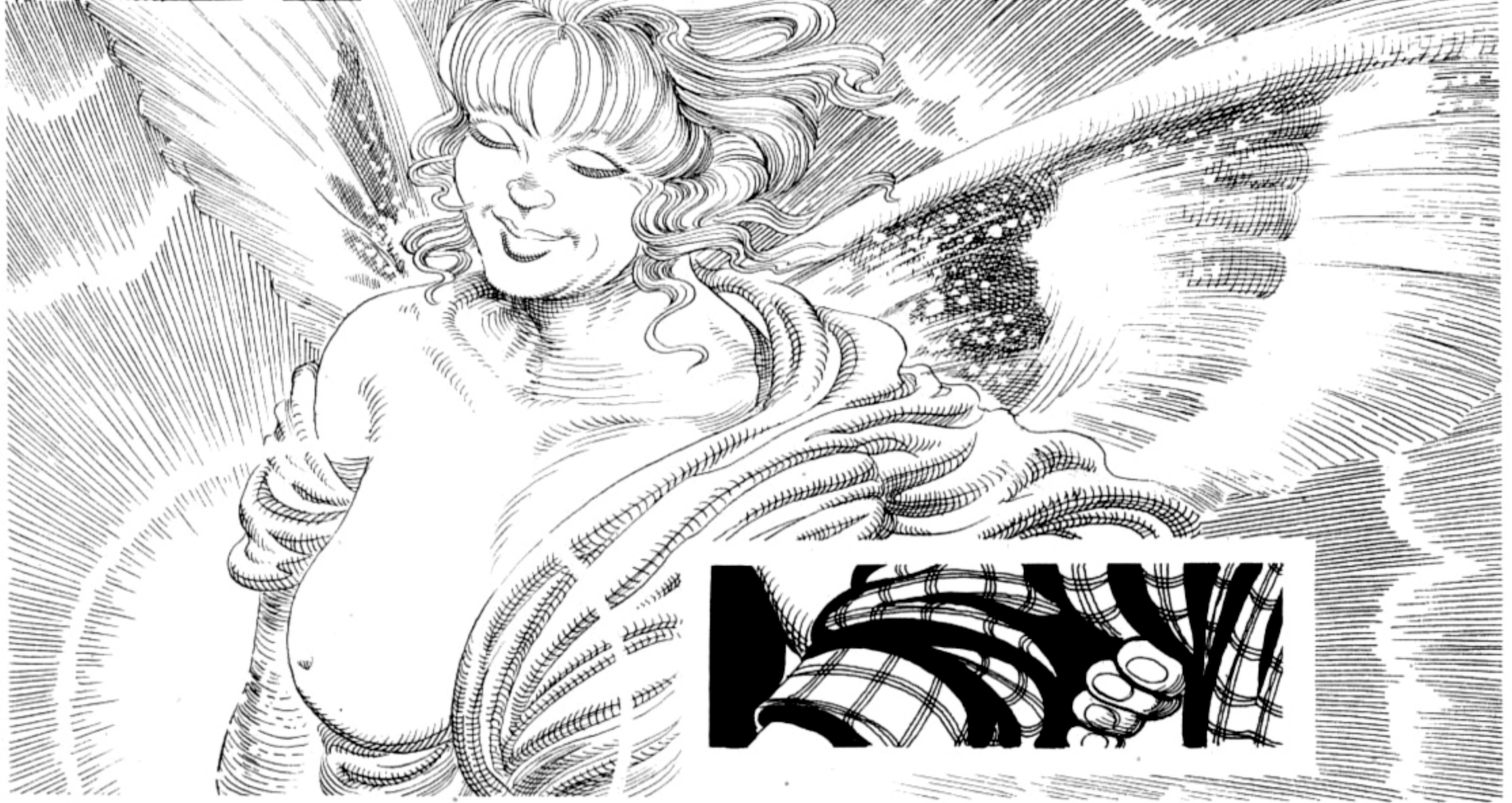




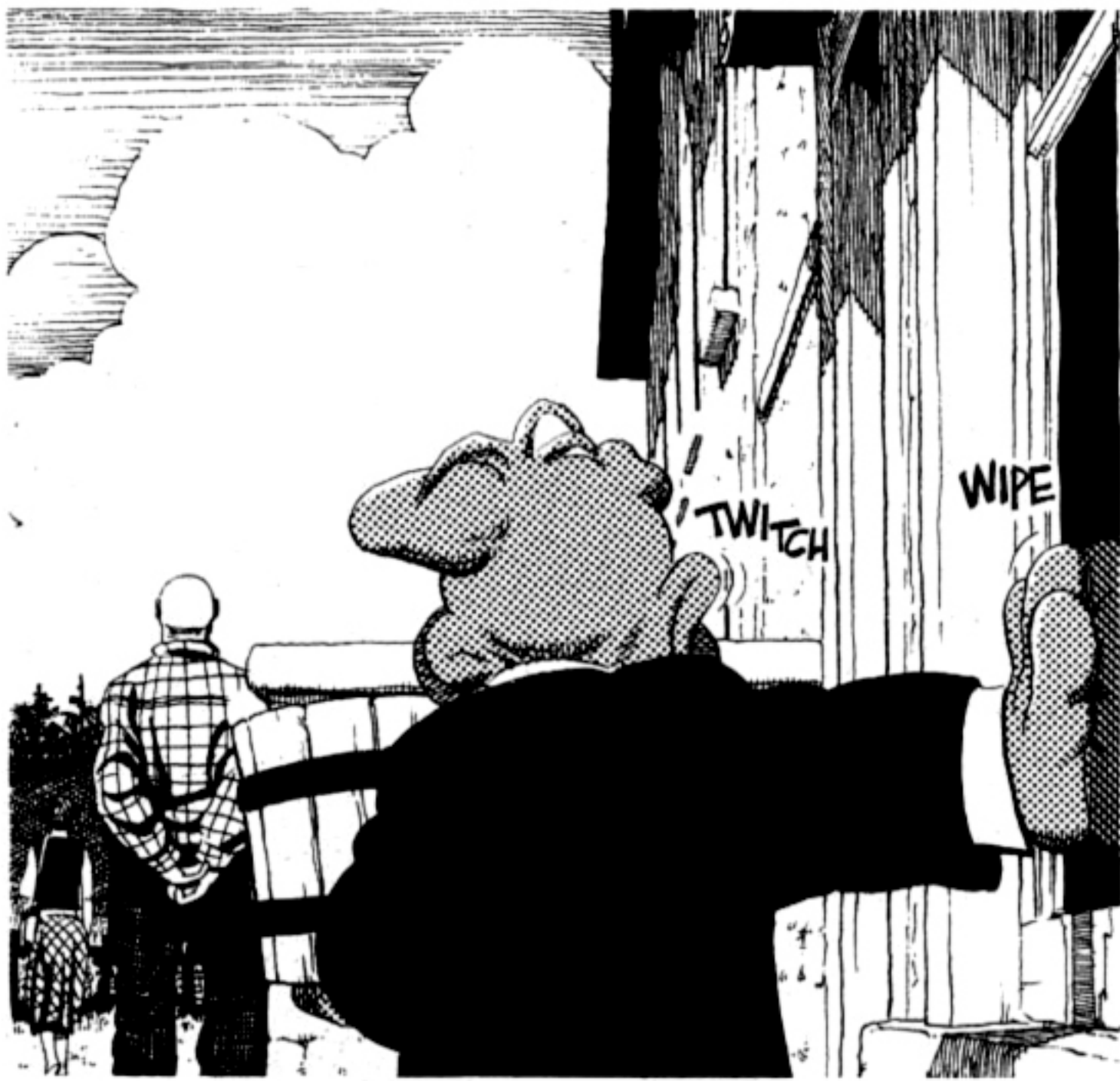
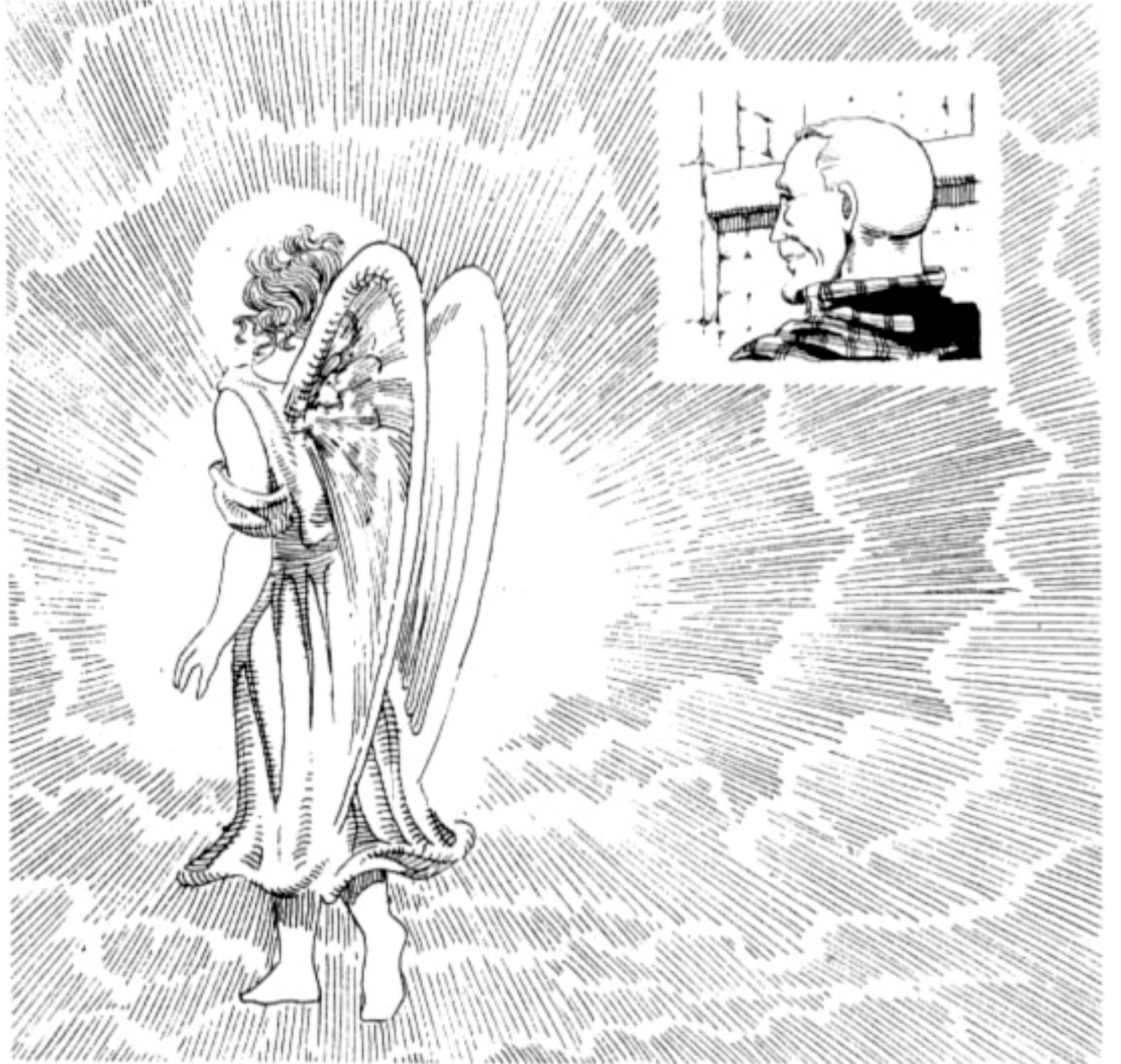




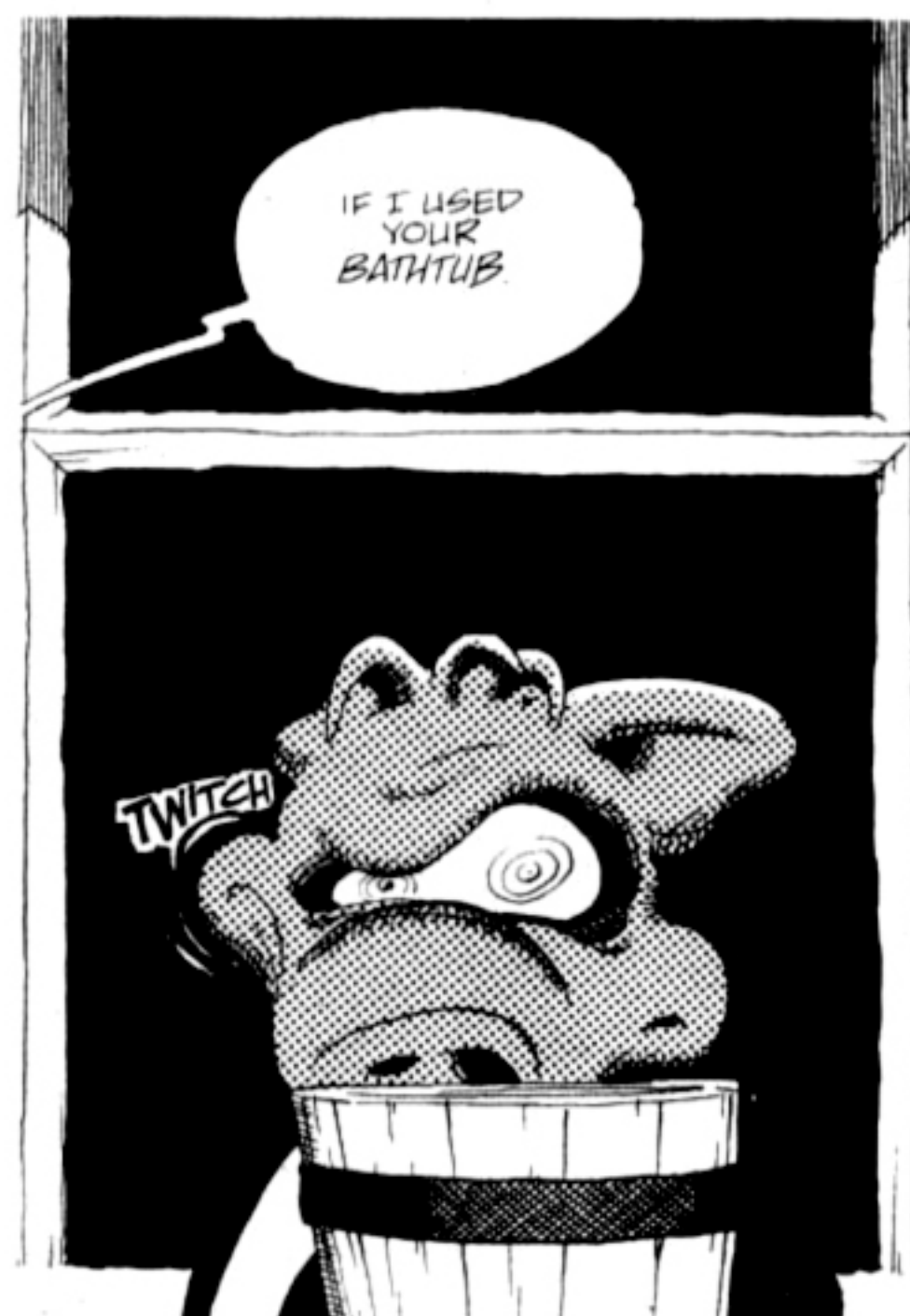
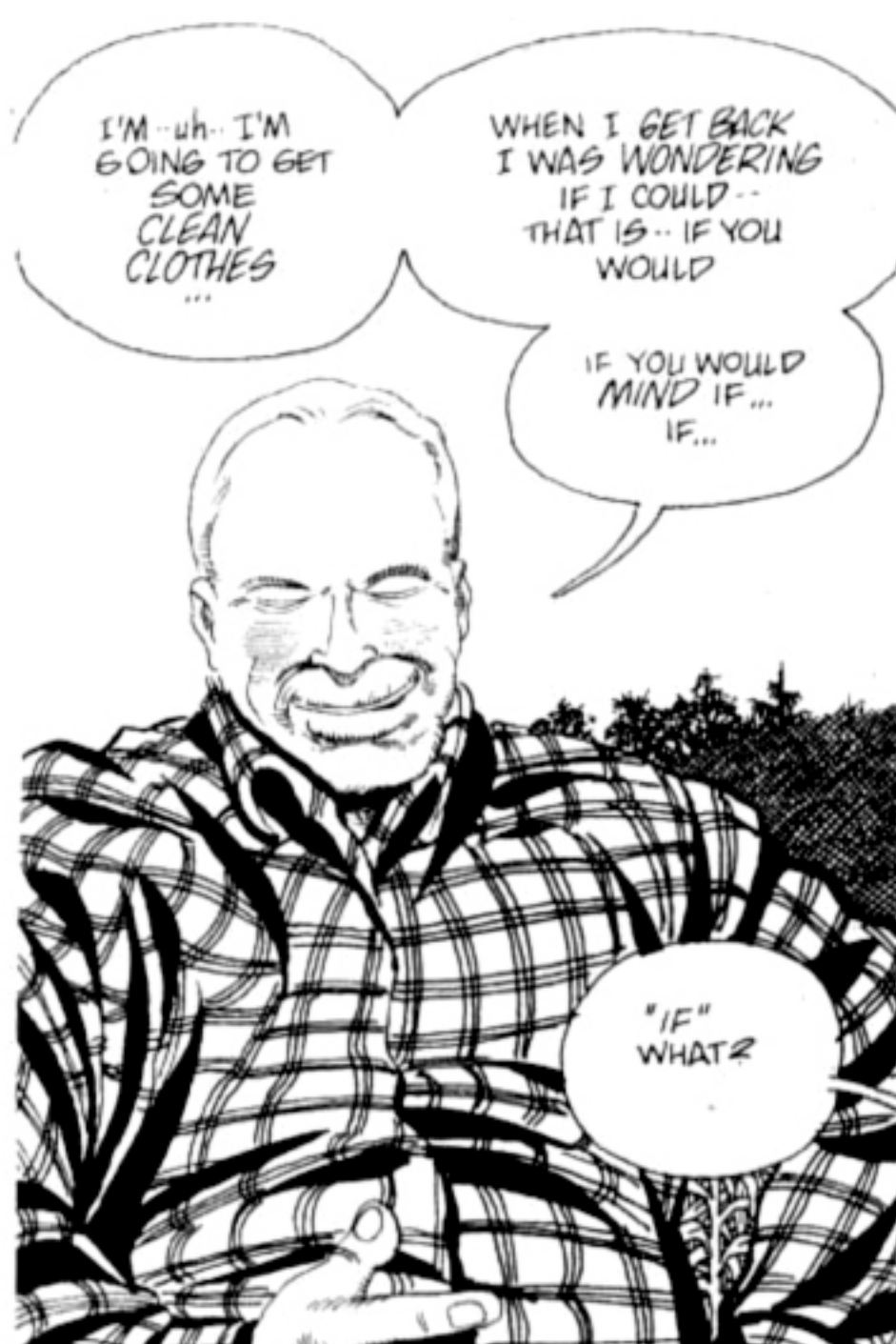




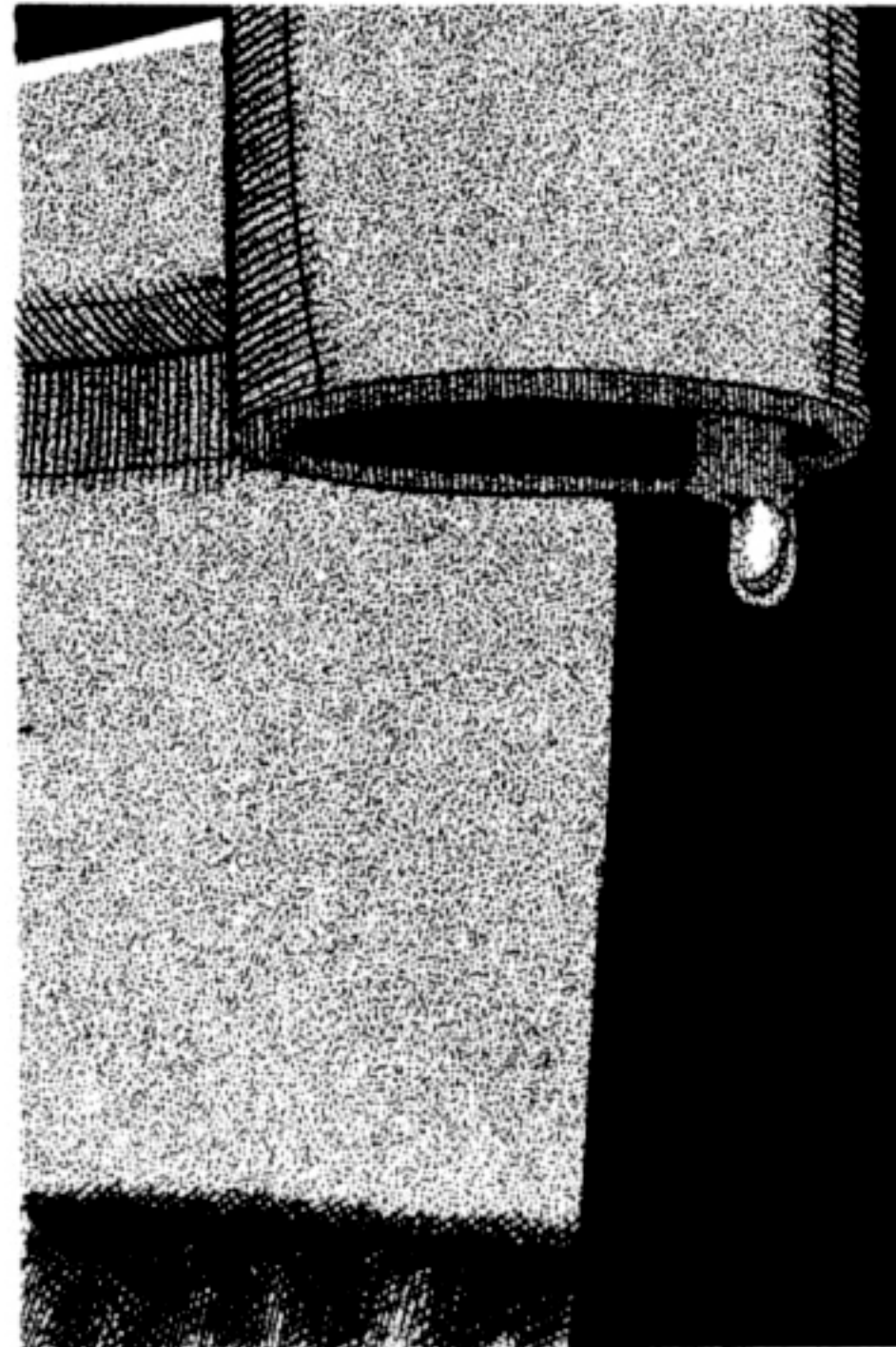
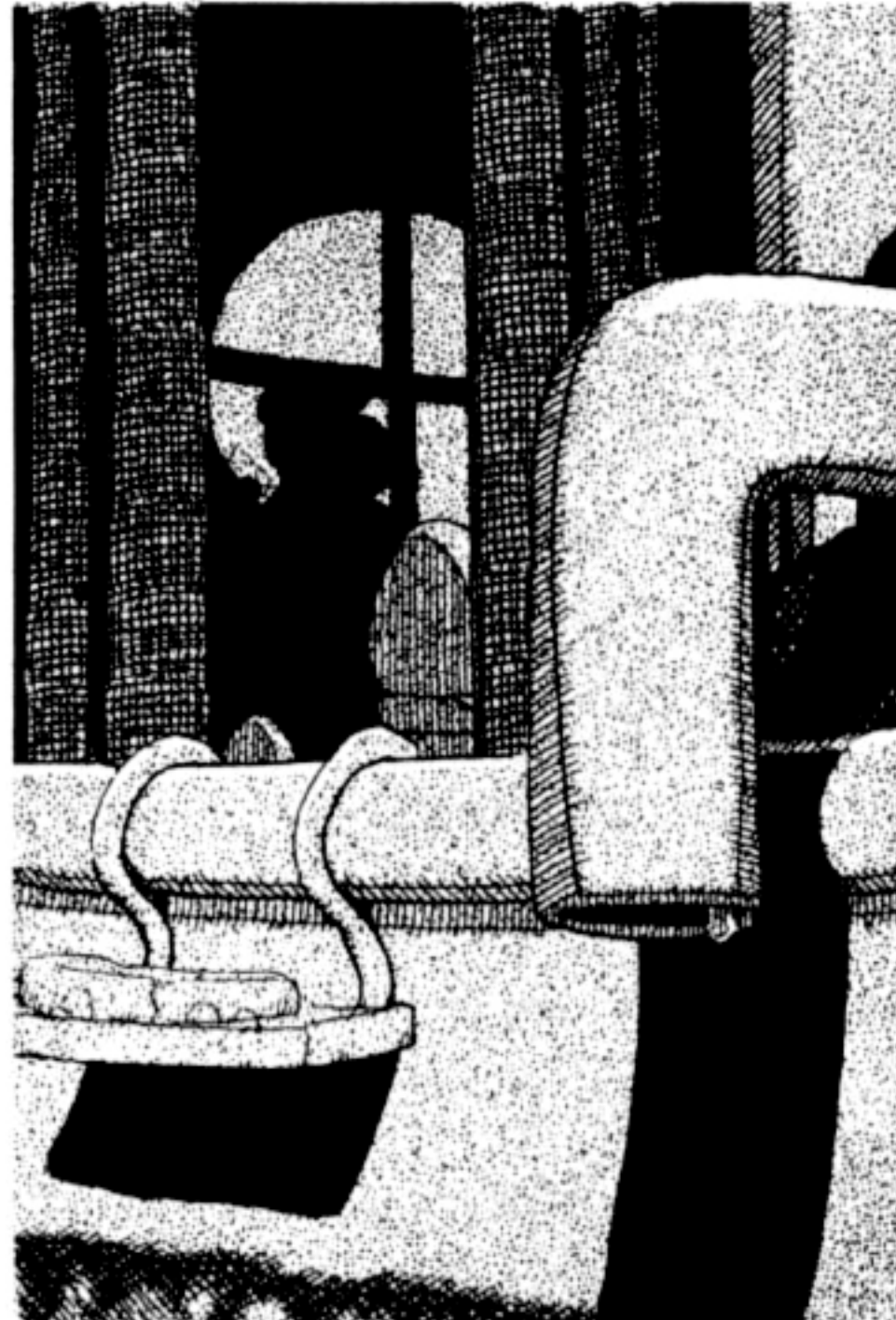
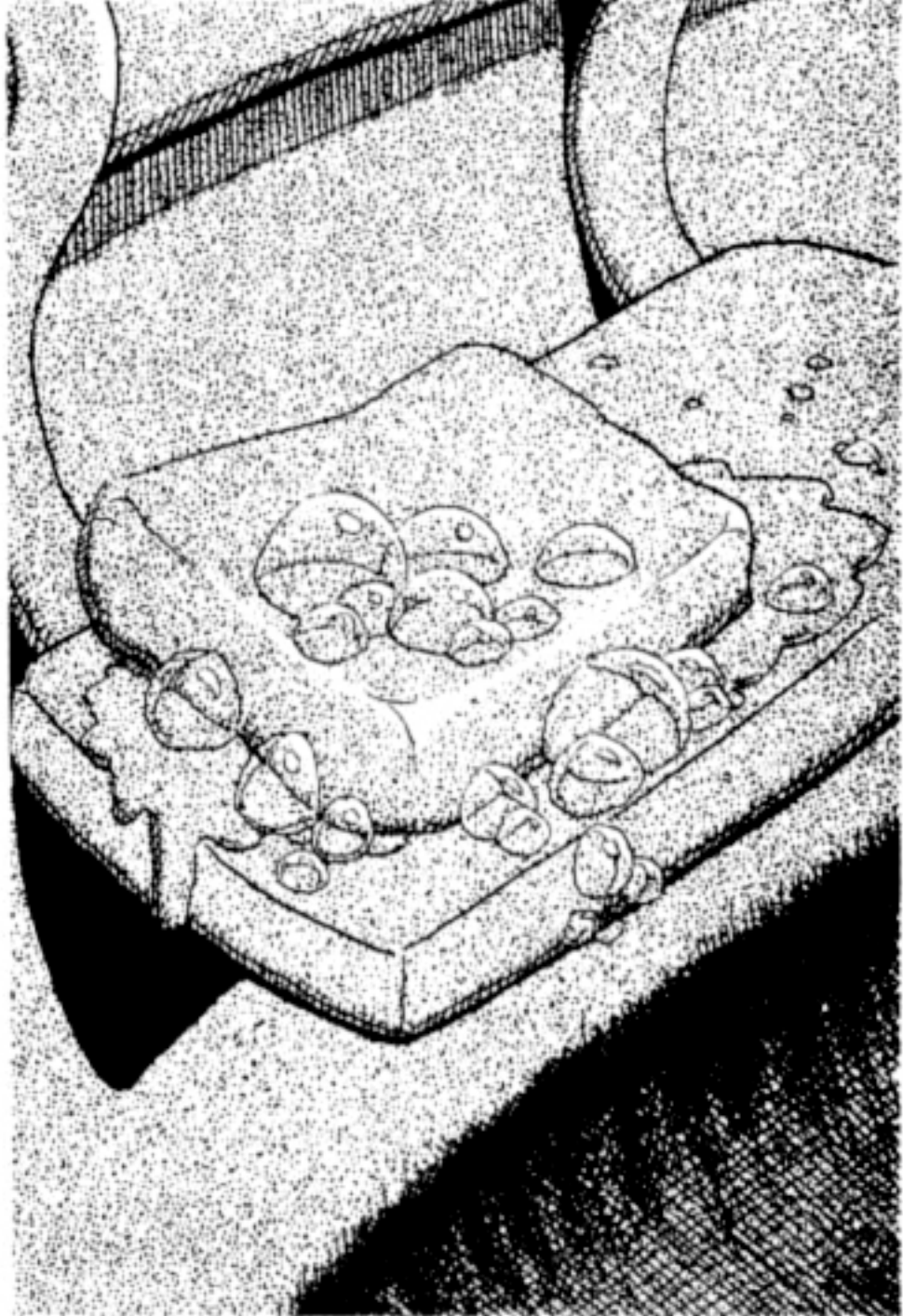
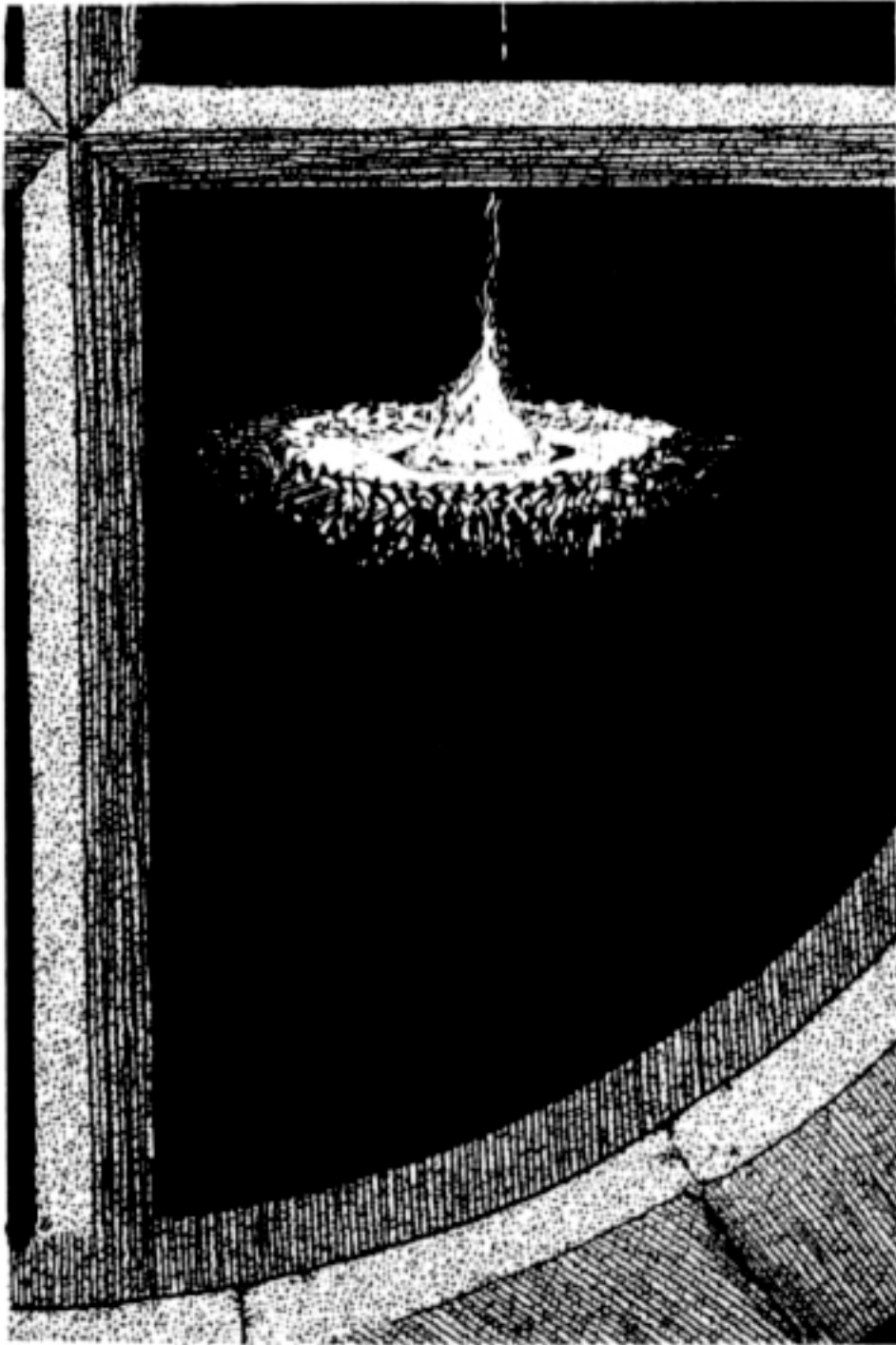




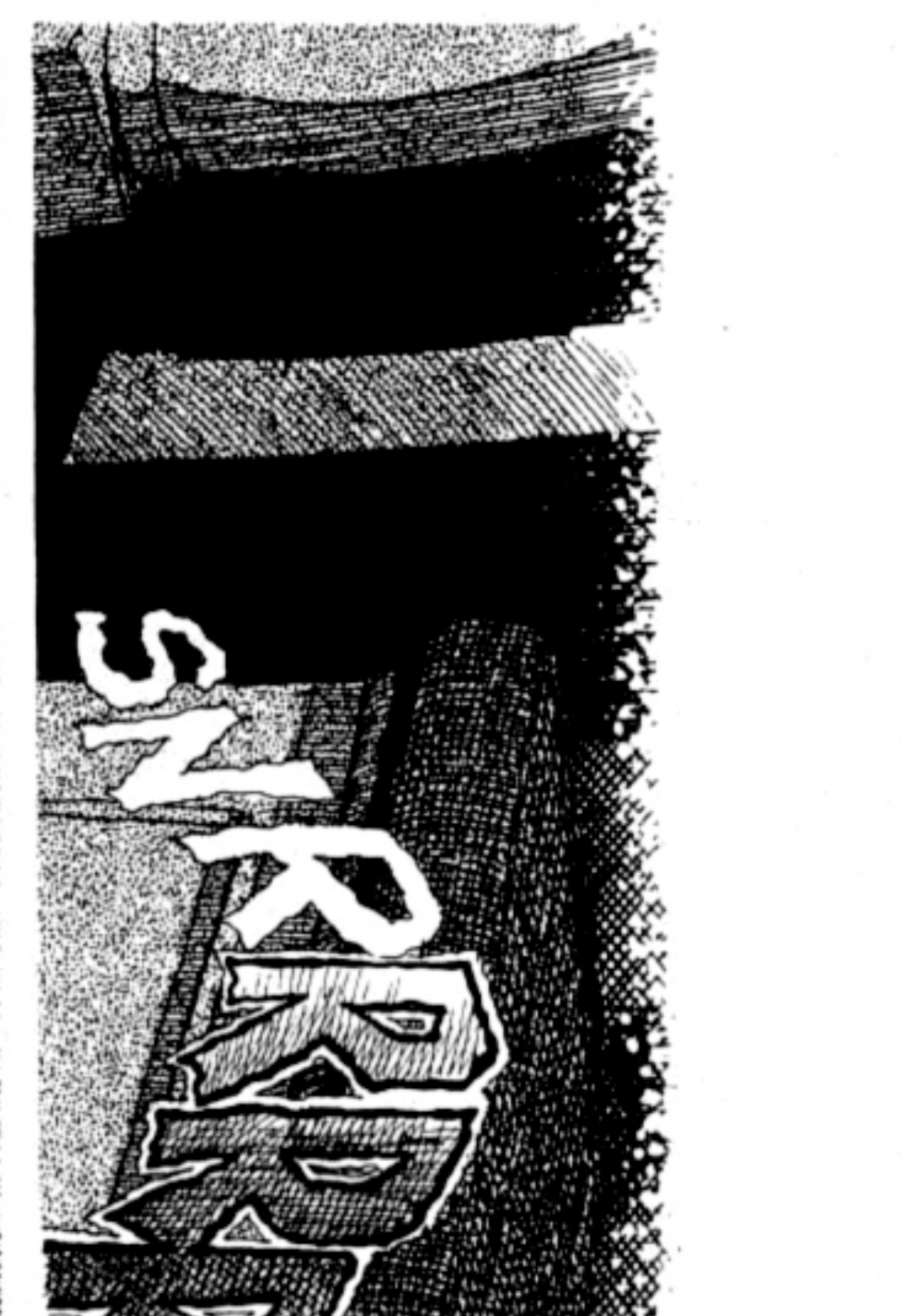
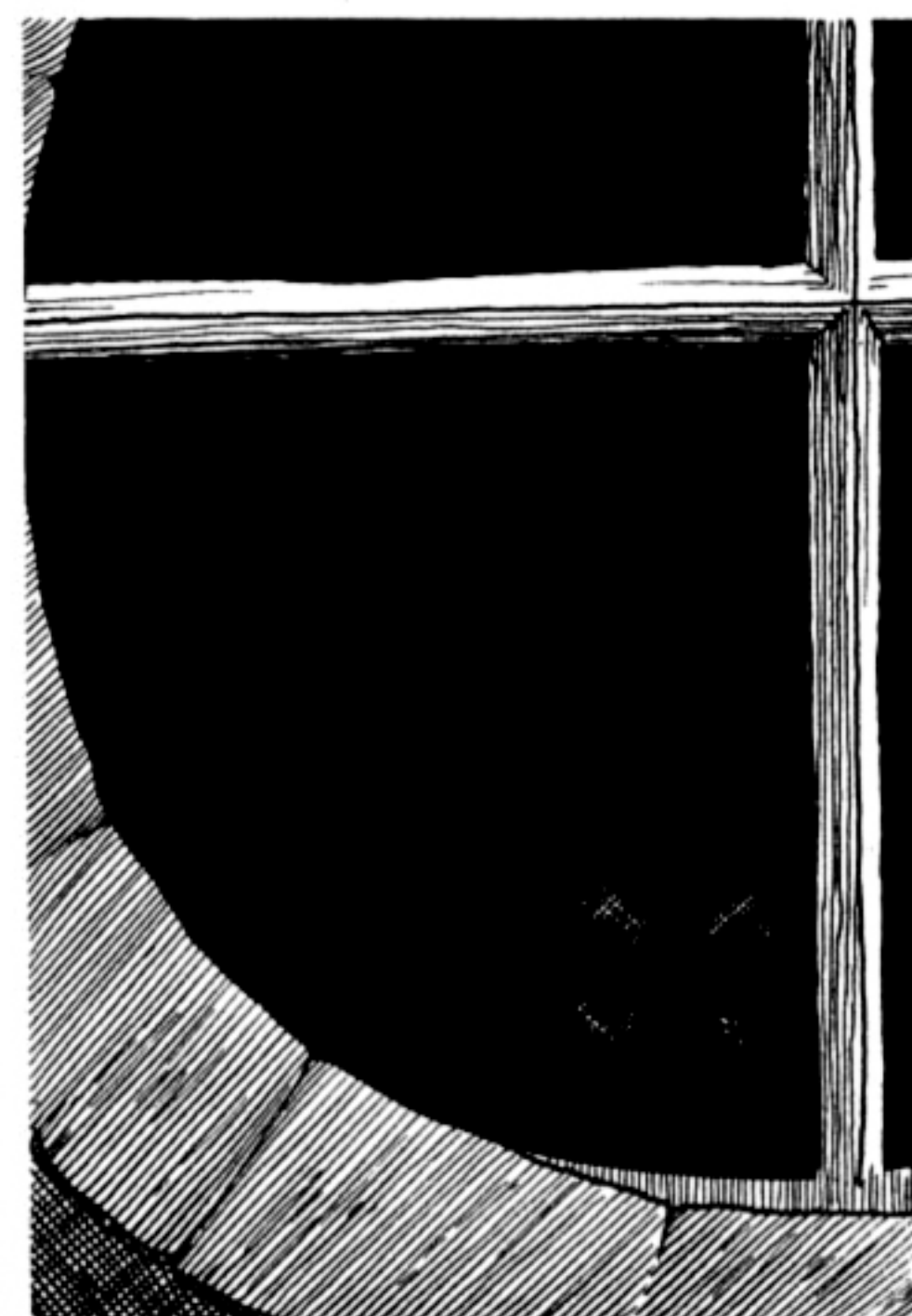
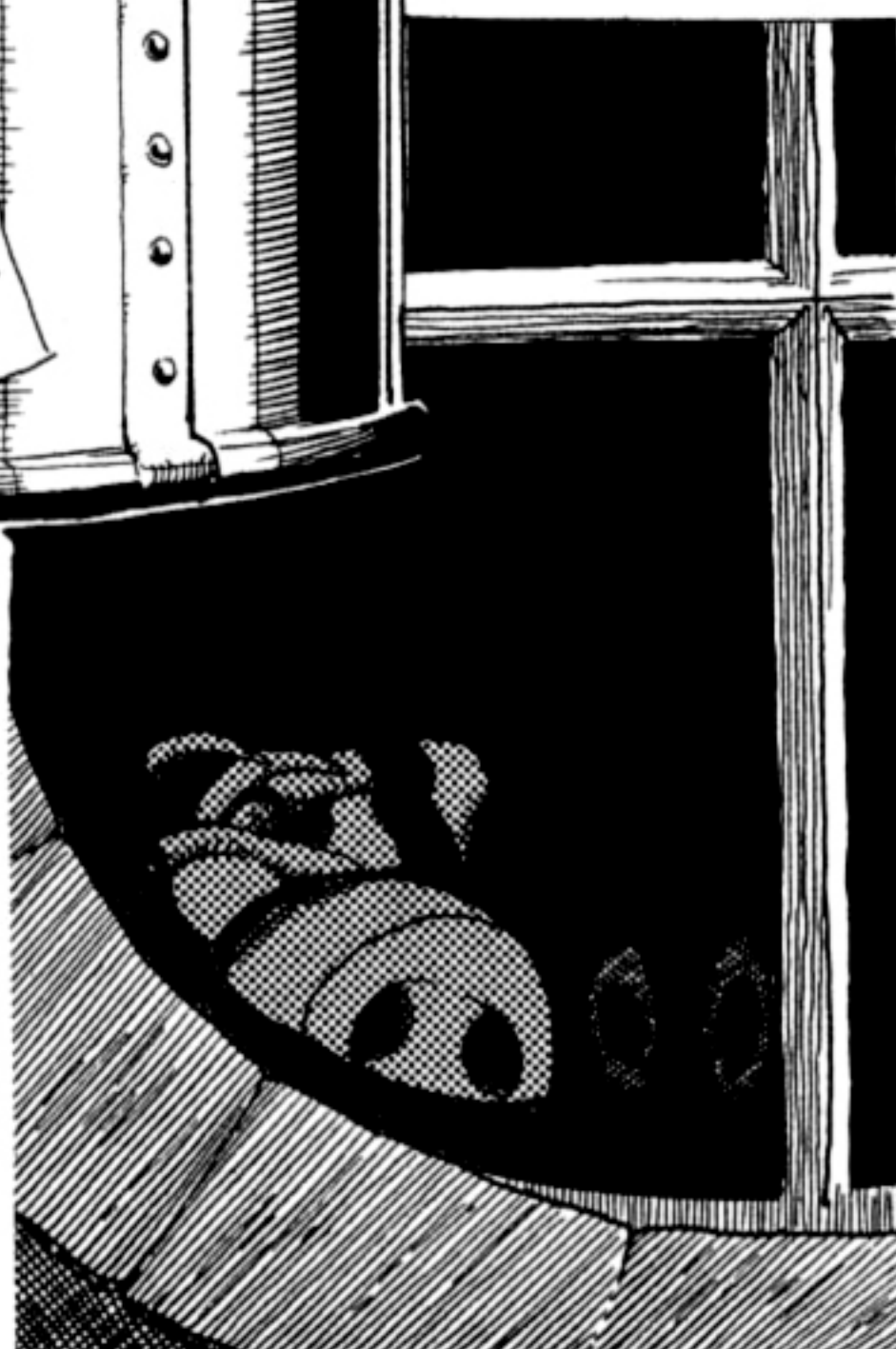
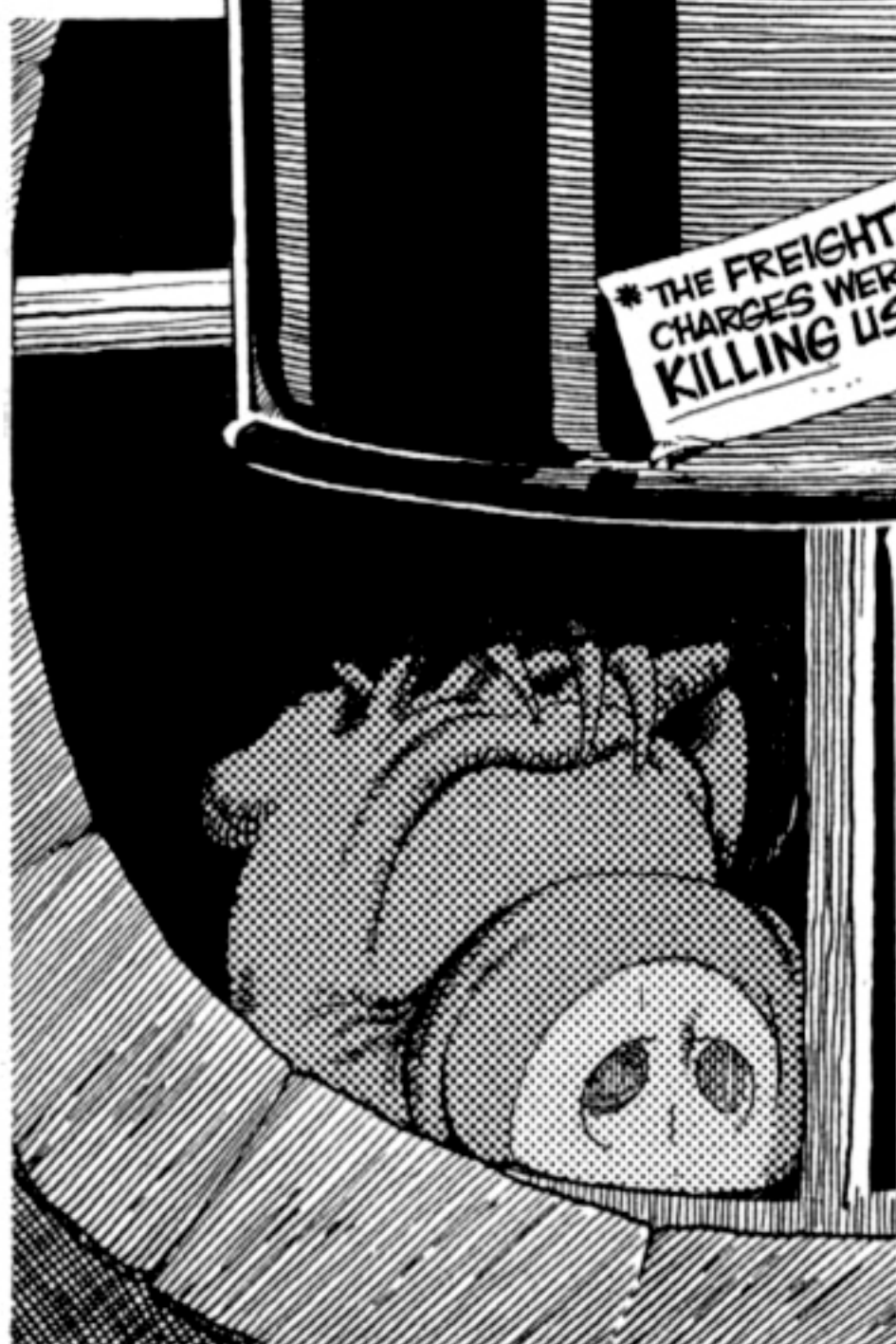
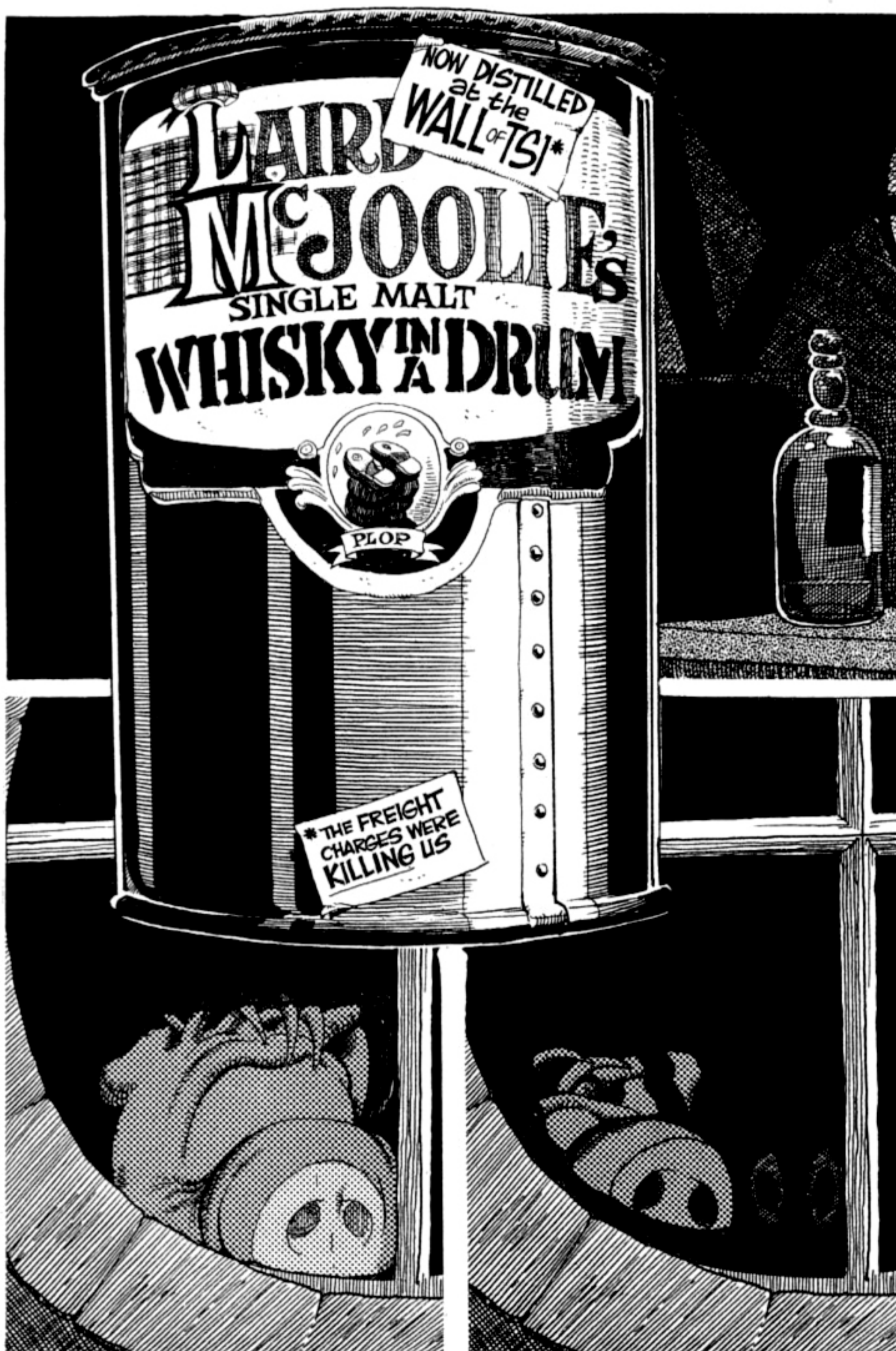
















CEREBUS WILL GET HER BACK

WHAT?!

WAIT! LET CEREBUS FINISH: CEREBUS WILL GET HER BACK TO PUNISH GIRLY-BOY AND THEN CEREBUS WILL DUMP HER AGAIN TO PUNISH HER!

THAT'S CRAZY!!

SHE'S JUST TRYING TO MAKE CEREBUS JEALOUS

(IT SEEMS TO BE WORKING)

(SHUDDUP.)

WAIT! LET CEREBUS FINISH: CEREBUS WILL GET HER BACK TO PUNISH GIRLY-BOY!!

WHAT?!

OTHERWISE WHY WOULD SHE PREFER GIRLY-BOY TO CEREBUS?

GOOD POINT

GOOD POINT

GOOD POINT

SOR HOW DOES CEREBUS GET CRAZY JOANNE TO COME BACK?

CEREBUS HAS TO DO SOMETHING CRAZY...

AYE! AYE! AYE!

(LIKE WHAT?)

CEREBUS COULD ASK HER TO MARRY HIM...

NAY

CEREBUS ALREADY TOLD HER SHE COULD MAKE CURTAINS FOR HIS TAVERN AND ALL IT DID WAS MAKE HER MAD.

(AYE, THAT'S TRUE, SHE

?

WHY DID IT MAKE HER MAD?

BECAUSE SHE'S CRAZY THAT'S WHY!!

AYE! AYE! AYE!

HOW SO?

"HOW SO?"

(HM, "HOW SO?")

(SEE? IT COULD WORK)

AYE AYE AYE

BUT HOW WILL CEREBUS GET HER BACK?

(CEREBUS WILL...)

(WILL WHAT?)

CEREBUS WILL LET HER MAKE CURTAINS FOR HIS TAVERN

WHOA! NOT THAT CRAZY!!

OKAY... FORGET CRAZY. WHEN THEY COME IN CEREBUS WILL CHALLENGE GIRLY-BOY TO A GAME OF FIVE BAR GATE

(AYE?)

AYE! AND WHEN CRAZY JOANNE SEES THAT GIRLY-BOY CAN'T EVEN HIT THE NET AND THAT CEREBUS CAN STOP ANY OF GIRLY-BOY'S SHOTS THAT DO HIT THE ...

THAT WON'T WORK.

CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW WHY THAT WON'T WORK, BUT

THAT WON'T WORK.

AYE AYE AYE

THINK!

THINK THINK THINK

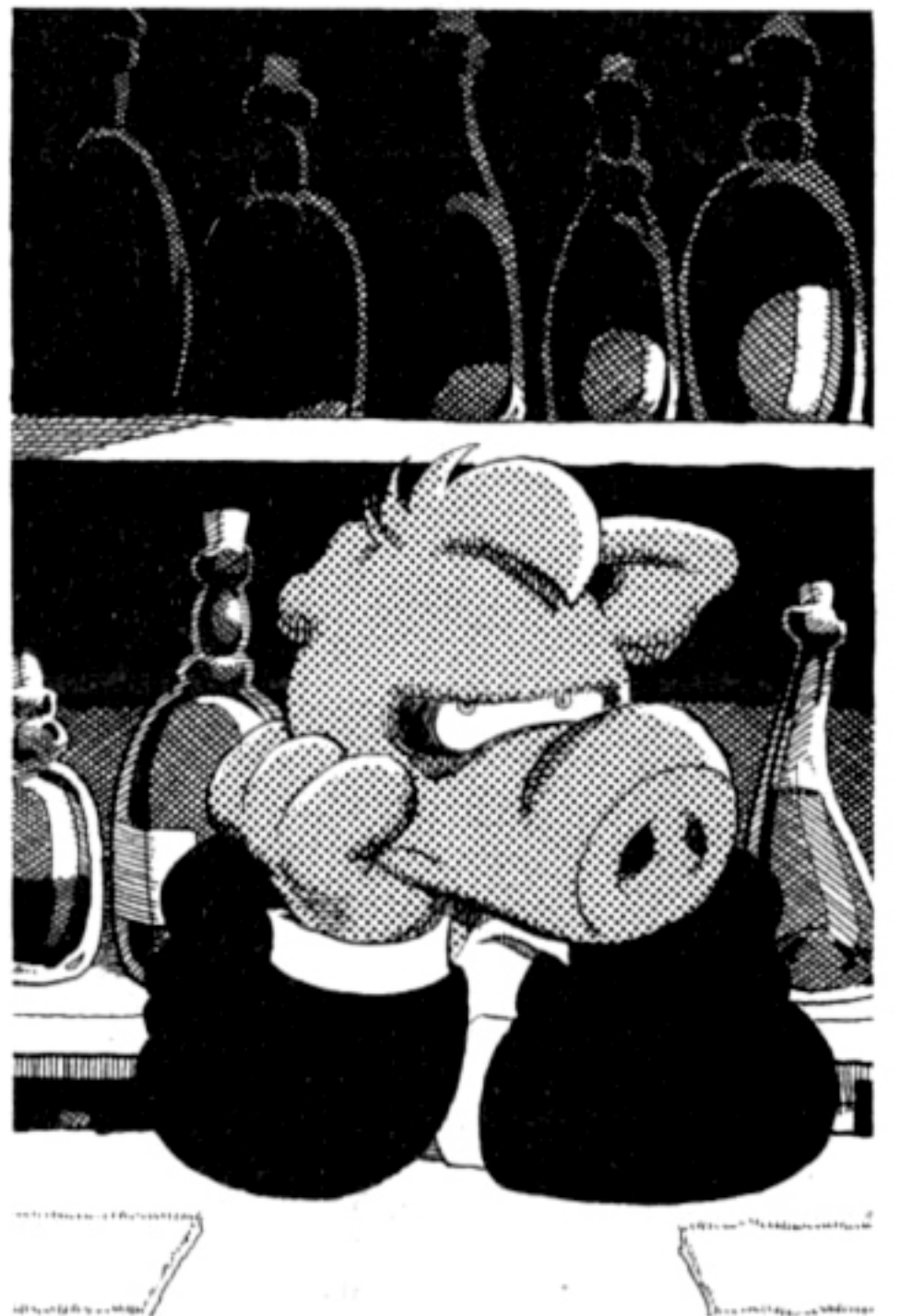
CEREBUS HAS TO FIND A WAY TO SHOW CRAZY JOANNE JUST HOW MUCH OF A LOSER GIRLY-BOY

KLIK-KLAK KLAK

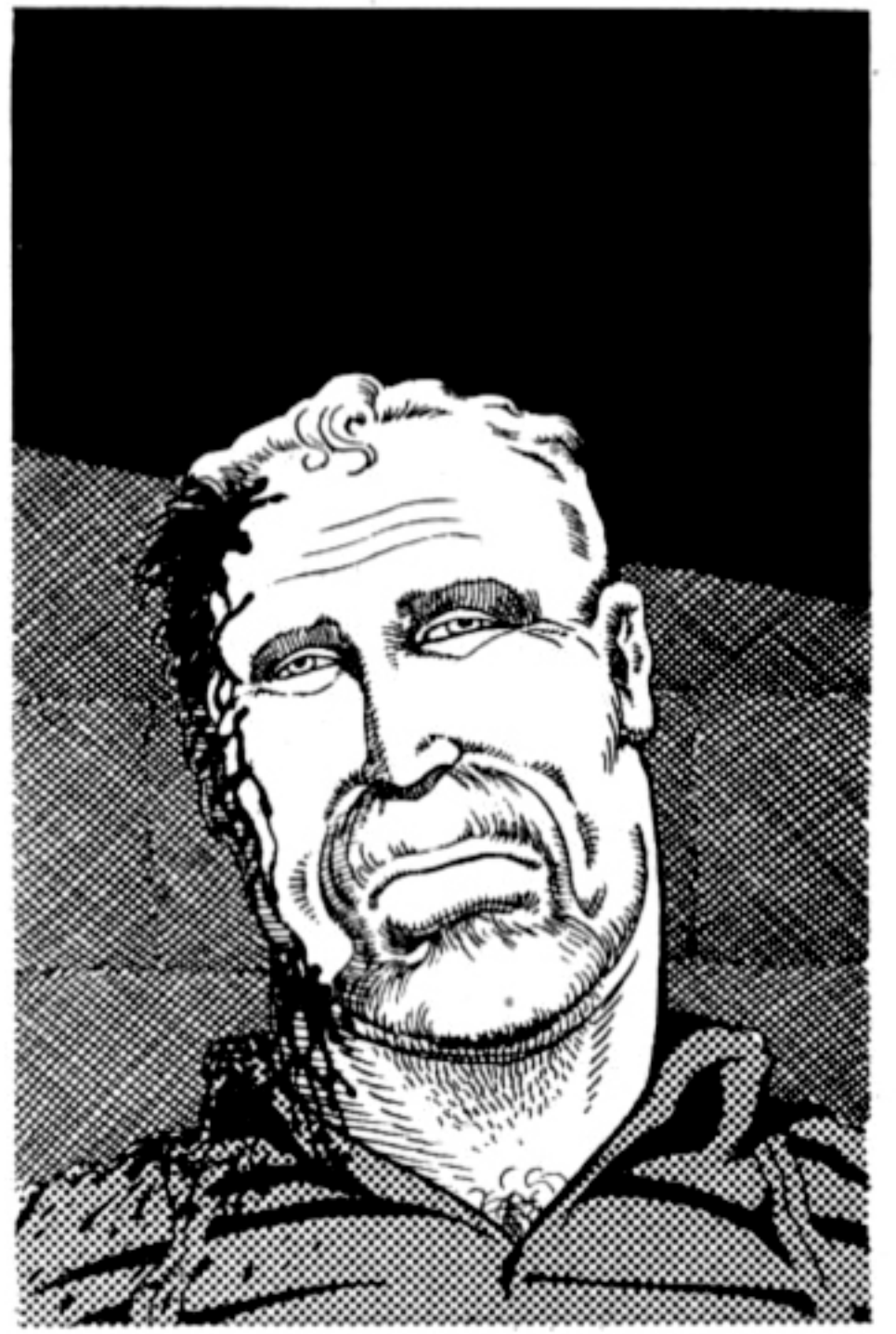




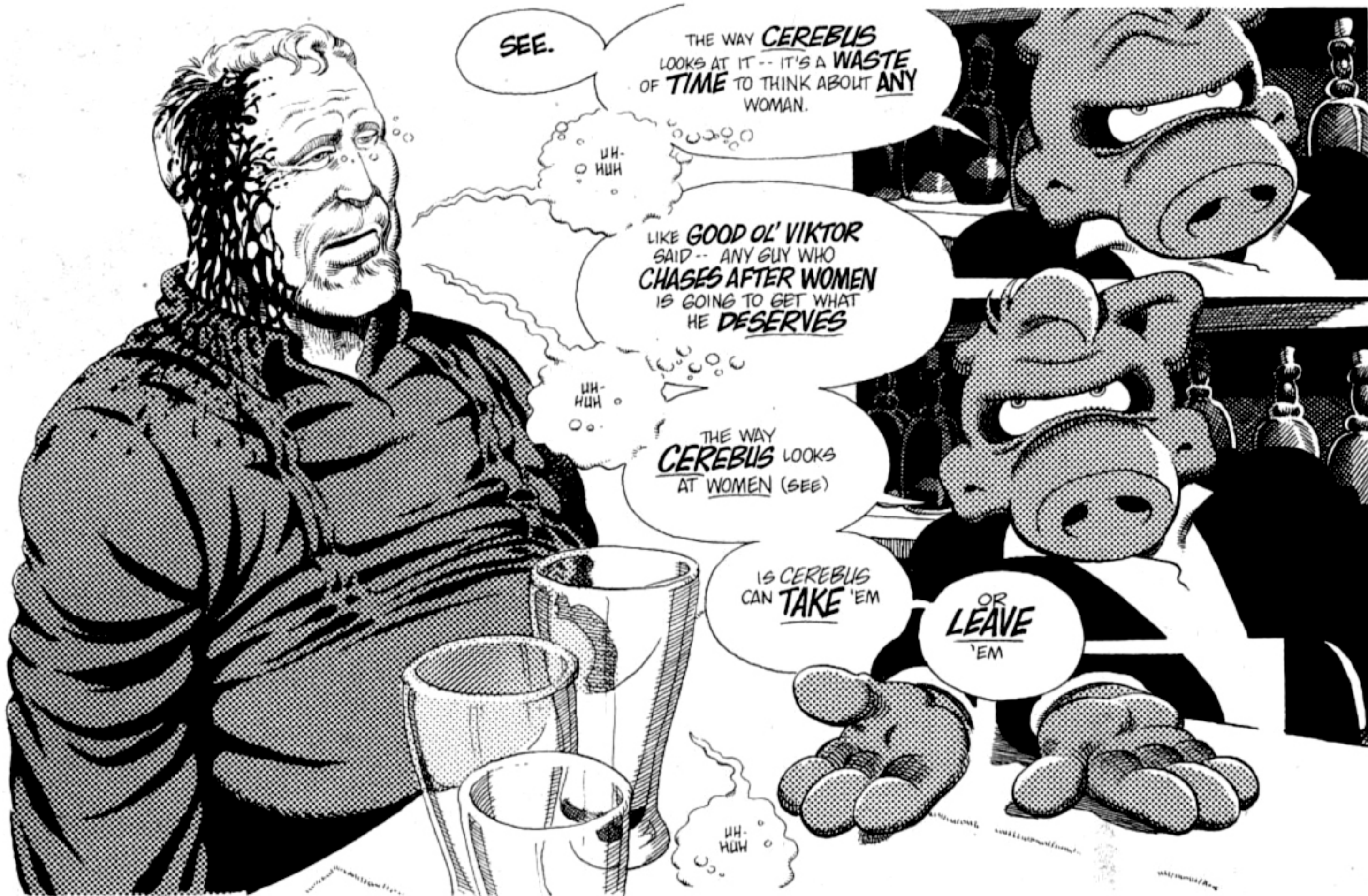












SEE.

THE WAY **CEREBUS** LOOKS AT IT -- IT'S A WASTE OF **TIME** TO THINK ABOUT **ANY** WOMAN.

LIKE **GOOD OL' VIKTOR** SAID -- ANY GUY WHO **CHASES AFTER WOMEN** IS GOING TO GET WHAT HE **DESERVES**

THE WAY **CEREBUS** LOOKS AT **WOMEN** (SEE)

IS **CEREBUS** CAN **TAKE 'EM**

OR **LEAVE 'EM**

**YOU!** (ON THE OTHER HAND) **YOU'RE A MESS!**

...AND OVER **WHAT?** ...**A WOMAN.**

AND NOT ONLY **THAT-- OVER A WOMAN YOU JUST MET!**

WHAT **CEREBUS** MEANS IS: IT WOULD BE **ONE** THING IF YOU HAD (YOU KNOW) **SLEPT** WITH HER A DOZEN OR (SAY) **SEVENTY-SEVEN** TIMES

BUT EVEN **THEN!** GETTING ALL **WORKED UP** ABOUT IT **ISN'T** GOING TO DO **ANY GOOD.**

**IS IT.**

**HANH?**

**YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT** "IT ISN'T"

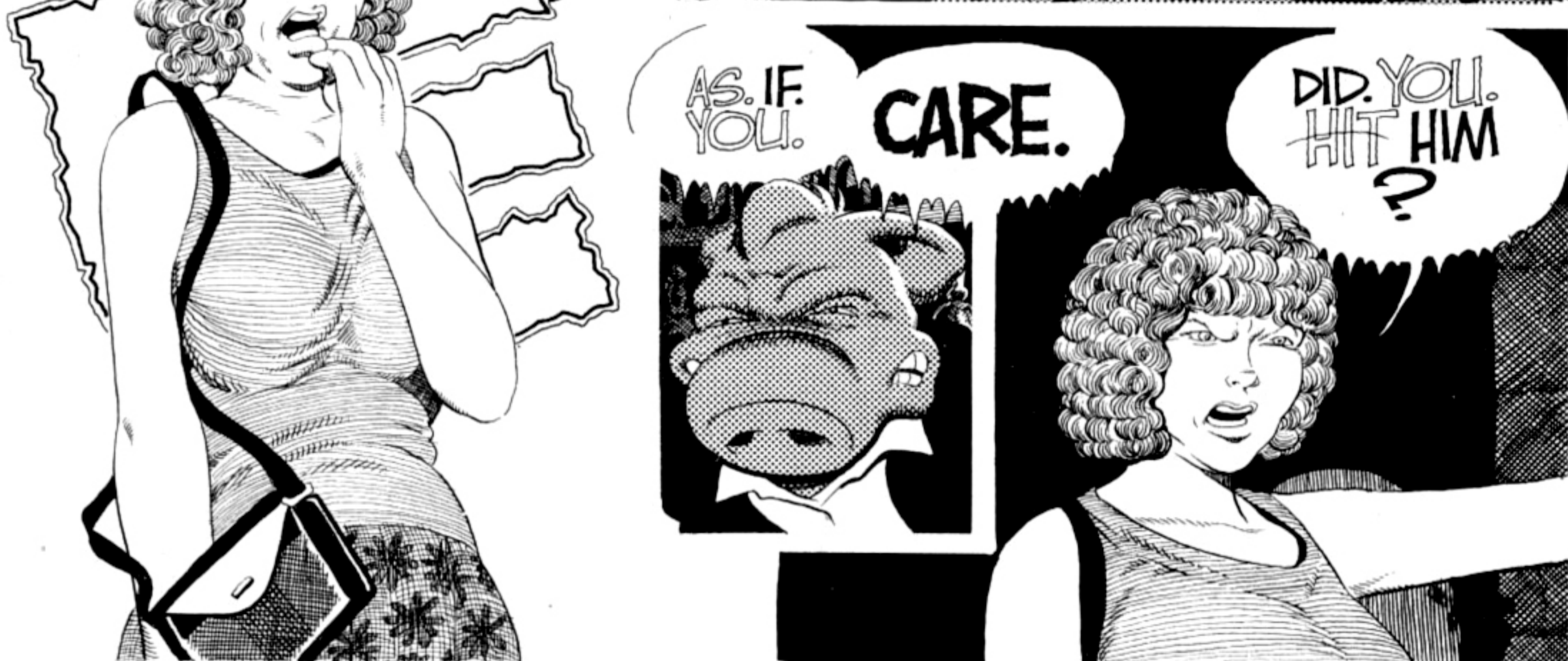
SEE--

**THAT'S** WHY YOU HAVE TO BE MORE LIKE **CEREBUS**

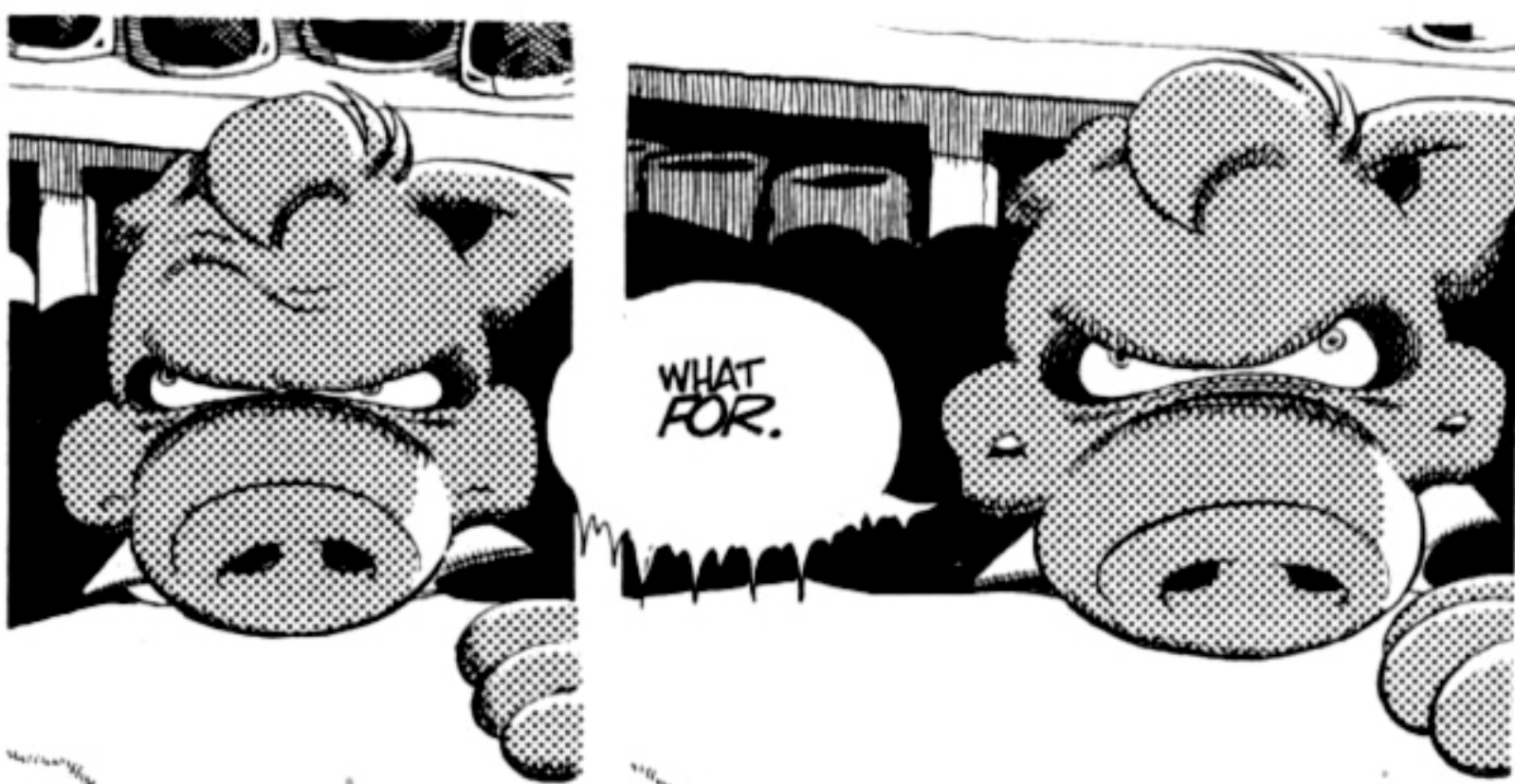
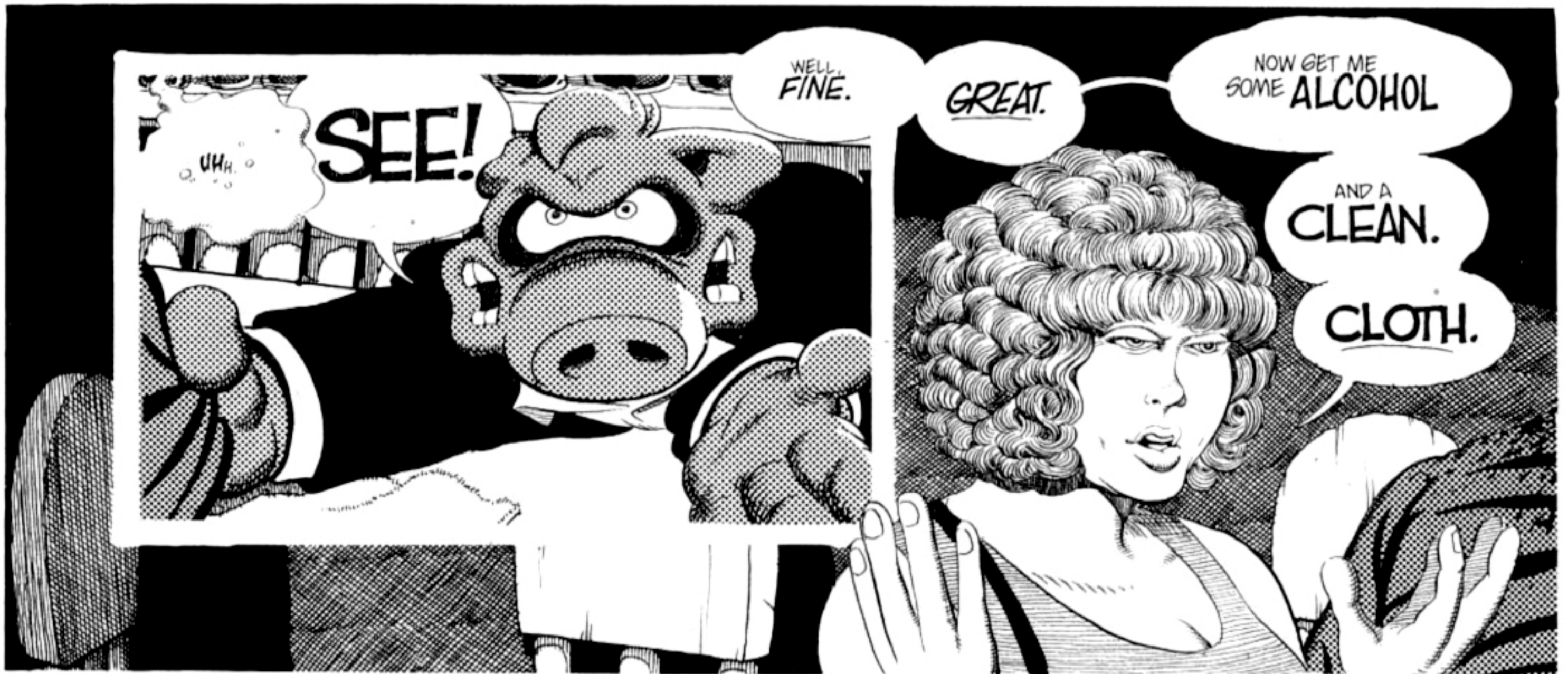
Y'GOTTA BE ABLE T' **TAKE 'EM** OR

**KLIK KLAK**

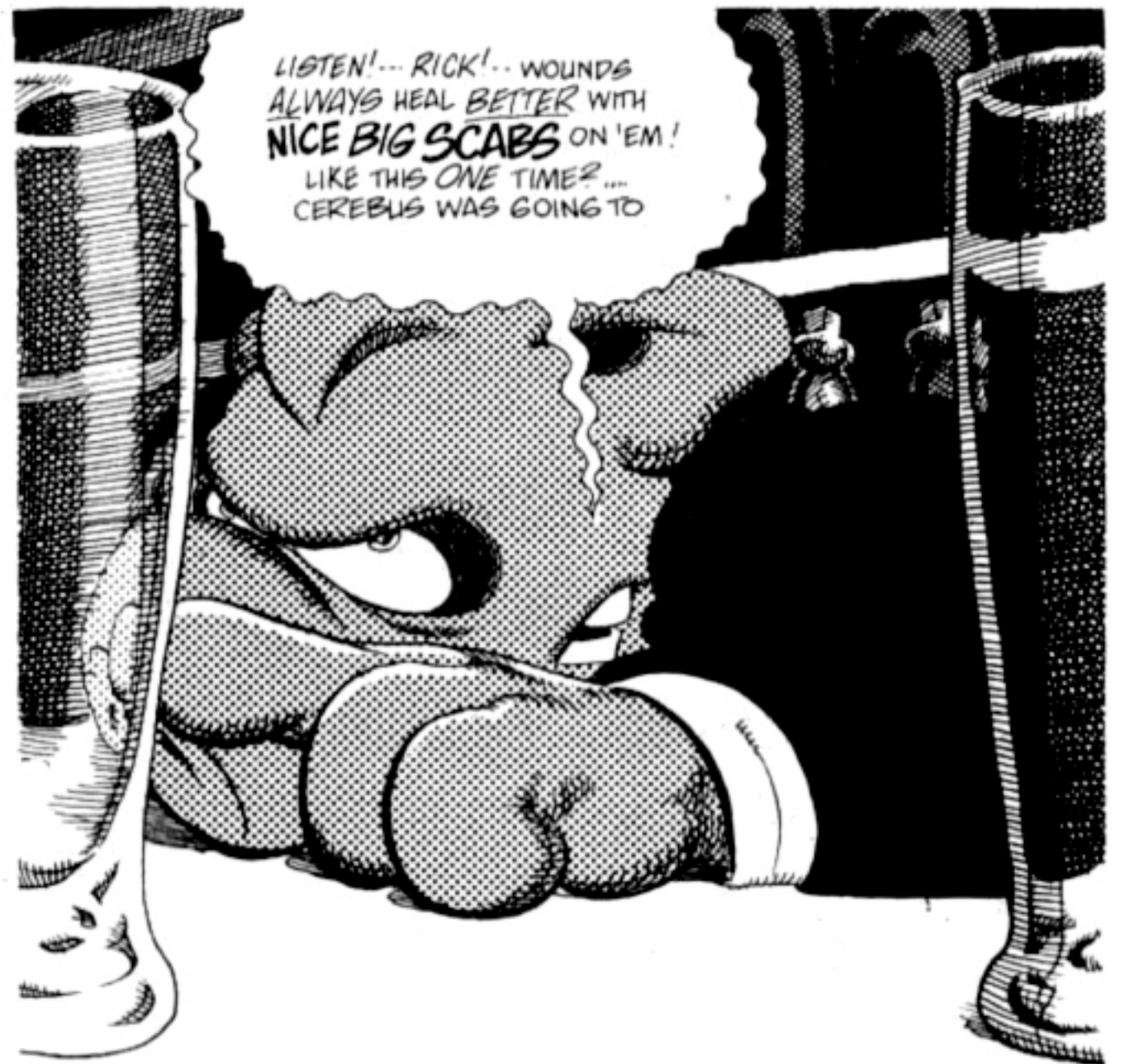




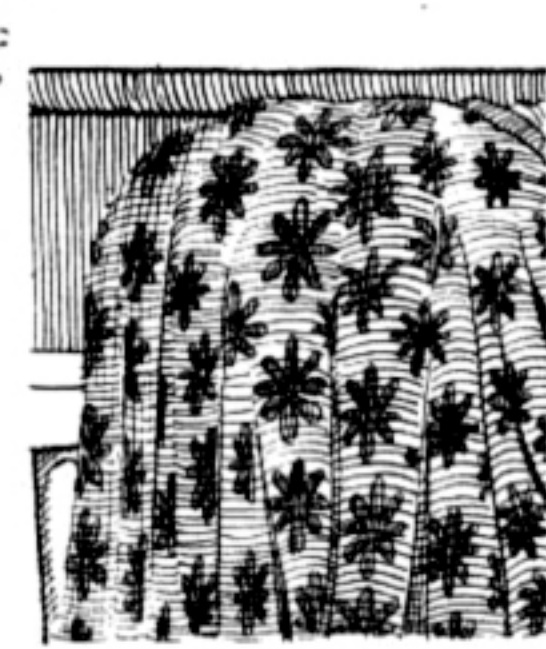
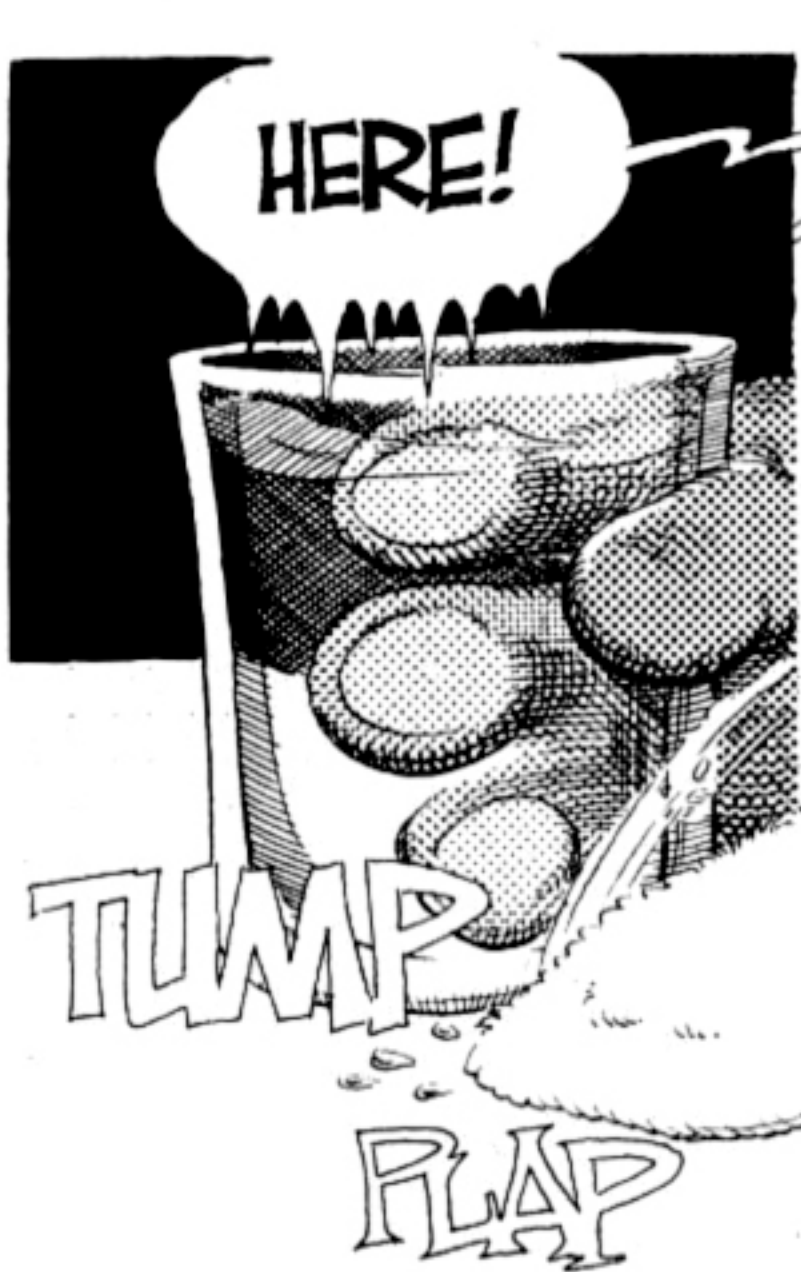














NOW RI-I-ICK  
THIS IS GOING  
TO STING  
A BI-IT

OKA-AN?

OOPS!

HOLD  
STI-I-ILL



**RICK.**  
HOLD STILL.  
I MEAN IT.



THEEEERE

THERE-- YOU SEEE?

IT'S-  
NOT-  
SO-

BAAAAD  
HMMM?

WIDE  
DAB  
DAB  
WIFE  
DAB  
CRAP  
RIP AP  
SLASH  
GOUGE

THERE!

AWWLLL  
DONE.

THANK GOODNESS  
IT WASN'T NEARLY  
AS BAD AS IT  
LOOKED

(MOST  
OF IT WAS  
JUST DRIED  
BLOOD)

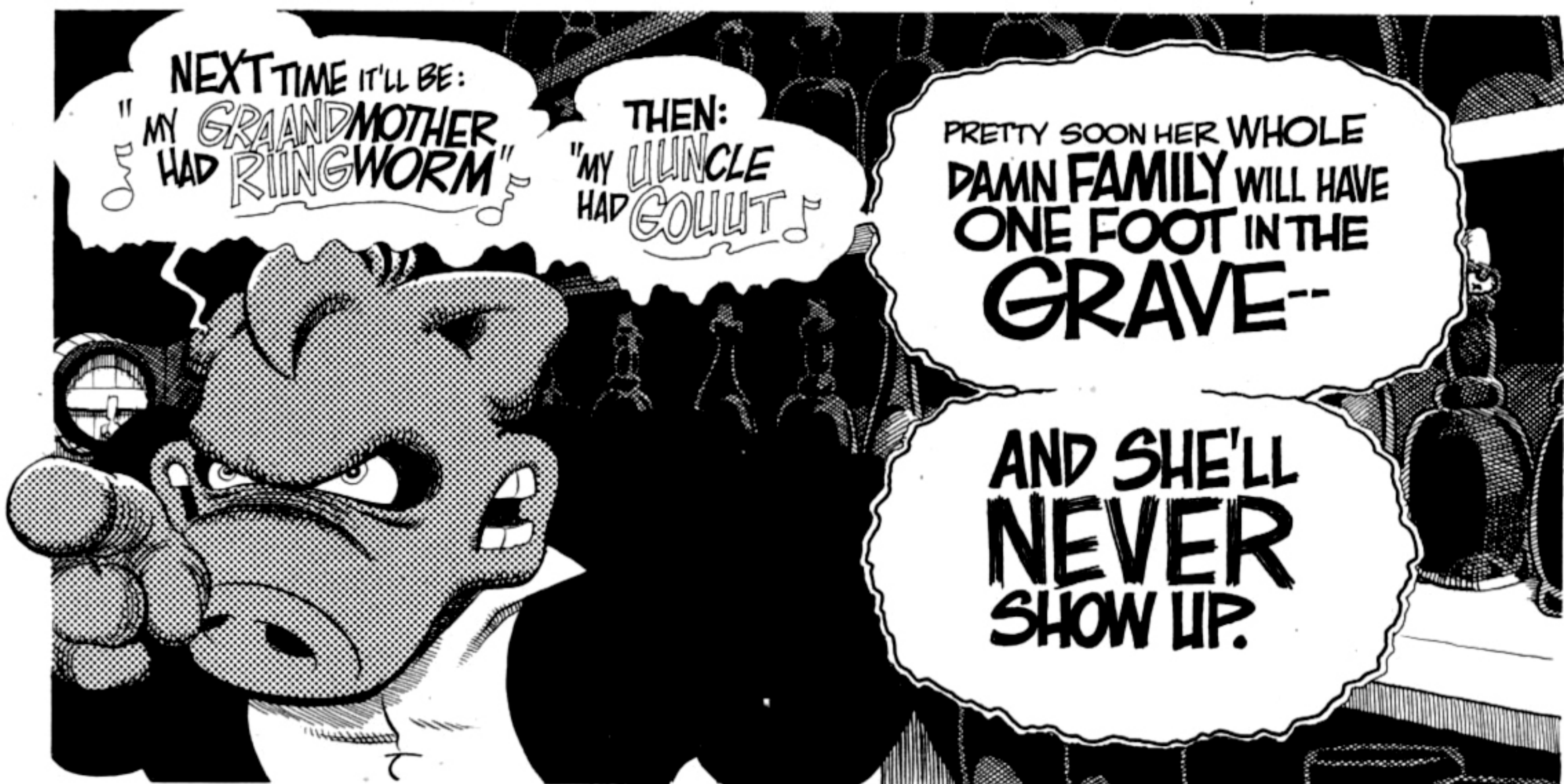
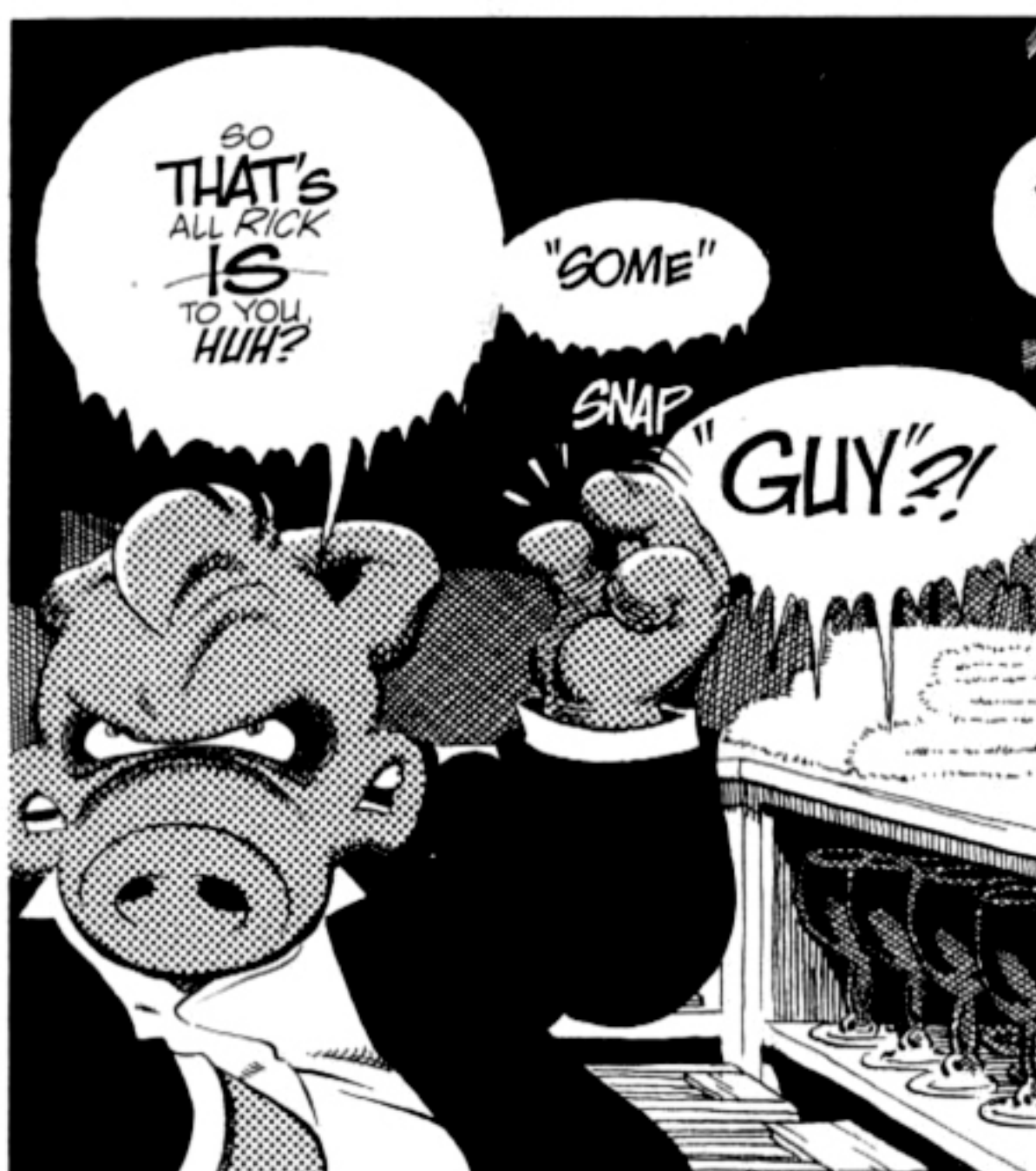


TWITCH.

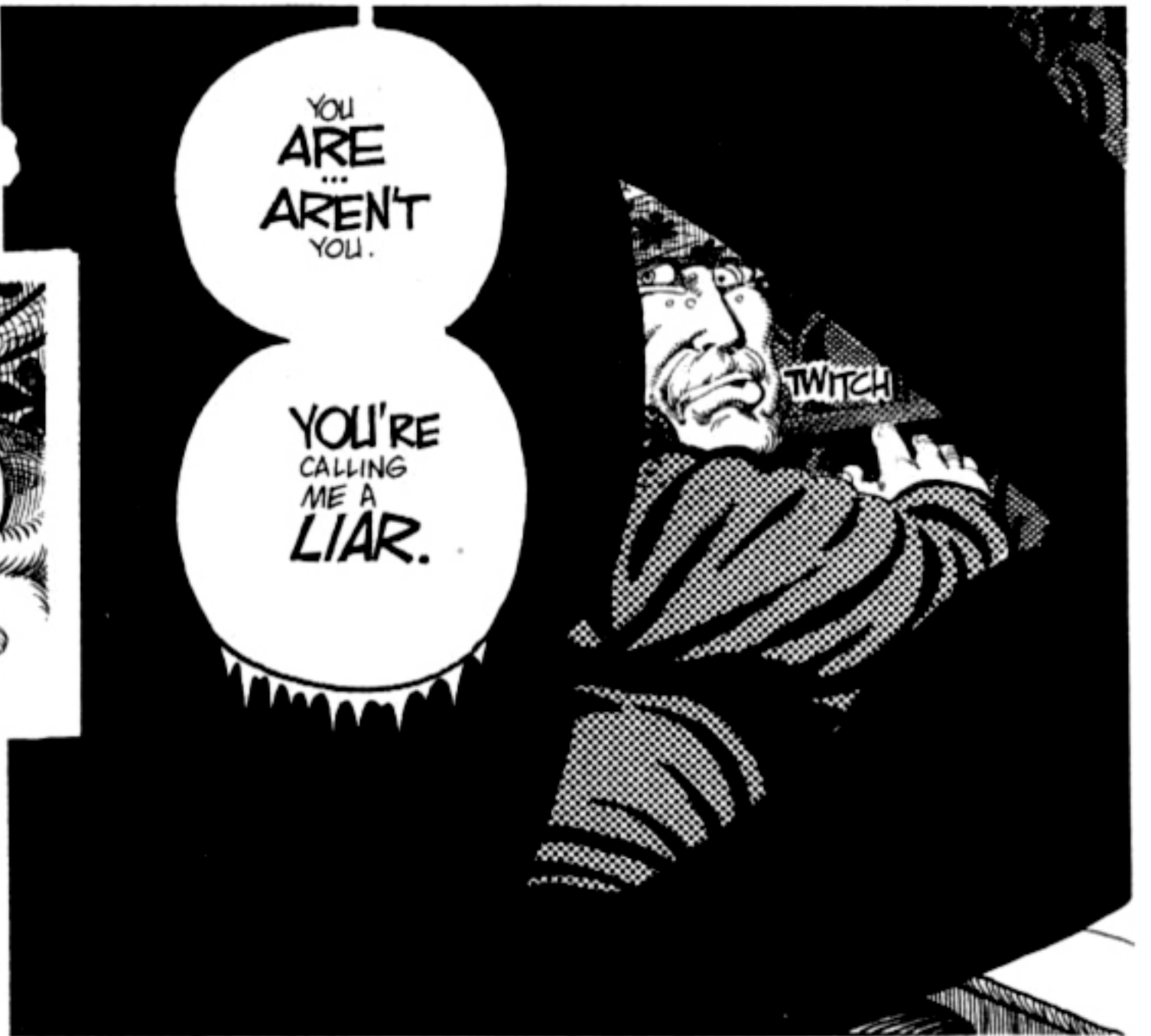




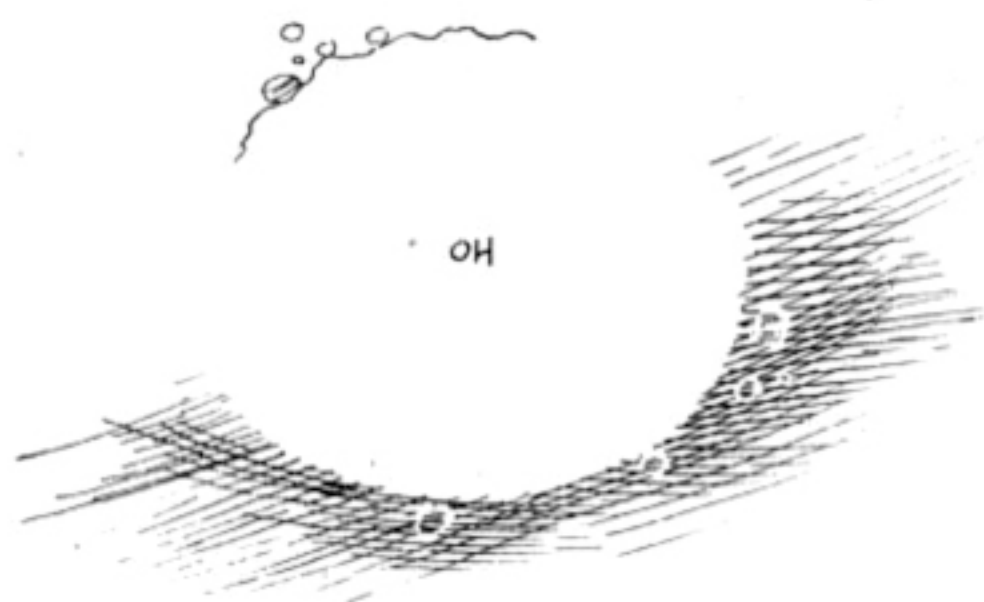




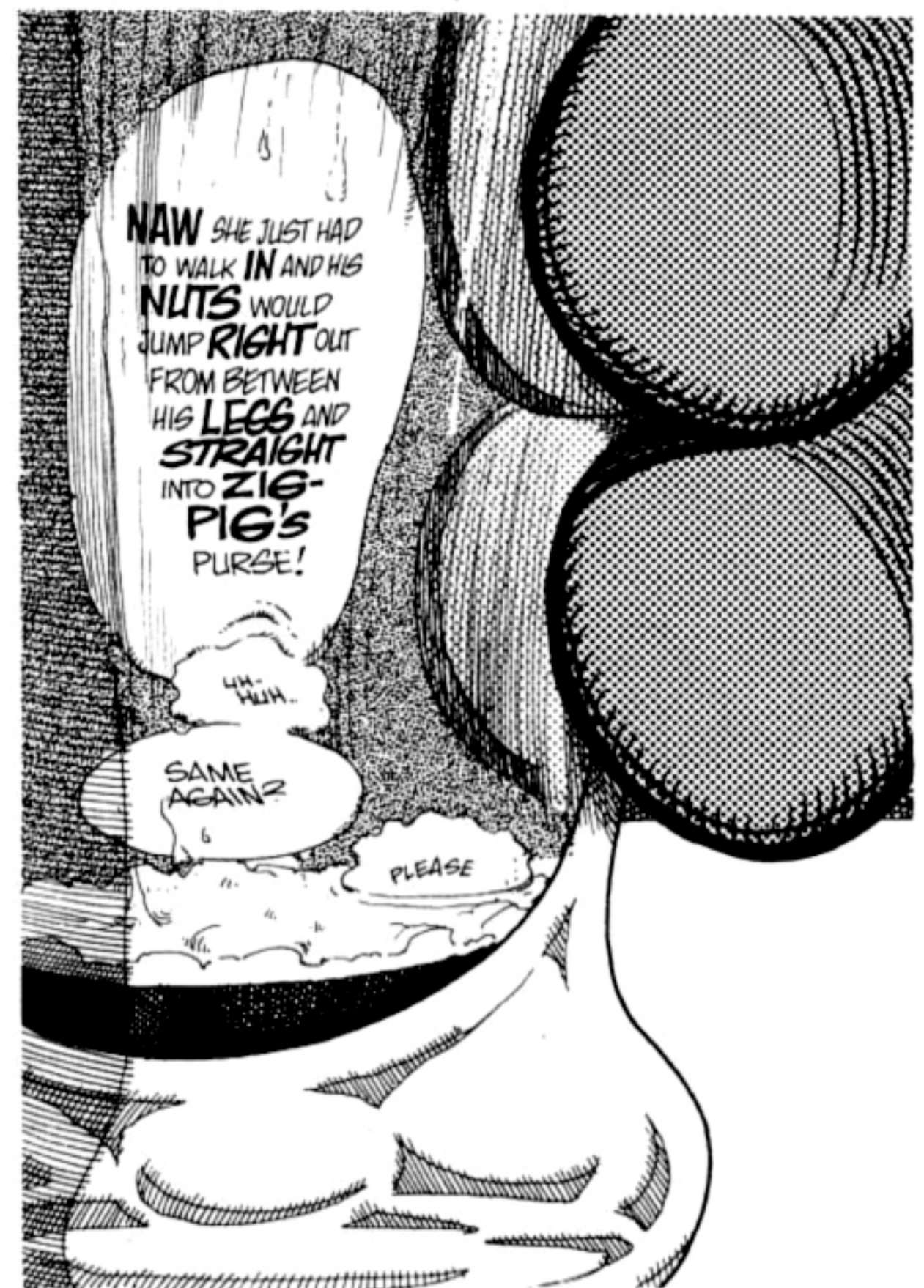
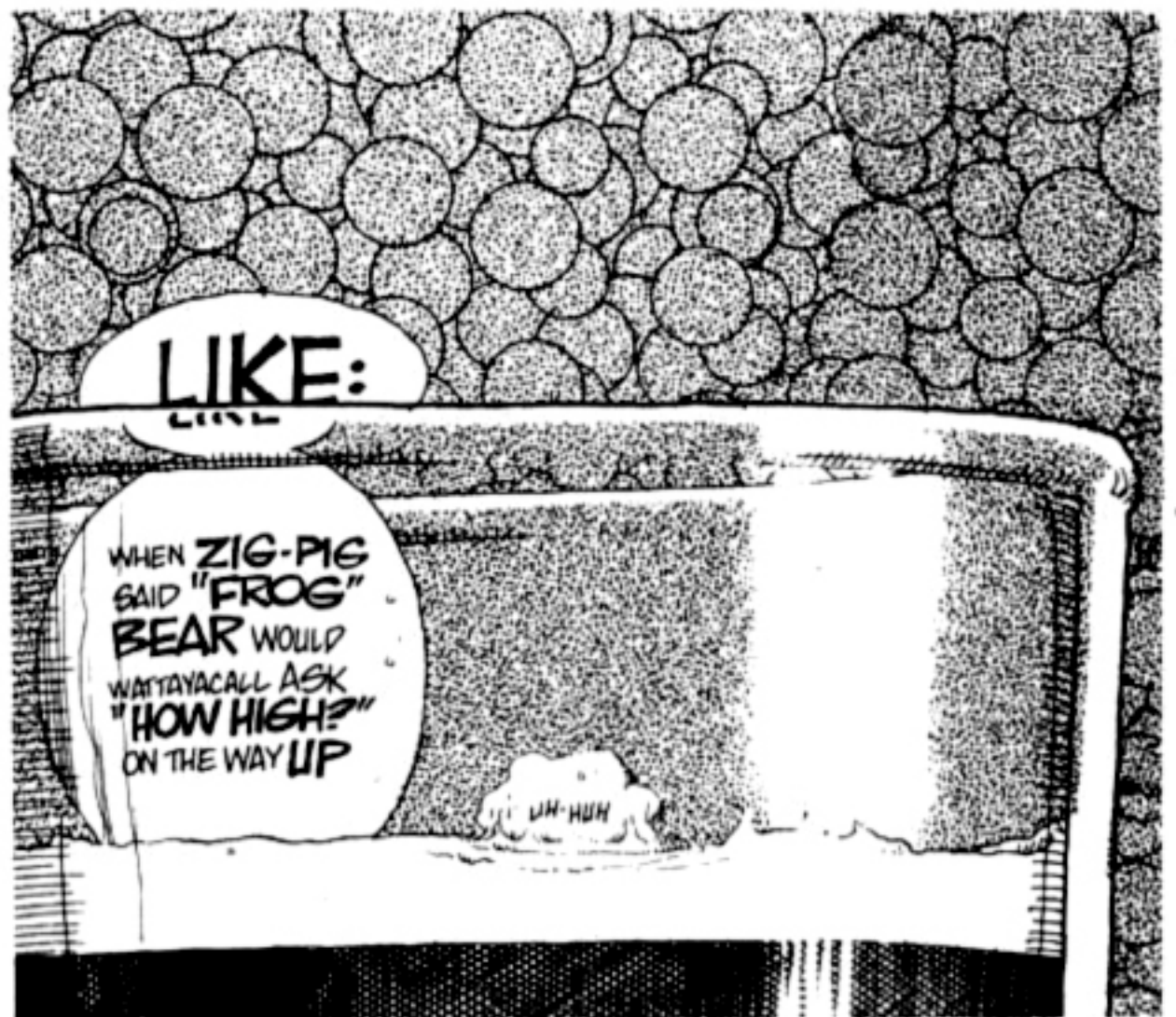




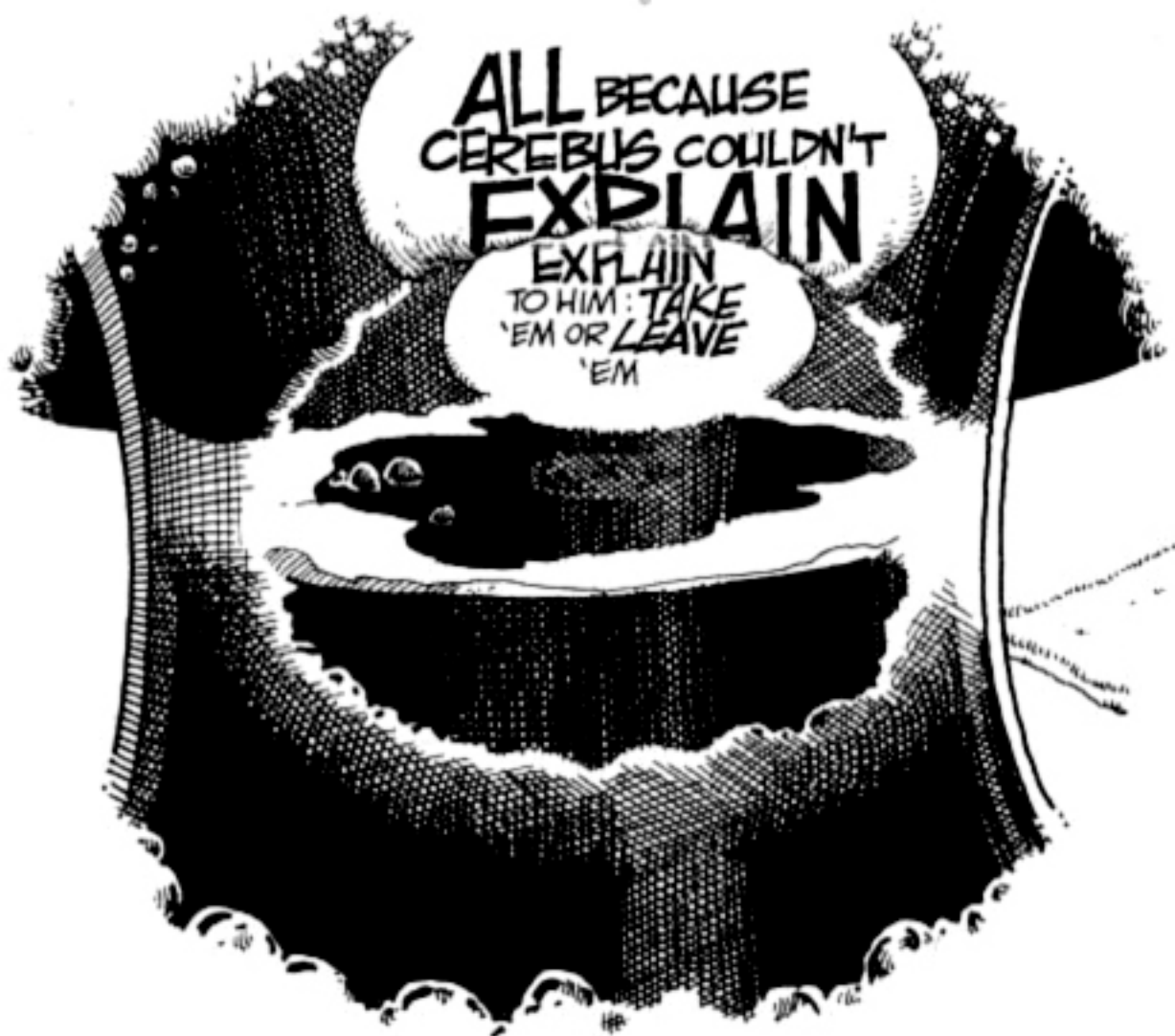
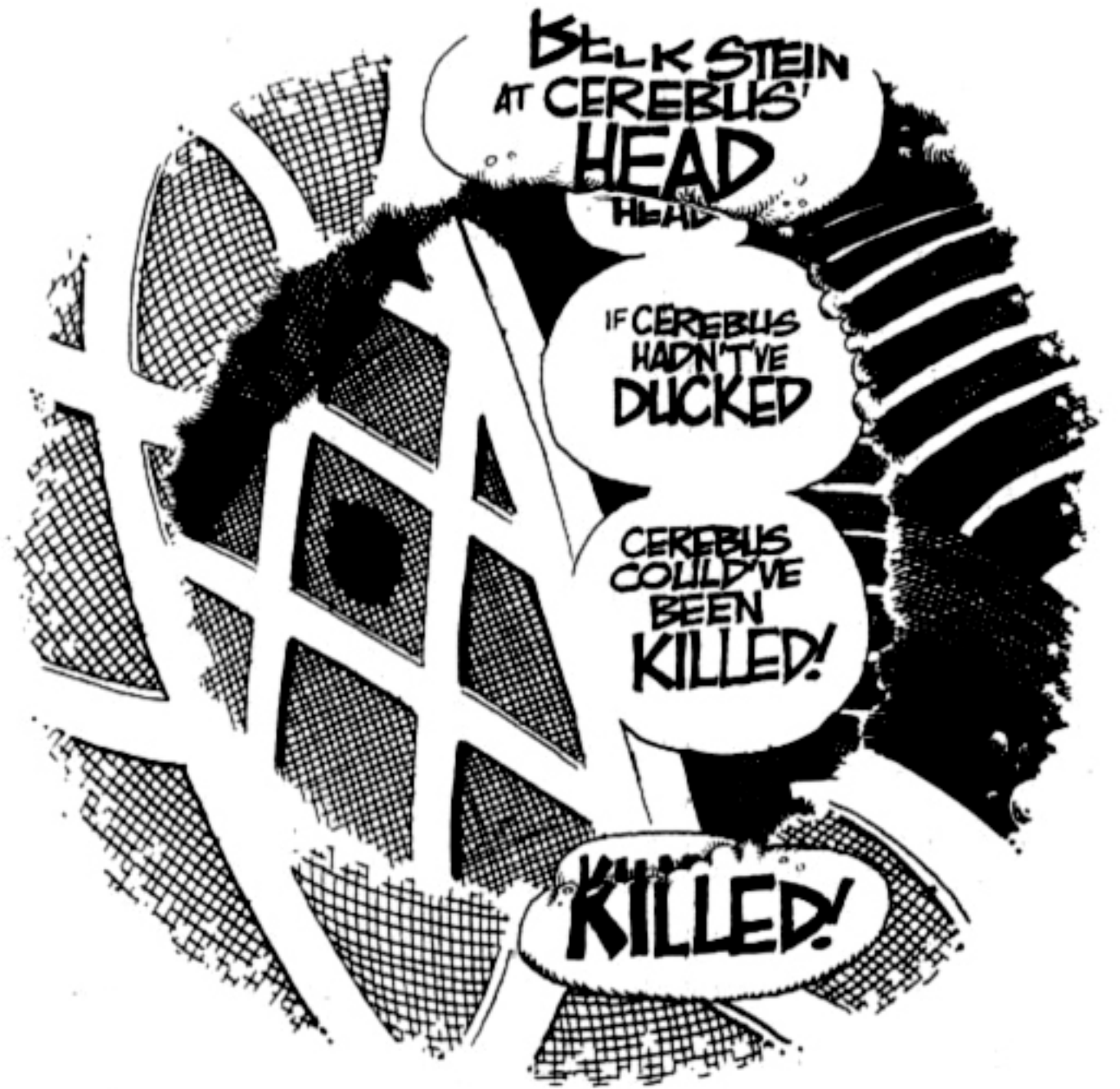
















WHY COULDN'T  
RICK SEE  
IT BEFORE?

EVEN IF SHED  
SHOW'D UP

WHY SHED DIDN  
BUDDY SHE  
DID

SHED JUSS  
ENNUP  
LEAVING RICK  
ENNYWAY!

SHE'D JUSSEN  
NUP LEAVING

THEY  
ALL  
LEEVE

RIGHT?

THEY ALL  
LEEVE--  
N' THEY  
ALL LIE!

RIGHT?

ALL  
EREBUS  
SAYIN  
IS

RIGHT.

AGAIN

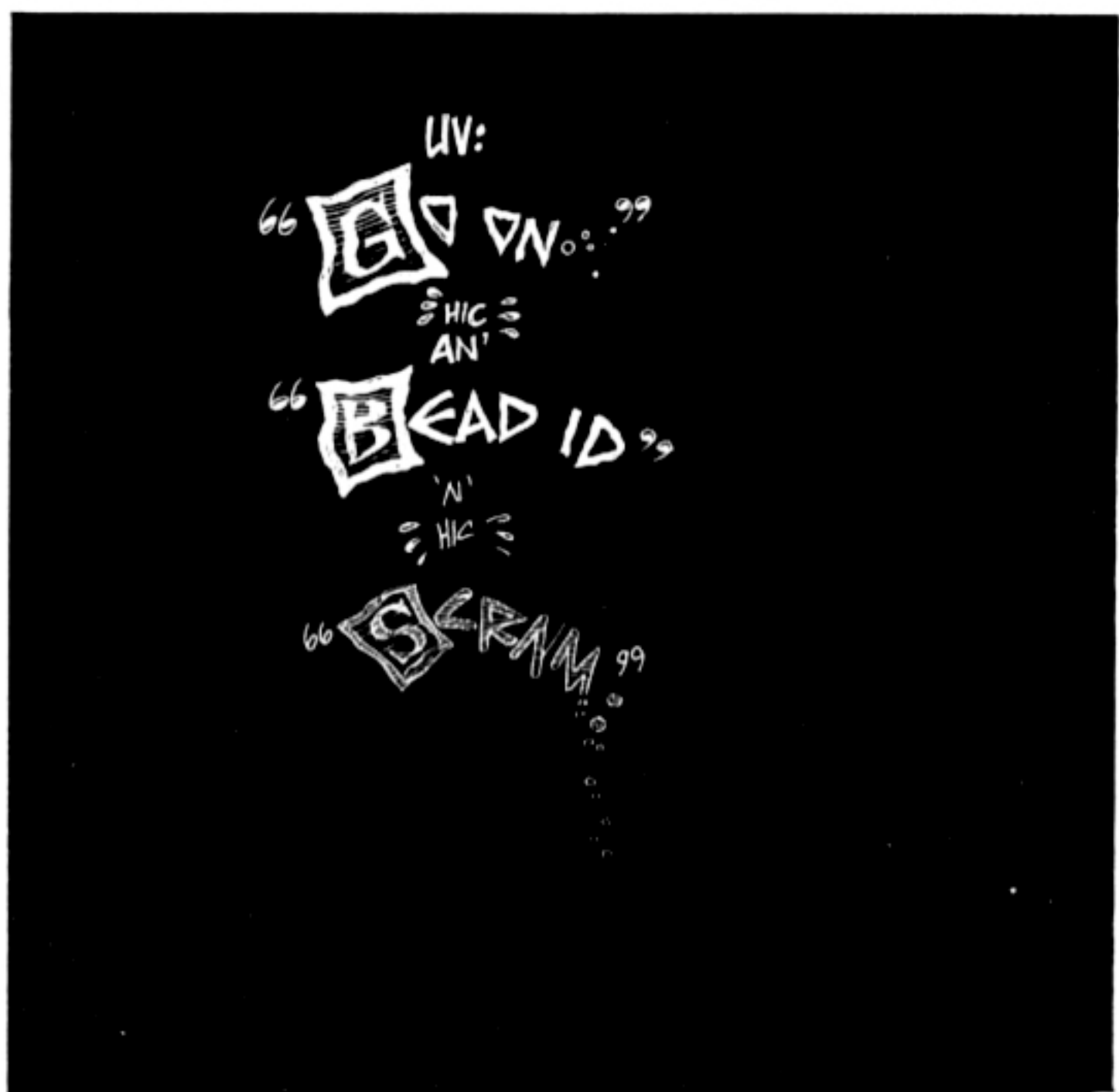
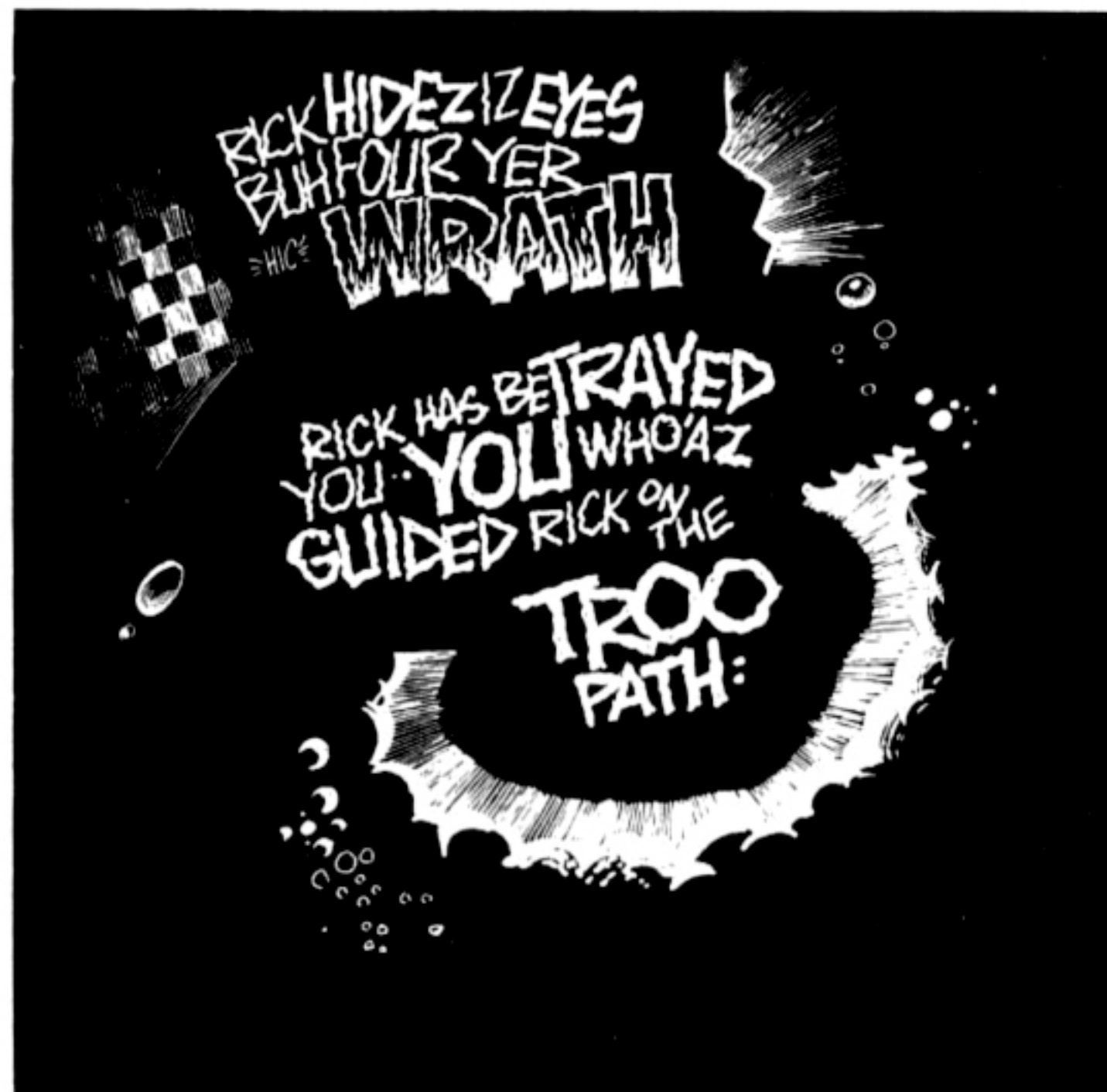
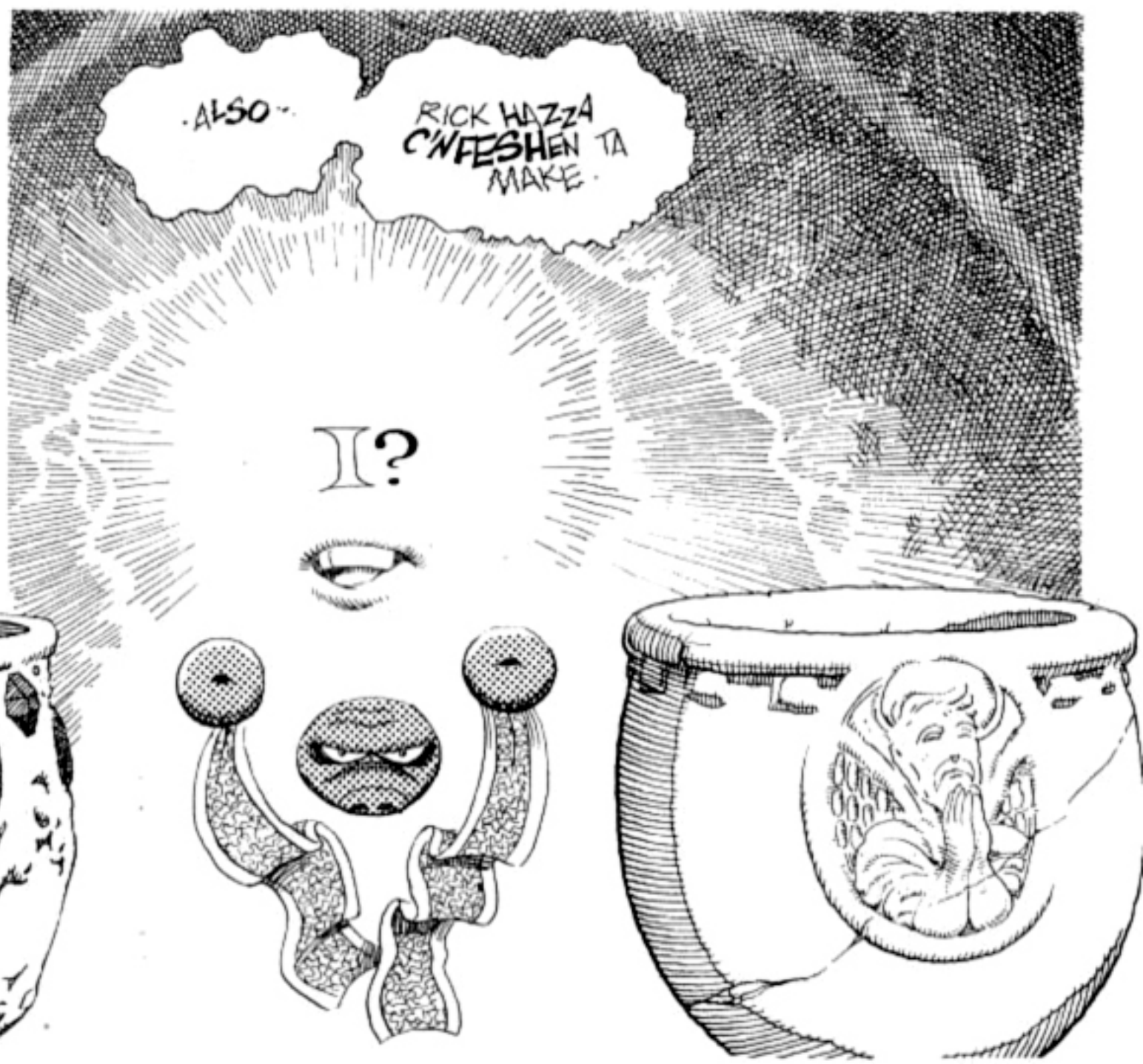
SAME

uh...

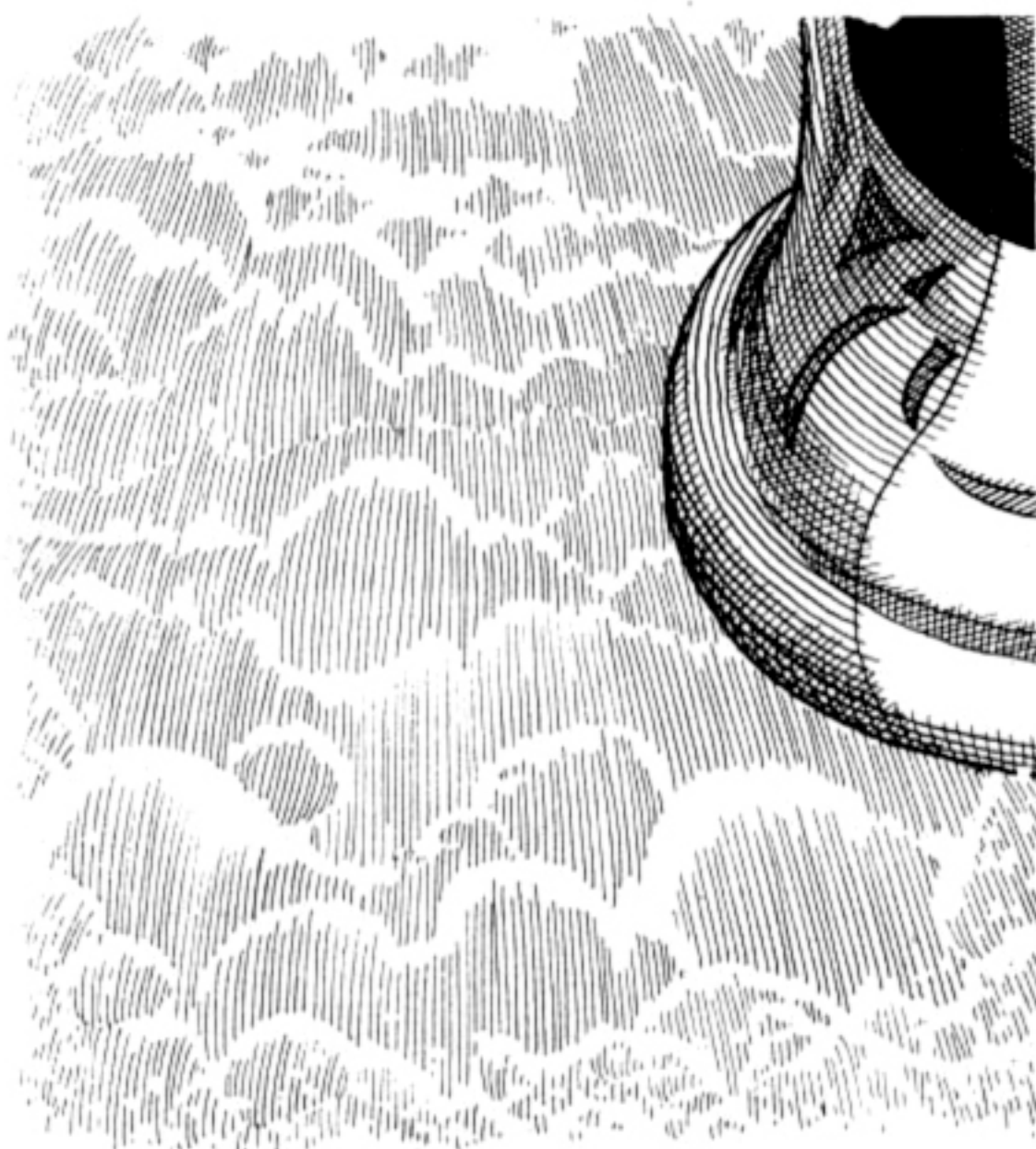
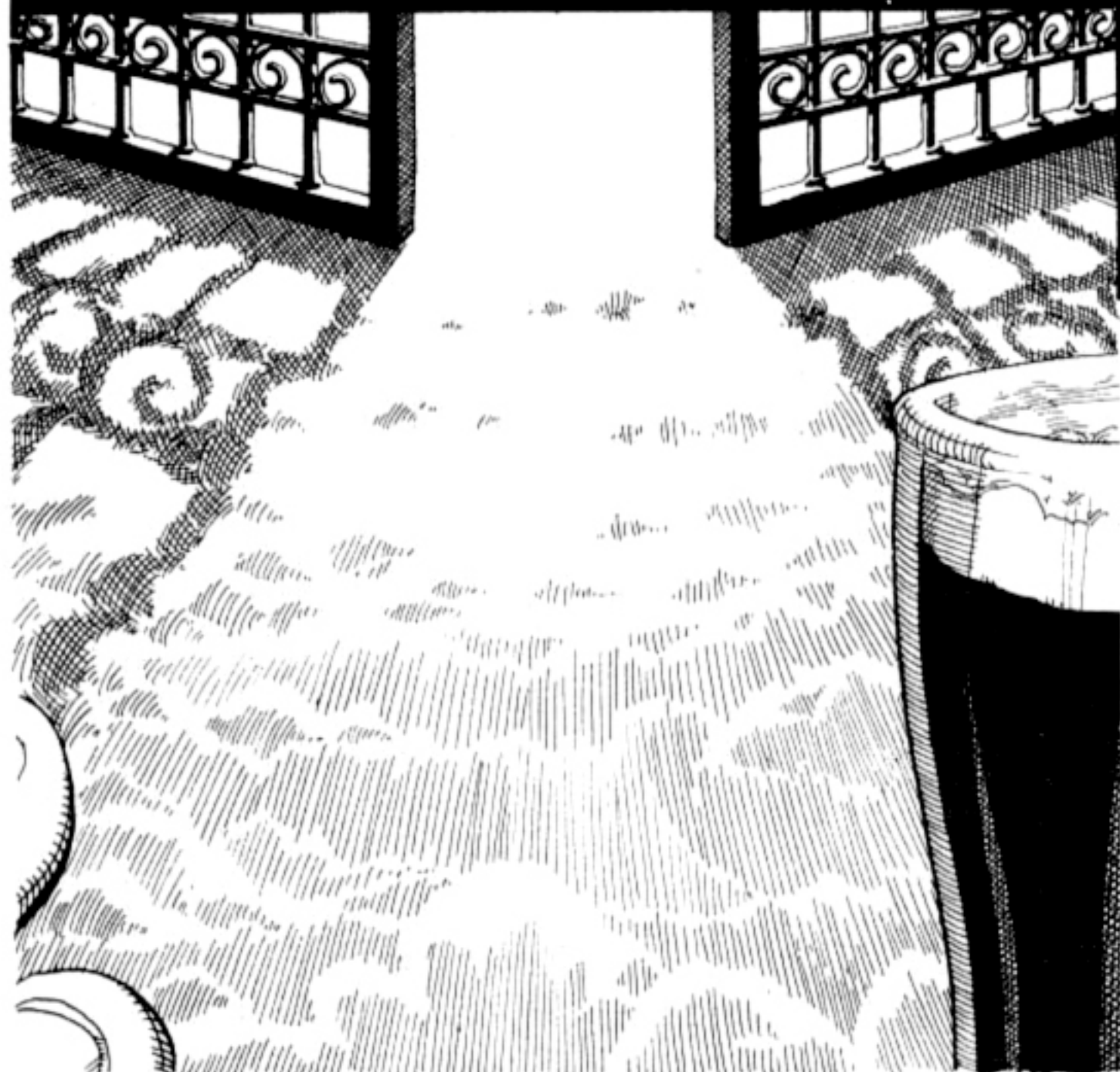
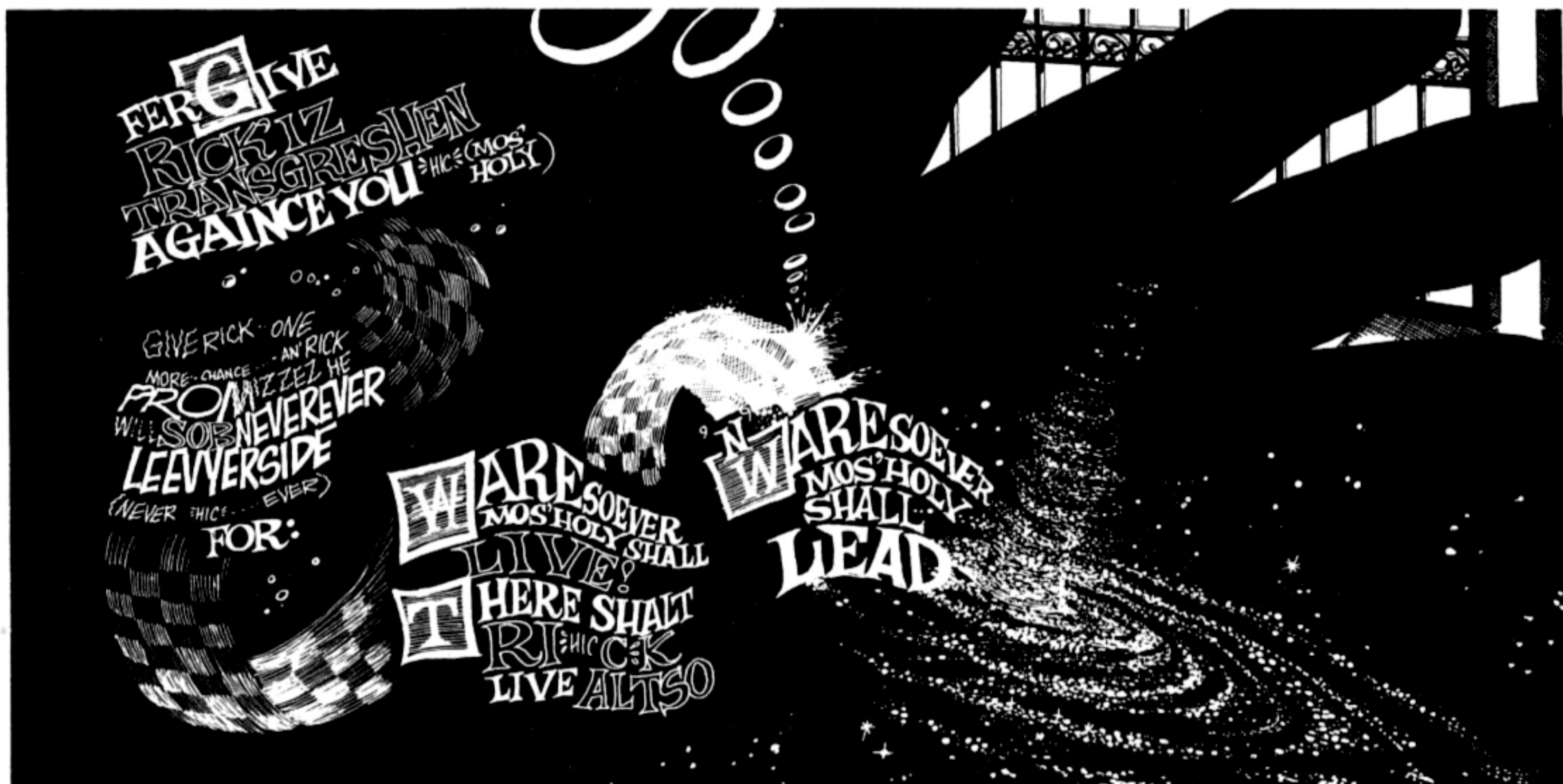
WELL  
NO MORE  
FER RICK  
BRUTHER

PLEASE

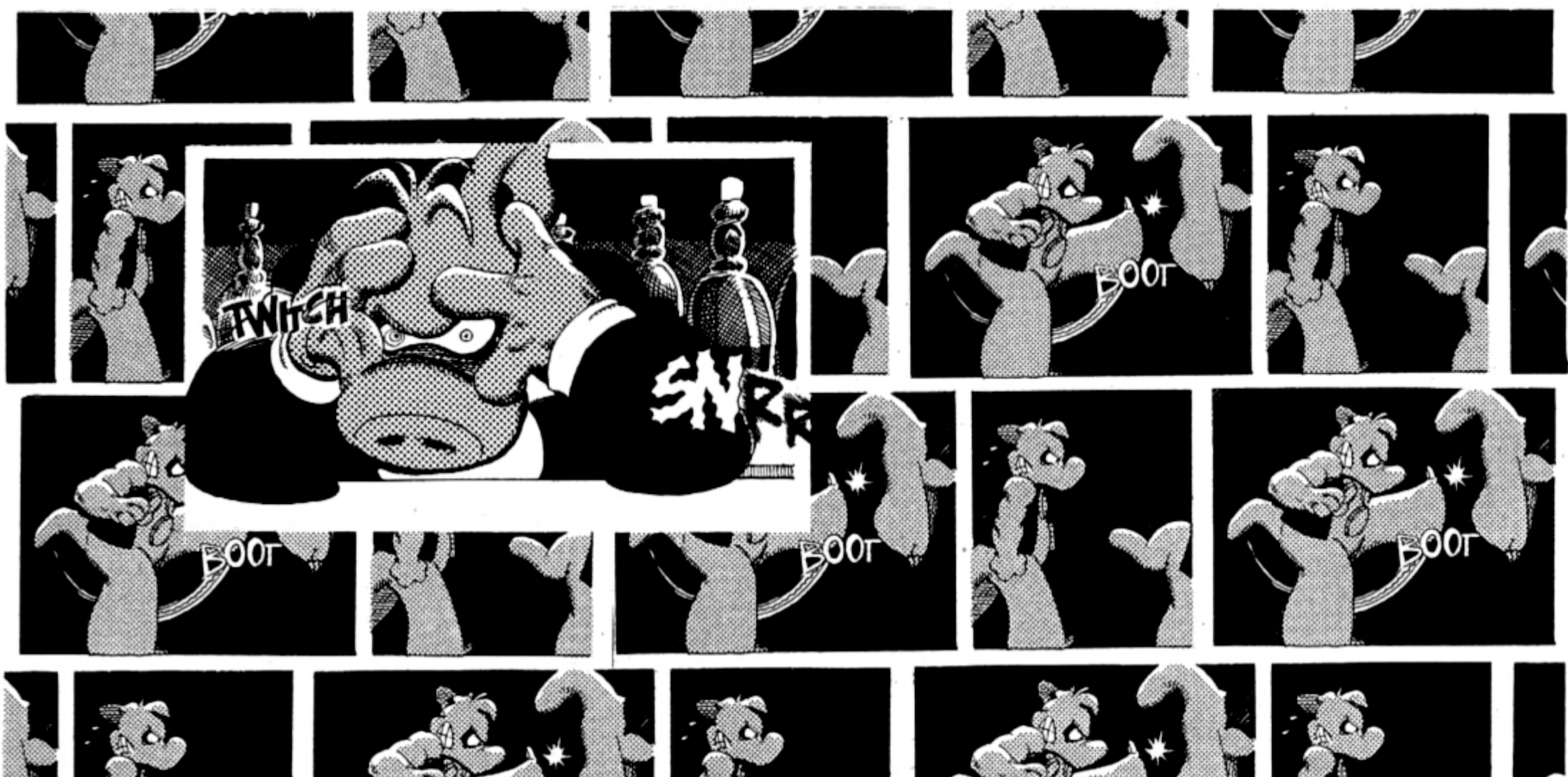
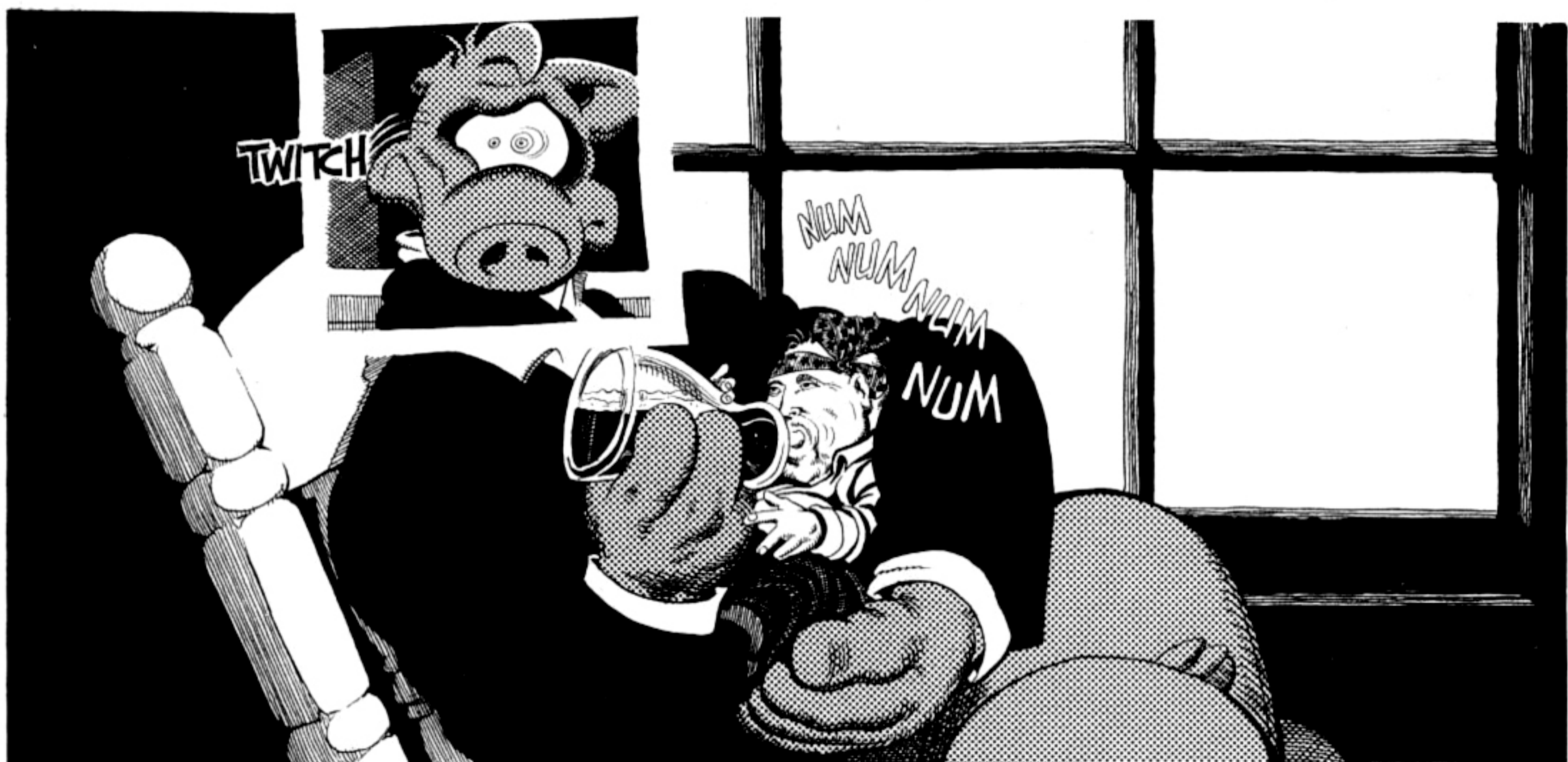




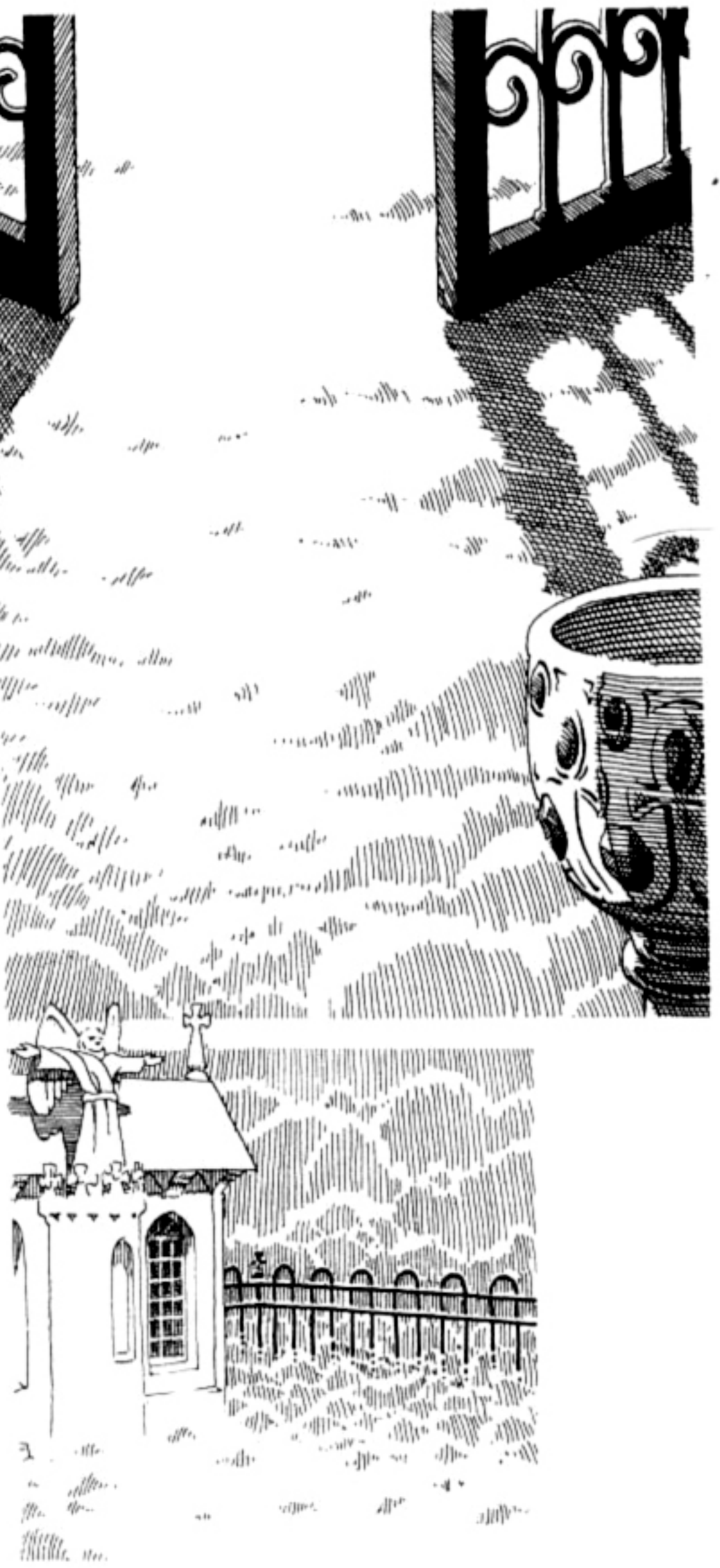
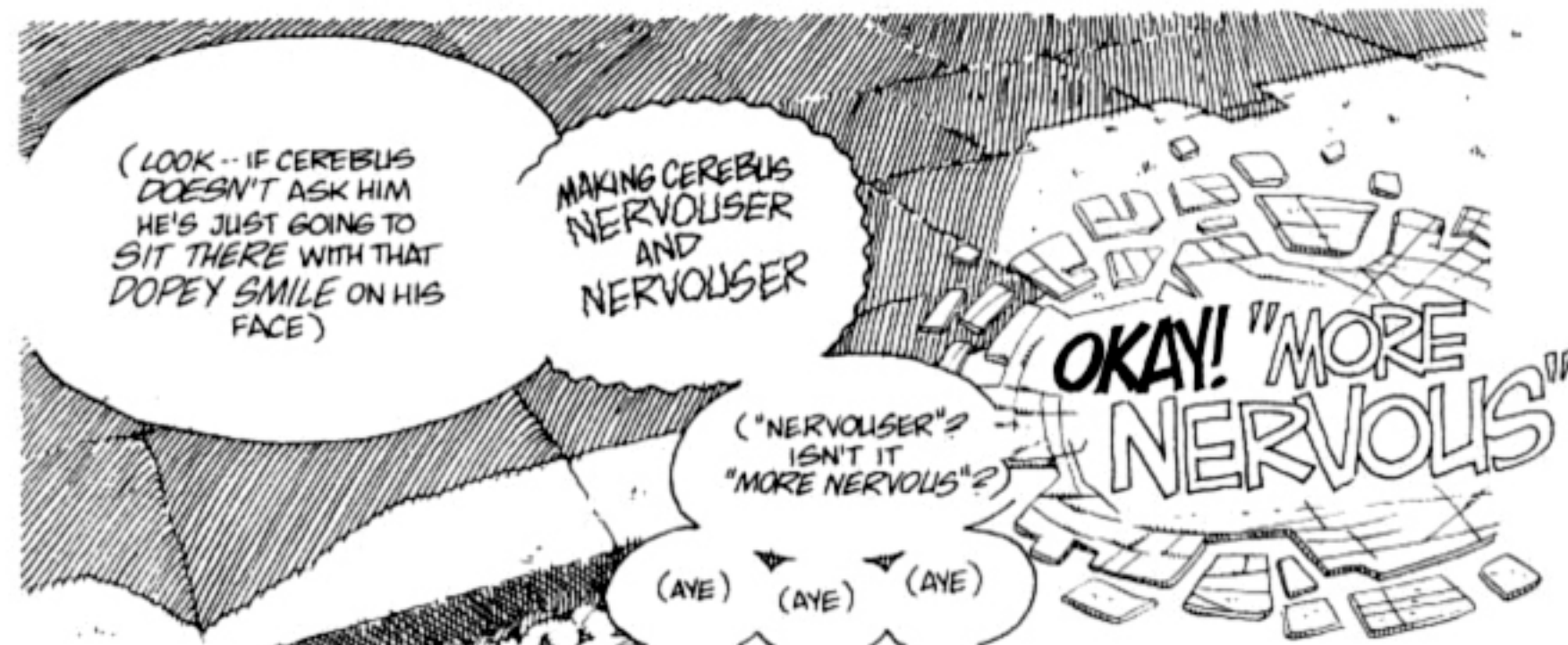
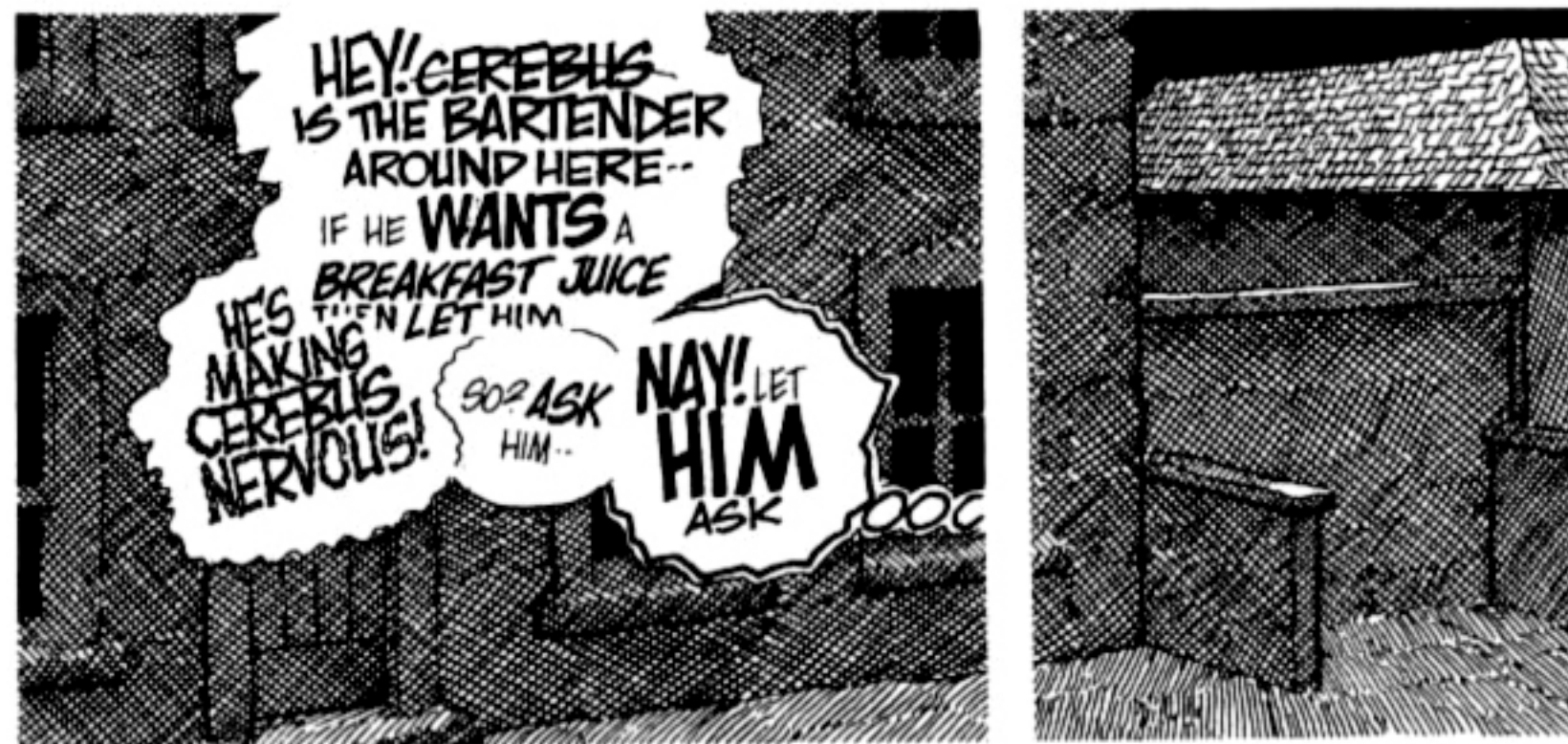
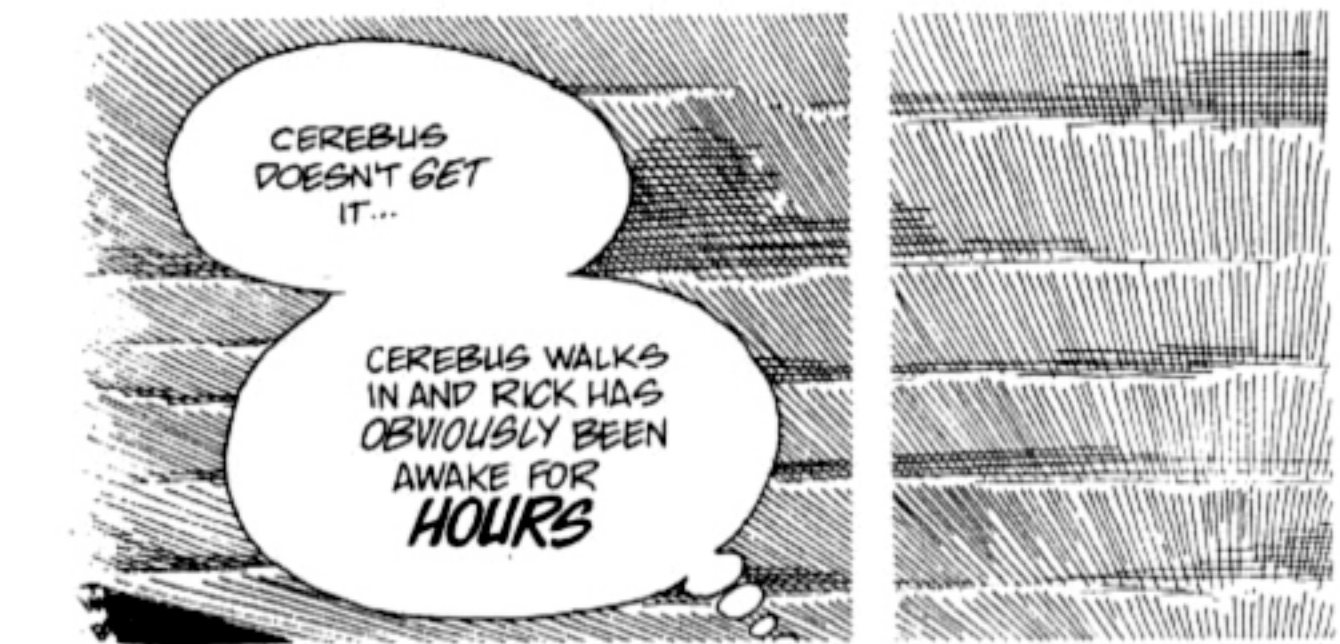














## CHAP. I

1. The first morning : 4 Cerebvs rebukes Ricke :
- 5 Parable of the Certaine Ruler : 15 Ricke seeks explanation : 16 Cerebvs counsells Ricke to have patience.



Nd that first morning was Cerebvs with mee in the sanctuarie and hee spake vnto mee, saying;

2 Seekest thou stronge drinke? And answering vnto

Cerebvs I saide, Whatsoeuer shall bee sufficient vnto Cerebvs, let it also bee sufficient vnto Ricke.

3 Then did Cerebvs grow wroth and spake vnto mee angrily, saying; Seeke not the cuppe from which Cerebvs has drunke. Rather, bee content with thine owne cuppe.

4 Seeing my astonishment at his rebuke, hee then spake vnto mee with mildnesse, saying in a parable;

5 ¶ There was a certaine ruler, who thot to make himselfe great in the eies of his friend through his actes of exceding drunkennesse.

6 And it came to pass that tho this certaine ruler perceiued himselfe to be a wonder and an astonishment to his friend;

7 Euen so was his friend wroth with him instead and pitied him and said inwardly, My friend the certaine ruler who lieth in his own vomit and who pisseth himselfe is a stranger vnto mee.

8 And so it transpired that a uiper like vnto a scorpion and hauing a face like vnto the backe end of a dogge, came and took vp this certaine rulers friend

9 ( The uiper like vnto a scorpion hauing great melons and other deuises and atributes which gaue sicknesse vnto all saue the friend of this certaine ruler who could not see the nature of the uiper like vnto a scorpion euen before him )

10 And after the friend of this certaine ruler had bene gone away from the certaine ruler many daies, the certaine ruler was shoveling his walke.

11 And when the certaine ruler had made a path euen ouer against his house, the certaine ruler did enter vnto his owne house and closed his doore behind him.

12 And, lo, there came a great sounde like vnto the thunder of many waters and a mountaine (yea, a mountaine vpon a mountaine) fell and in falling, sealed vp the certaine ruler in his house.

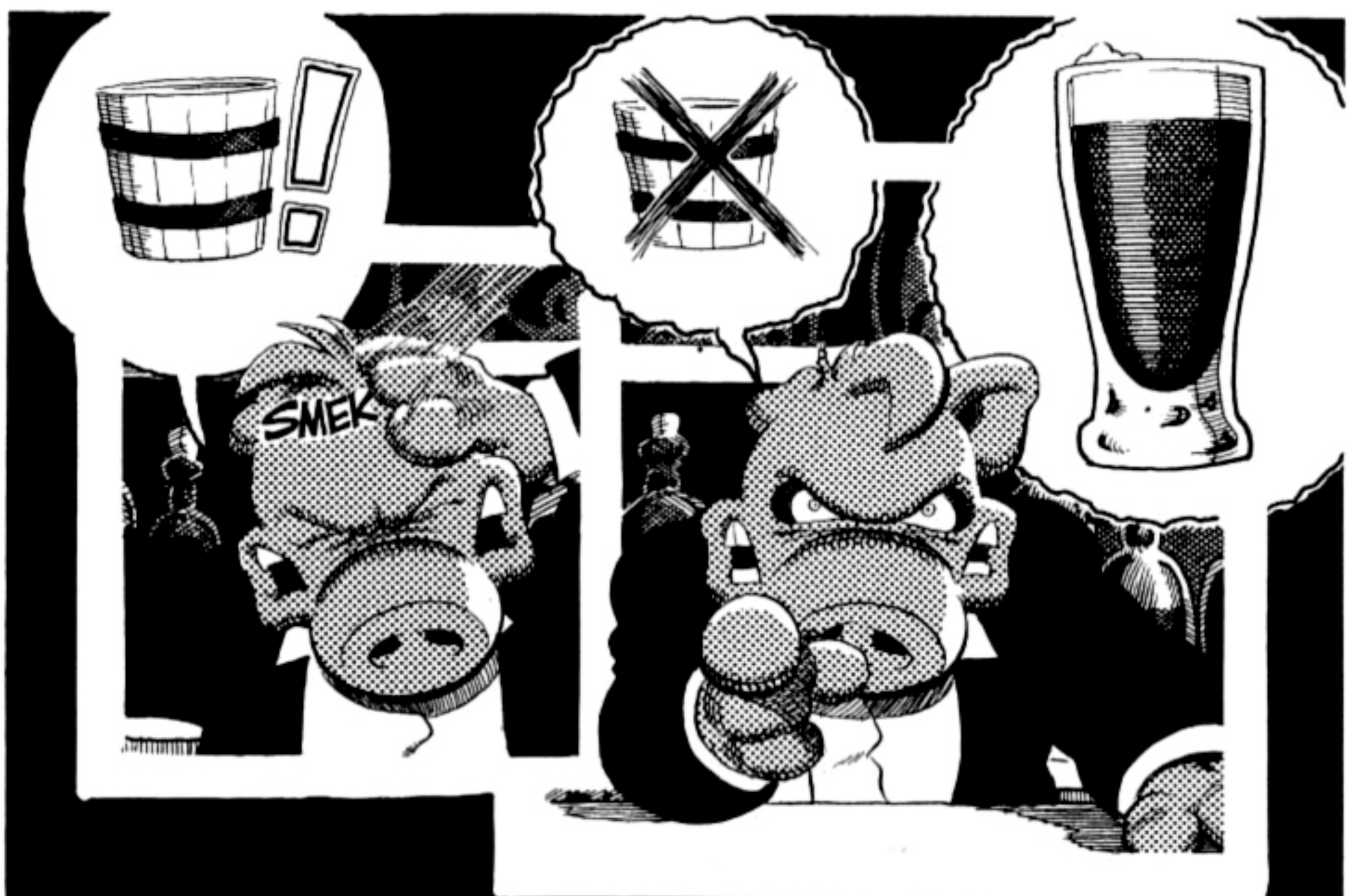
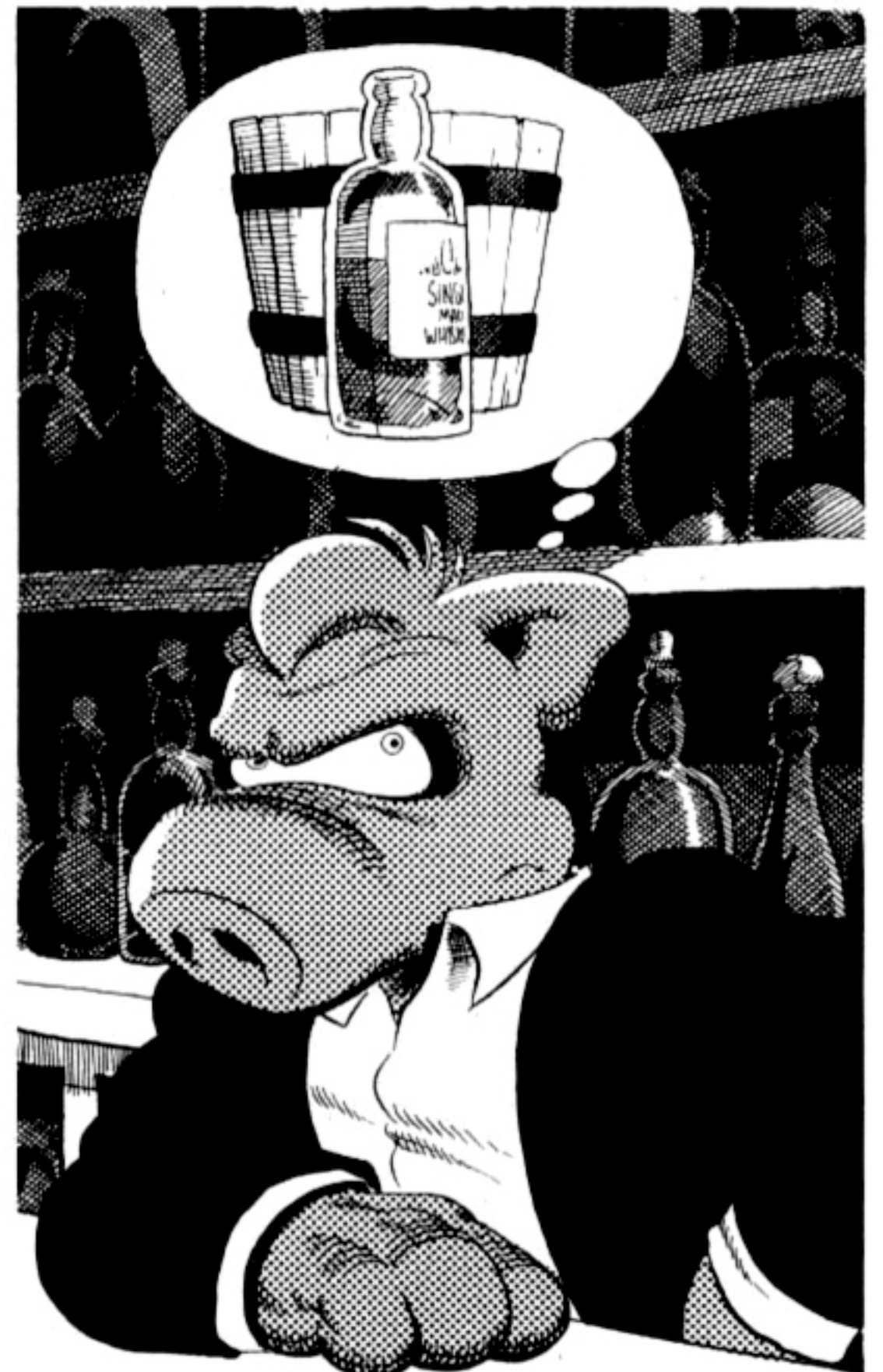
13 And for many daies this certaine ruler had his goings-out and his comings-in through an vpper windowe in his house.

14 ¶ And I inquired vnto Cerebvs, saying, Declare vnto mee the parable of this certaine ruler and of his friend and of the uiper like vnto a scorpion hauing a face like vnto the backe end of a dogge.

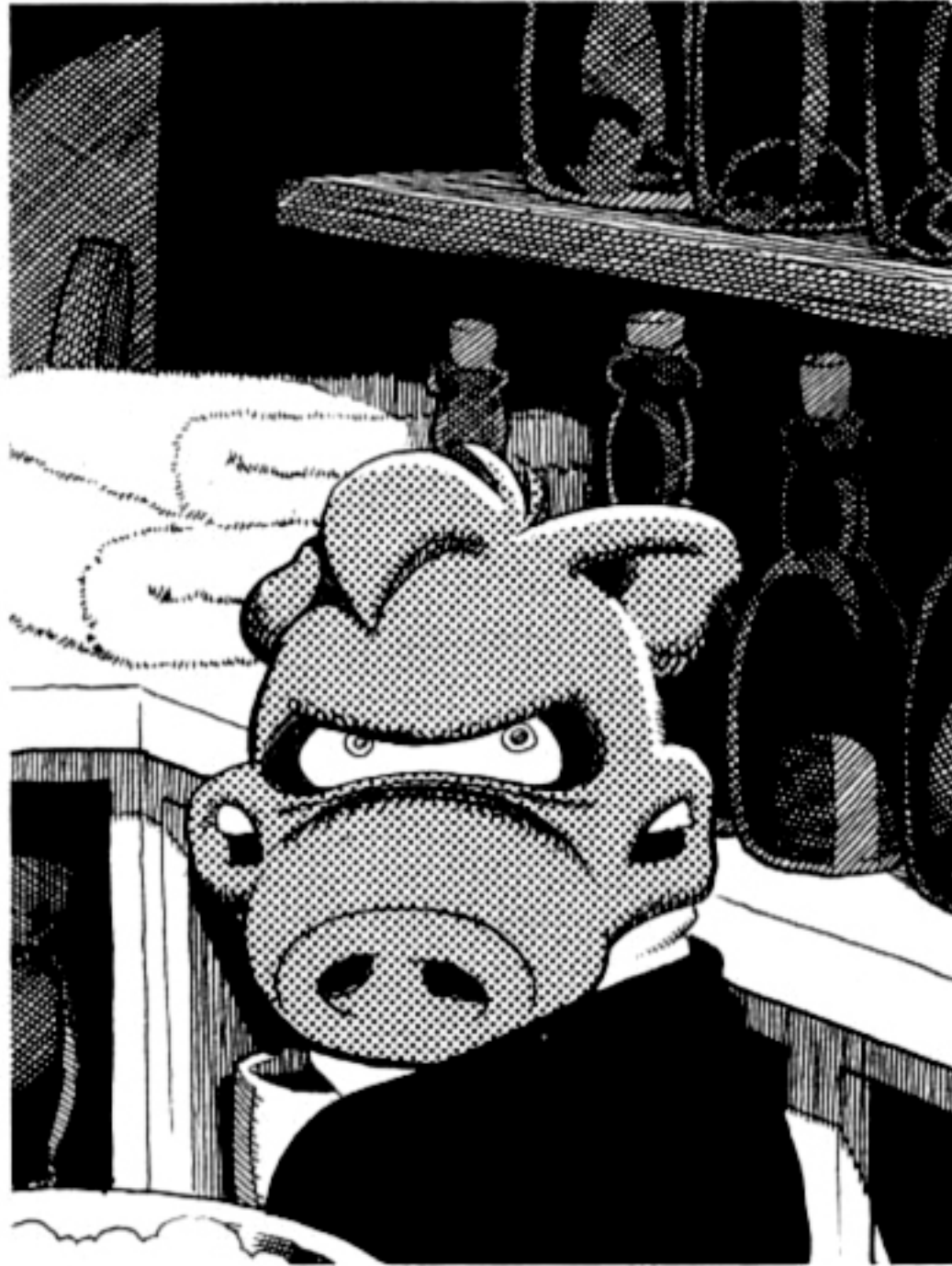
16 And Cerebvs answered mee, saying; Verily, thou shalt not drinke from the cuppe from which Cerebvs drinks vntill thou knowest the meaning of this. Vntil then, thou shalt drinke from thine owne cuppe onely.

17 And Cerebvs went forth behinde the barre for the pouring of the morning cuppe ( and that in a fulle measure).

18 And as the morning cuppe was poured I tooke counsell within myselfe of the words of Cerebvs and the parable he had spoken vnto me, that first morning in the sanctuarie after his spirit had come vpon me.







## CHAP. II

1. The morning cuppe : 5 Ricke pledges to follow Cerebvs : 7 Cerebvs tempts Ricke : 15 writing is the pathway to peace



Fter that Cerebvs had giuen vnto mee the morning cuppe of the full measure, Cerebvs placed it before mee and then rose vp within the sanctvarie and moued a litle apart from mee.

2 In seeing what Cerebvs had done; so too did I rise vp within the sanctvarie (from the third stoole vpon his lefte hande) and made myselfe to follow Cerebvs.

3 Seeing that I had risen vp within the sanctvarie from the third stoole vpon his left hand and that I made myselfe to follow vnto him, Cerebvs halted behinde the barre and in turning, regarded mee and spake vnto mee, saying;

4 ¶ Why dost thou follow Cerebvs?

5 And I answered vnto him, saying, In all things dost Ricke follow Cerebvs. Now and peradventure in all daies yet to come.

6 And Cerebvs grew wroth and spake angrily, inquiring of mee, Art thou a foole who, following Cerebvs, knowest not where Cerebvs doth goe?

7 If Cerebvs shouldst peradventure walke off of a talle cliffe, wouldst thou follow Cerebvs in walking off of that same talle cliffe?

8 And further, if Cerebvs shouldst plunge himselfe into the sea, wouldst thou likewise plunge thyself into that same sea?

9 And I answered vnto Cerebvs saying, Yea; of a truth; it is the desire of Rickes heart to follow Cerebvs euen off of the tallest of talle cliffes,

10 And likewise is it the desire of Rickes heart to follow Cerebvs euen vnto the deepest depths of the deepest seas.

11 ¶ And Cerebvs moued his head to and fro (that in so doing hee might regard the barre of Cerebvses left hande and likewise the barre of Cerebvses righte hande) And as beforetimes Cerebvs once more spake mildly vnto mee, saying;

12 No place is there within the sanctvarie that Ricke has not bene and Cerebvs as well. Neither vpon the stooles, nor behinde the barre, nor at the tables. All of these places haue ye bene and Cerebvs as well.

13 Therefore what profite shall there bee for Ricke in following Cerebvs within the sanctvarie?

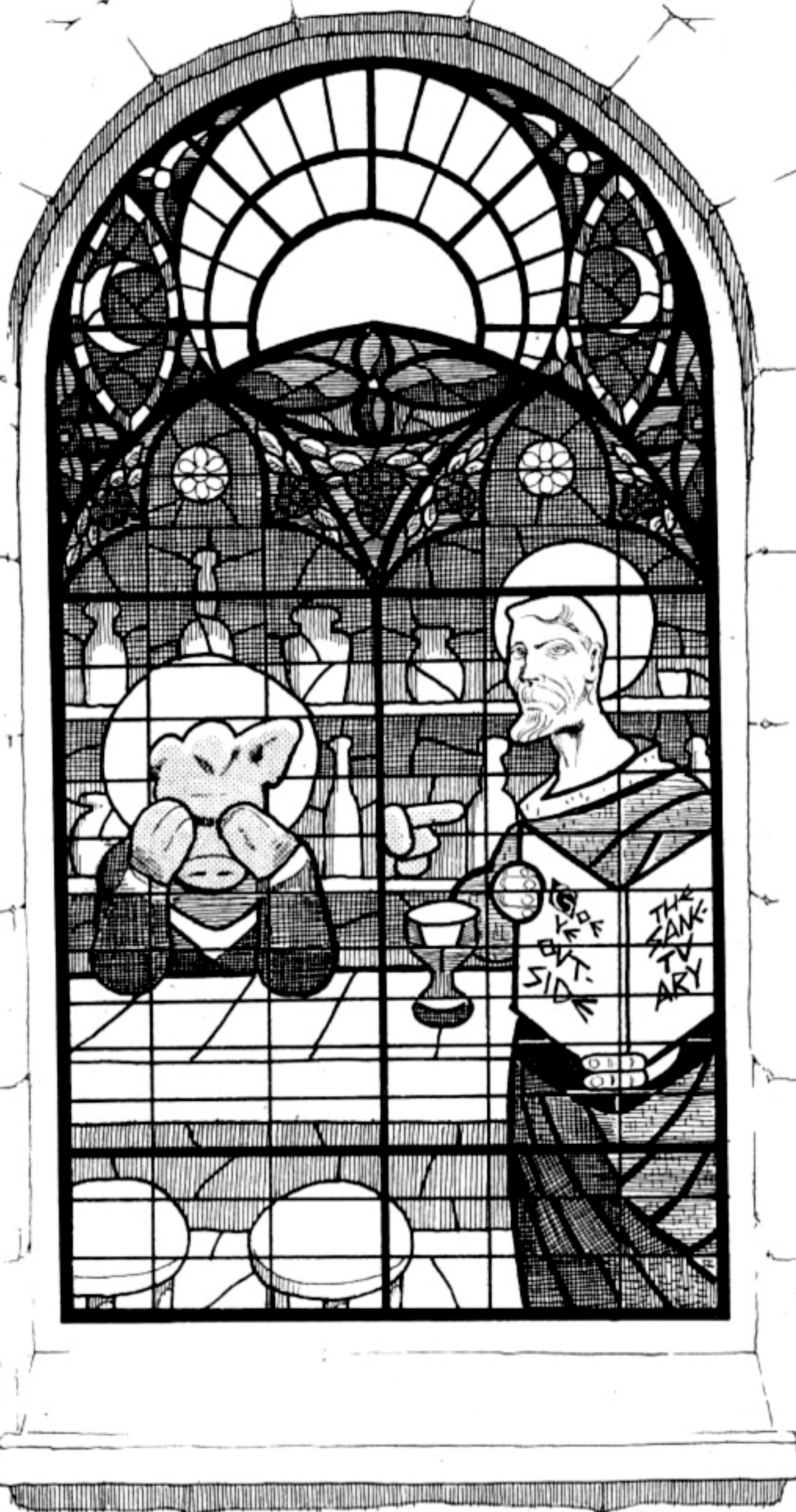
14 Goe ye foorth out of the sanctvarie. For the daie is warm and it shall not alwaies bee so.

15 Goe yee foorth out of the sanctvarie. And write in thy Booke for the writing in thy Booke makes thee silent and stille.

16 And Ricke did inqvire of Cerebvs asking, Is it the will of Cerebvs that Ricke shouldst write in his Booke the parable of the certaine ruler and of his friend and of the uiper like vnto a scorpion hauing a face like vnto the backe ende of a dogge?

17 And Cerebvs (putting his face vpon his palmes) began to pray, saying,

18 In Tarim's name, doe now what seems good to thee in thine own eies. Write in thy Booke or write not in thy Booke, but in Tarim's name goe yee foorth out of the sanctvarie to doe it.





### CHAP. III

#### 1. Ricke enunciates Truth



Utside the sanctvarie did Ricke begin to write of Cerebvs and the sanctvarie and the Truth:

2 Cerebvs was of the sanctvarie, and the sanctvarie

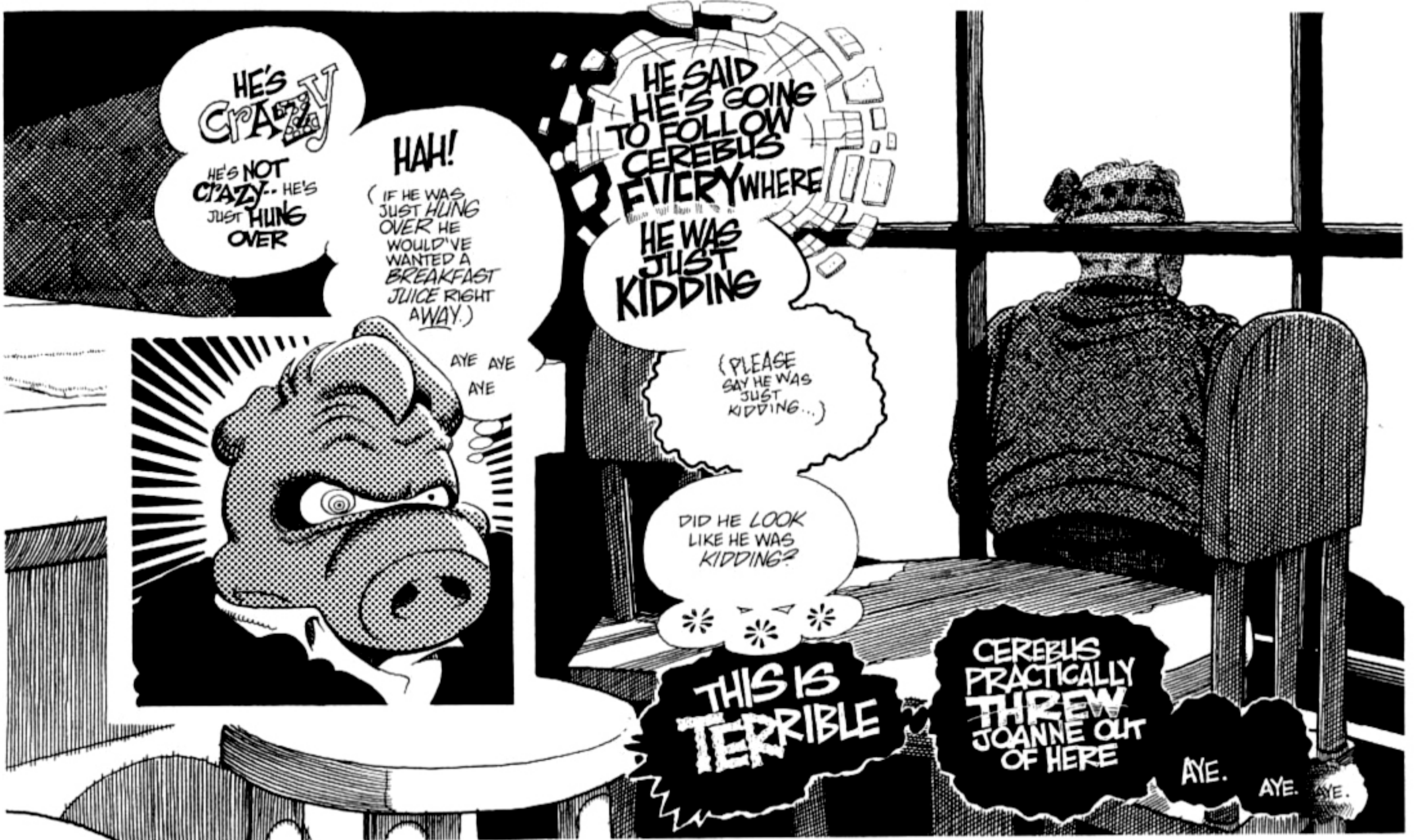
was of Cerebvs.

3 Like vnto Cerebvs was the sanctvarie, and like vnto the sanctvarie was Cerebvs.

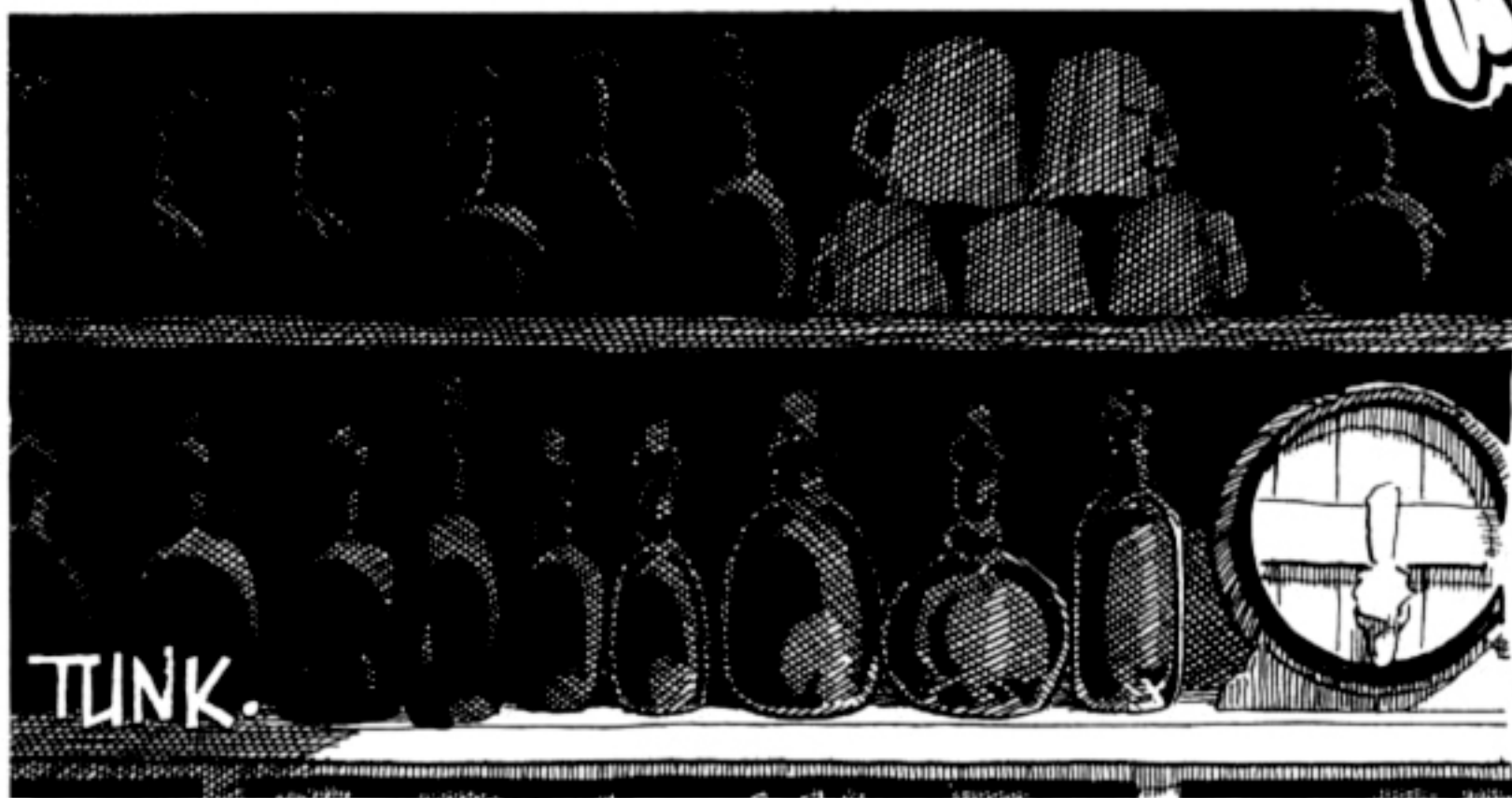
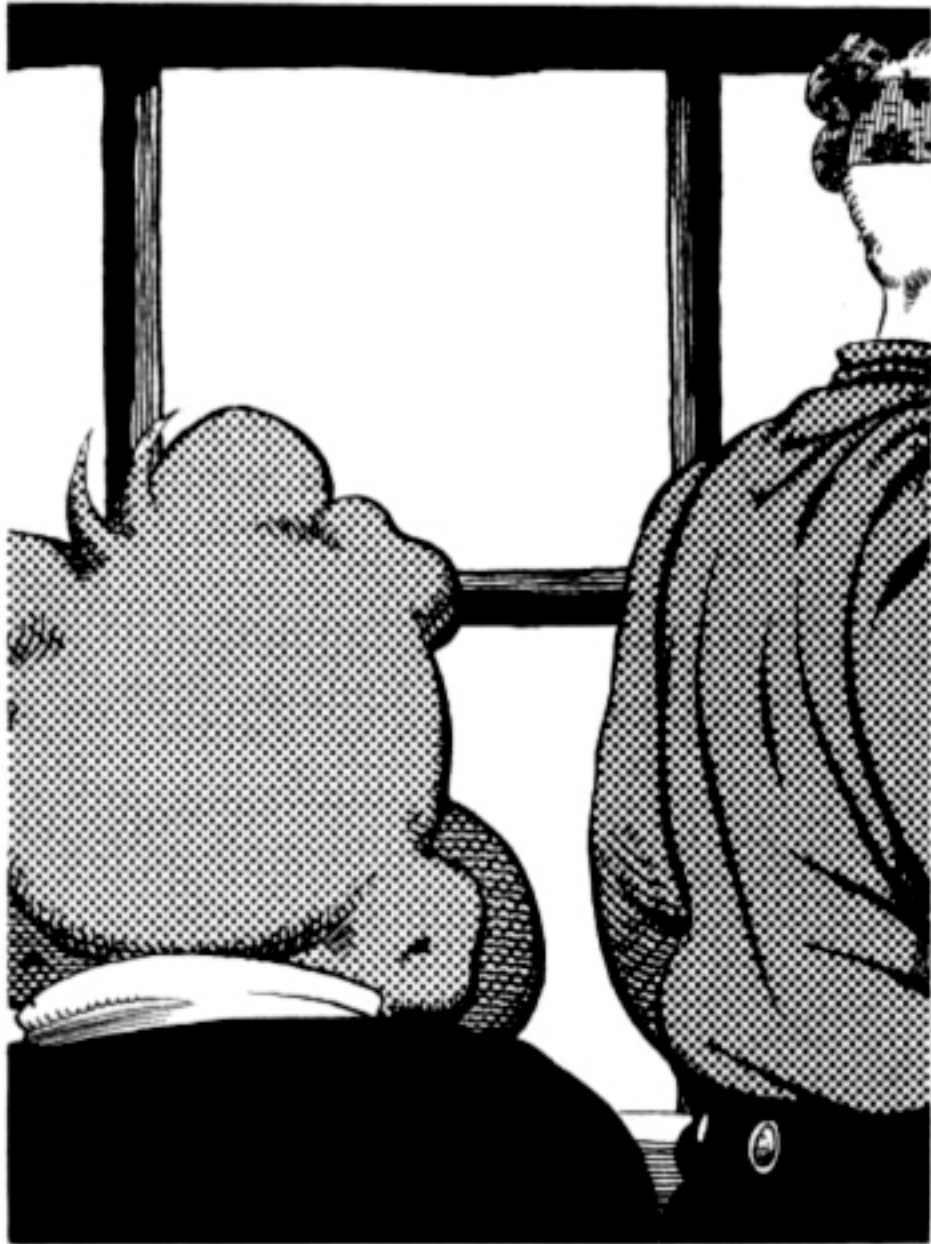
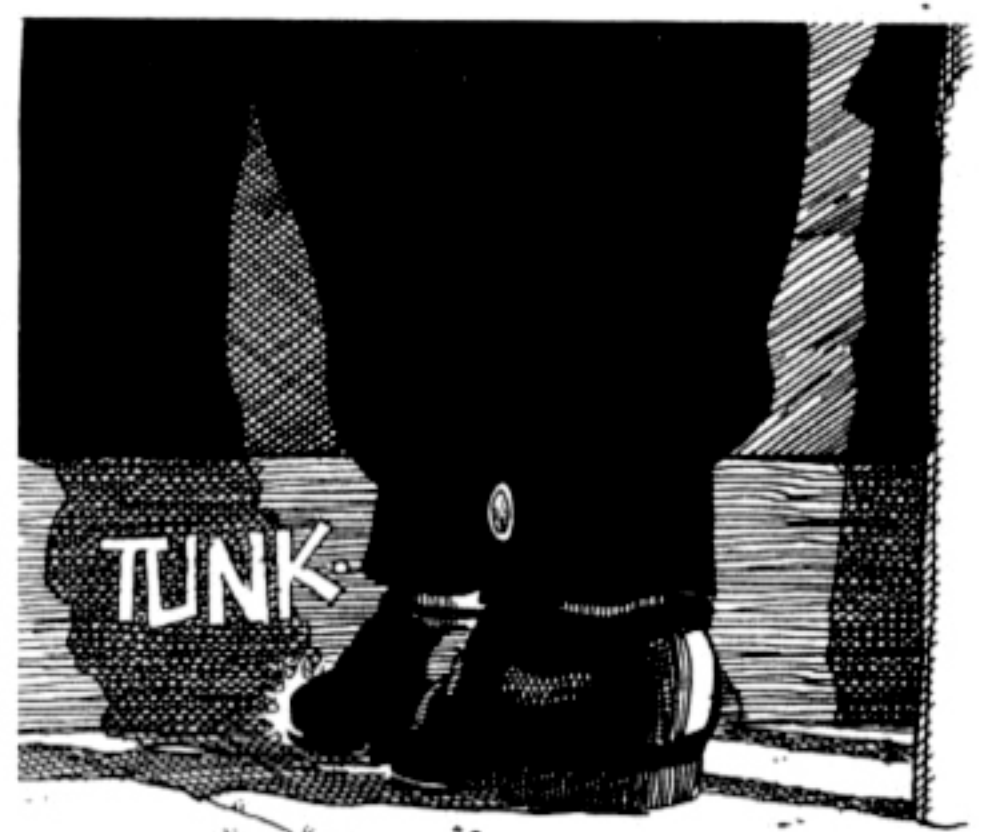
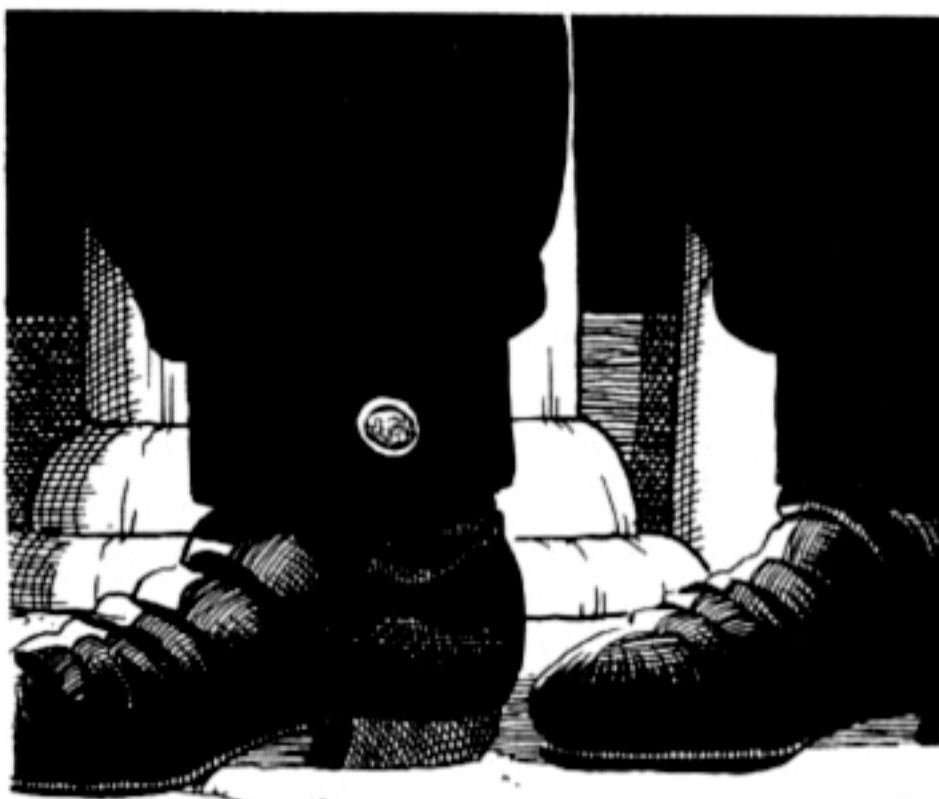
4 And the sanctvarie was













HE IS CRAZY

(HE HASN'T EVEN LOOKED AT CEREBUS)

HE'S JUST PACING OFF THE TAVERN

WHY IS HE PACING OFF THE TAVERN?

HE'S PACING OFF THE TAVERN BECAUSE

BECAUSE HE'S CRAZY

(WHAT'S CEREBUS GETTING SO UPSET ABOUT?)

CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW

P.S.T: HE'S COMING BACK THIS WAY!

HE'S ALMOST HERE!

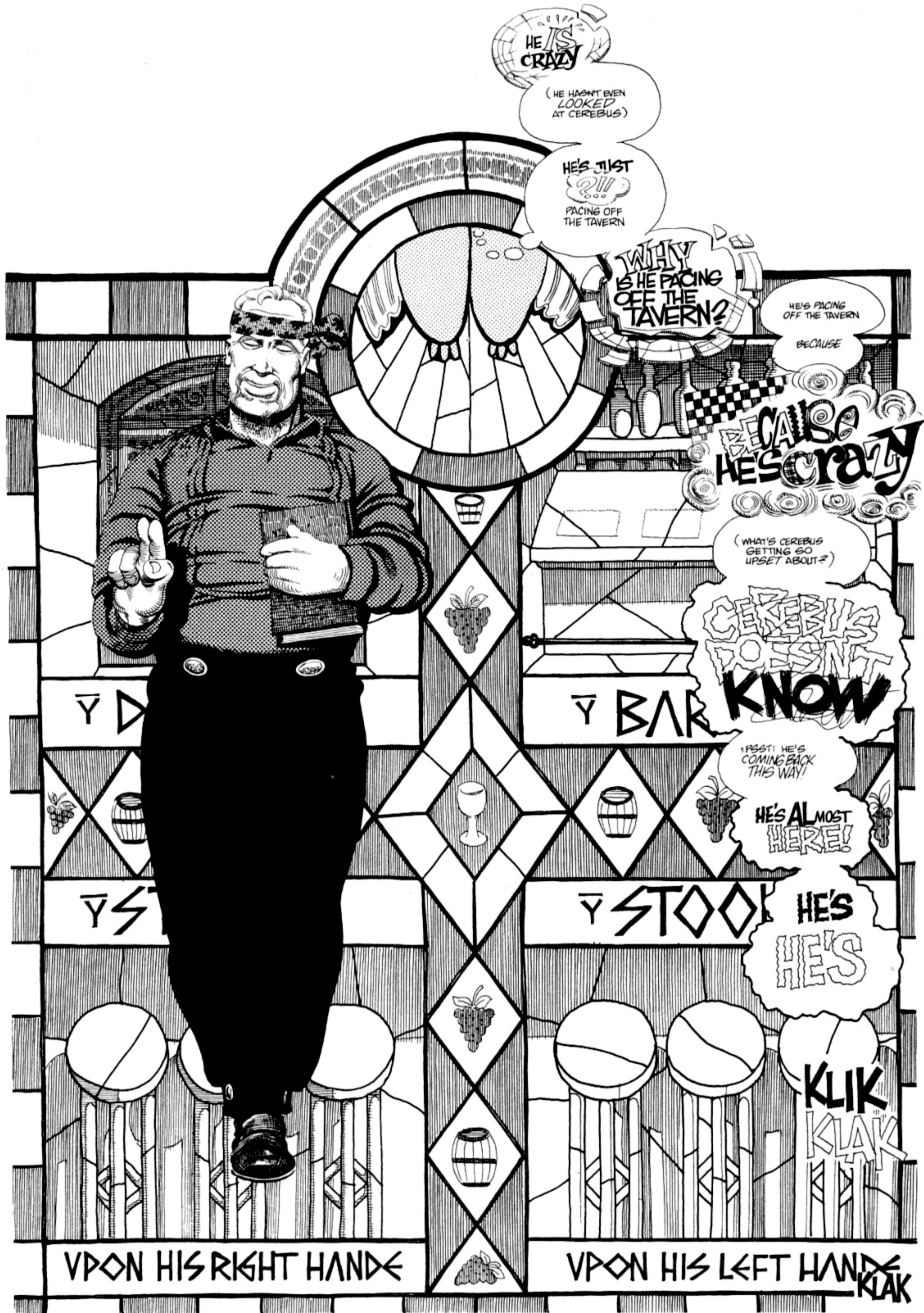
HE'S HE'S

KLIK KLAK

KLAK

V PON HIS RIGHT HAND

V PON HIS LEFT HAND







### CHAP. III

1. Ricke enunciates Truth : 4 the vestibule and the sanctvarie : 8 the windowes : 11 the table of the west wall : 14 the chairs of the west wall : 18 The Barre : 20 the stooles of The Barre : 25 the tables of the north wall : 28 the chairs of the north wall : 32 The Partition : 35 The Seat of Truth : 36 The Cushion of Reste : 43 the Table of the Foure : 46 latter daies : 49 Tableux of the Sanctvaries : 51 the foure parts of the Tableux : 52 the Seate of the Left Hande 53 the Boxe of the Wood : 55 the Forge and the Furnace : 58 the Seate of the Righte Hand



Utside the sanctvarie did Ricke begin to write of Cerebvs and the sanctvarie and the Truth:

2 ¶ Cerebvs was of the sanctvarie, and the sanctvarie was of Cerebvs.

3 Like vnto Cerebvs was the sanctvarie, and like vnto the sanctvarie was Cerebvs.

4 And the sanctvarie was ouer against the vestibule, and of the sanctvarie was the vestibule.

5 And the vestibule of the sanctvarie was four paces and one halfe in its width and four paces and one halfe in its lengthe.

6 And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctvarie on its outer side swung to the left vpon its inward part.

7 And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctvarie (which doore gave in vpon the sanctvarie) was ouer against the righte hande of the vestibule and swung to the righte vpon its inward part.

8 ¶ And six windowes were vpon the west wall of the sanctvarie. And the six windowes were each equall in size and square (hauing foure sides each and equall).

9 And the windowes of the west wall were in rowes of two, one vpon another. And in each of the rowes of two of the windowes of the west wall were three windowes each equall in size and square (hauing four sides each and equall)

10 And before the windowes of the west wall on the inward parte of the sanctvarie was a table.

11 And the table of the west wall was rounde vpon its top and vpon one center poste rested the top of the table of the west wall.

12 And the center poste of the table of the west wall was rounde like vnto a cylinder. Like vnto a cylinder was the center poste of the table of the west wall.

13 And the base of the table of the west wall was round like vnto the top of the table of the west wall howsobeit the base of the table of the west wall was smaller than the top of the table.

14 And there were two chairs ouer against the windowes of the west wall. To the north side going northward of the table of the west wall was one chair and to the south side going southward of the table of the west wall was an other chair.

15 And each of the chairs ouer againste the windowes of the west wall had each a backe vpon them.

16 And the backes of the chairs of the west wall were both square (like vnto the doore and the windowes) vpon their downward side and rounde (like vnto the top of the table and the base of the table of the west wall) vpon their upward side.

17 And the backes of the chairs of the west wall rested vpon two small postes like



vnto cylinders (tho not so large as the center poste of the table of the west wall) which ioined the backes of the chairs to the seates of the chairs of the west wall. Like vnto the small postes were the legges of the chairs of the west wall. And each chair had four legges which were round like vnto the two small postes.

18 ¶ Standing forward of the South Wall was The Barre behinde which Cerebvs stood (vpon boxes of vnfinished wood hauing many splinters which vexed and troubled him sorely)

19 And the length of The Barre was eighteen paces. Eighteen paces was the length of The Barre standing forward of the South Wall.

20 And before The Barre of the South Wall stood stooles.

21 And the stooles of The Barre were taller than the chairs of the table of the west wall. Like vnto the chairs of the west wall were the stooles of The Barre except hauing no backes and being taller; and the seates of the stooles of The Barre were round like vnto the top of the table of the west wall.

22 And like vnto the legges of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the legges of the stooles of The Barre and round.

23 And the stooles of The Barre were sixe in number. Sixe in number were the stooles of The Barre.

24 And three of the stooles of The Barre were vpon Cerebvses right hande, and three of the stooles of The Barre were vpon Cerebvses left hande.

25 ¶ And ouer against the north wall were three tables. Three tables were ouer against the north wall.

26 Like vnto the table of the west wall were the three tables of the north wall howsobeit that the three tables of the north wall were taller than the table of the west wall; and the tops of the three tables of the north wall were of smaller circumference than the top of the table of the west wall.

27 But the center postes of the three tables of the north wall were like vnto the centre poste of the table of the west wall in their circumference; and the bases of the tables of the north wall were alike vnto the base of the table of the west wall.

28 And each of the three tables of the north wall had two chairs each. Two chairs each had the three tables of the north wall.

29 And each of the three tables of the north wall had one chair vpon its east side running eastward; and each of the three tables of the north wall had one chair vpon its west side running westward.

30 Like unto the stooles of The Barre were the chairs of the tables of the north wall, howsobeit that the chairs of the tables of the north wall had backes (which in the stooles of The Barre were lacking thereof).

31 Like vnto the backes of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the backes of the chairs of the tables of the north wall.

32 And vpon the north wall of the sanctuarie, eastward of the three tables of the north wall was The Partition.

33 ¶ And The Partition was foure paces in its width and was halfe of one hands width in its depth and The Partition was attached to the north wall and ascended to the full height of the north wall and was attached to the ceiling of the sanctuarie.

34 And The Partition stood out from the north wall rvnning southward foure paces.

35 ¶ Eastward of The Partition ouer againste the north wall (two paces eastward) was the Seate of Truth, hewen of the finest timbres and of square beames.

36 Vpon the backe of the Seate of Truth was the Cushion of Reste, rounde and woven of the finest silke and embroidered with threade of blew and scarlett and purple.

37 And vpon the Seate of Truth sat Ricke with his Booke iudging al matters as they pertained to Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and Truth.

38 It was vpon the Seate of Truth that Ricke was first told of Goe On and Beate It and Scramme by Cerebvs, that Ricke might write his Booke of Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and Truth.

39 Likewise was Ricke vpon the Seate of Truth when Cerebvs did call foorth the Queene of All Daemons to test Ricke in his faith.

40 Still likewise was Ricke upon the Seate of Truth when Cerebvs was taken by his Daemon Selfe and sought to imprison Ricke in the depths of the Infinitie Serpents realm.

41 Ricke was of the Seate of Truth and the Seate of Truth was of Ricke.

42 Like vnto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like vnto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

43 ¶ Eastward of the Seate of Truth was the Table of the Foure.

44 And the Table of the Foure stood on the left hande of Ricke when he sat vpon the Seat of Truth.

45 Like vnto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall was the Table of the Foure howsobeit that the Table of the Foure was shorter than either the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. Also was the Table of the Foure greater in the circumference of its top than the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. In all other respects was the Table of the Foure like vnto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall.

46 It was at the Table of the Foure that Ricke foresaw the latter daies of Cerebvs and of the sanctuarie and of Truth.

47 Howsobeit that Ricke spake not vnto Cerebvs of his vision of the latter daies for such was it giuen vnto Ricke of the Seate of Truth that Ricke onely should know these things.

48 Like vnto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like vnto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

49 ¶ Ouer againste the south wall eastward of the Barre (which side of the Barre being of a strait line with the Partition) and standing before the Seate of Truth was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries.

50 And the Tableaux of the Sanctuaries spoke to the Seate of Truth and to Ricke of all things concerning Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and the Truth.

51 Of foure parts was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries; of the Tableux of the Sanctuaries was there foure parts.

52 ¶ Of the first part of the Tableaux of the Sanctuaries was the Seate of the Left Hande standing at the meeting of the west wall and of the south wall forward of the Table of the Foure and hauing as its' righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure. And the interpretation was of the Infinitie Serpent for the Seate of the Left Hande was the Infinitie Serpents Seate.

53 ¶ And to the righte of the Seate of the Left Hande stood the Boxe of the Woode forward of the Table of the Foure and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure. And the interpretation was of the Infinitie Serpent for the woode of the Boxe of the Woode were the soules of those held by the Infinite Serpent. And the interpretation was also of Tarim for the woode of the Boxe of the Woode held likewise the soules which were of Tarim and which would be claimed by Tarim in the latter daies.

54 And the Boxe of the Woode was like vnto the boxes vpon which Cerebvs stood (being vnfinished).

55 ¶ And to the righte of the Boxe of the Woode was the Forge of the Refinement which was also the Furnace of the Eternal Fire standing forward of the Seate of Truth and vpon the left hande of the Seate of Truth and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure.

56 And the righte interpretation of the Forge of Refinement was of Tarim for in it would Tarim refine the soules which he would claim in the latter daies.

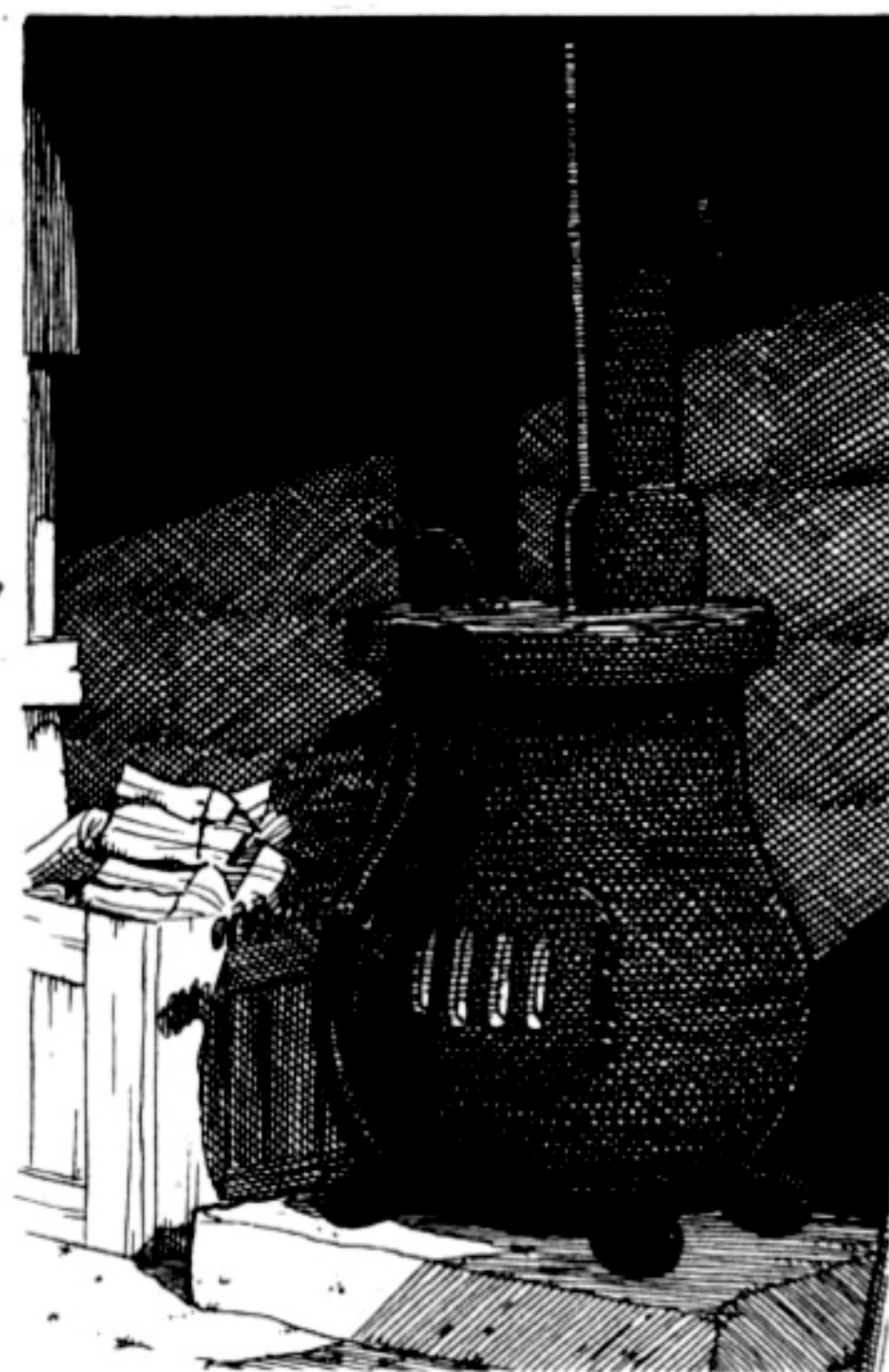
57 And the righte interpretation of the Furnace of the Eternal Fire was of the Infinitie Serpent for in it would the soules not claimed by Tarim burn in euerlasting fire.

58 ¶ Ouer againste the south wall in the corner formed of the south wall and the eastward side of the Barre and to the righte of the Forge Which Was The Furnace and the Furnace Which Was The Forge stood the Seate of the Righte Hande standing forward of the Seate of Truth and vpon the righte hand of the Seate of Truth and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the foure chairs of the Table of the Foure.

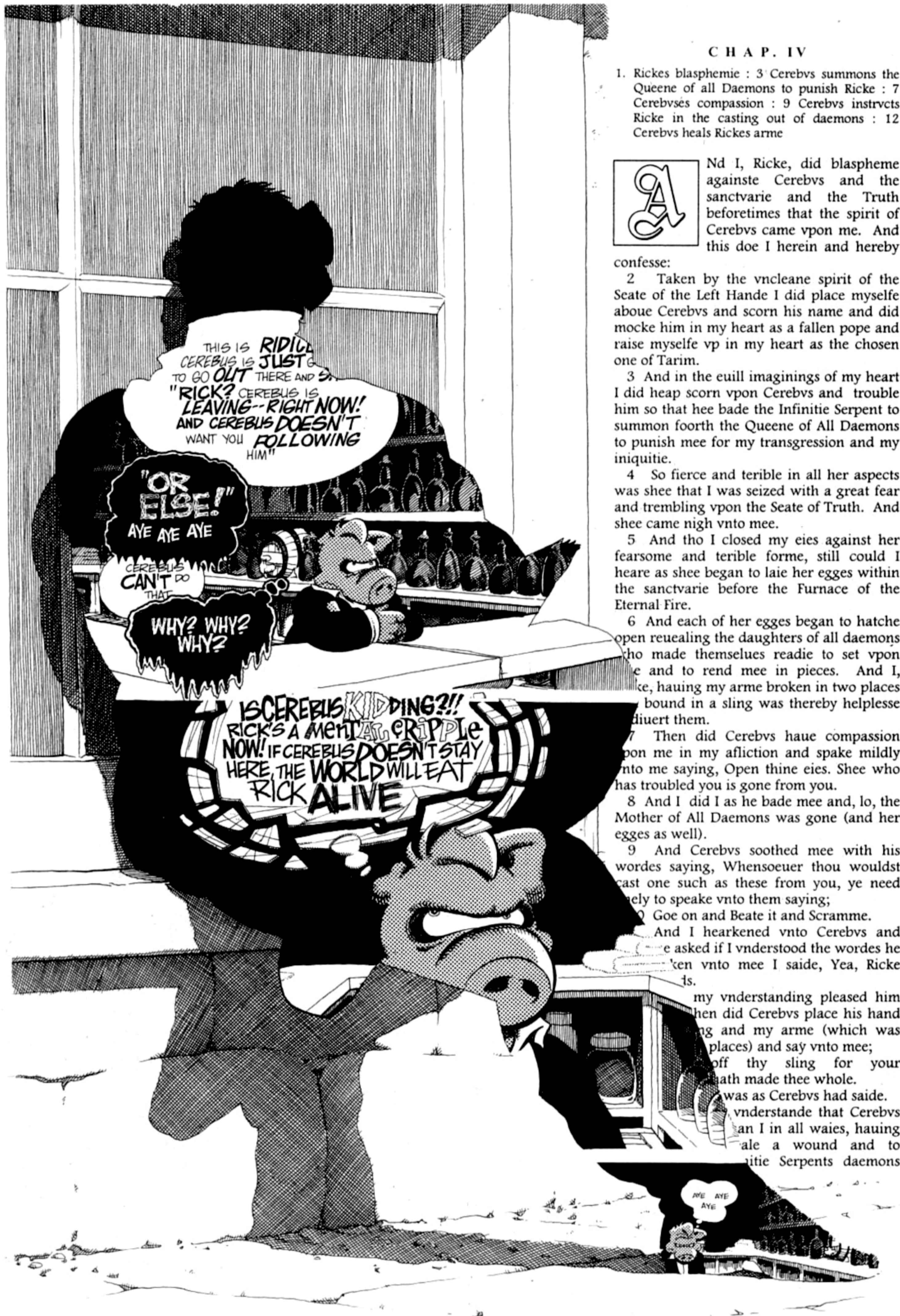
59 And the righte interpretation of the Seate of the Righte Hand was of Tarim.

60 Tarim was of the Seate of the Righte Hand and of the Seate of the Righte Hand was Tarim.

61 Like vnto Tarim was the Seate of the Righte Hand and like vnto the Seate of the Righte Hand was Tarim, euerlasting vnto euerlasting.







# CHAP. IV

1. Rickes blasphemie : 3 Cerebus summons the
- Queene of all Daemons to punish Ricke : 7
- Cerebus's compassion : 9 Cerebus instructs
- Ricke in the casting out of daemons : 12
- Cerebus heals Rickes arme



And I, Ricke, did blaspheme againste Cerebus and the sanctuarie and the Truth beforetimes that the spirit of Cerebus came vpon me. And this doe I herein and hereby

confesse:

2 Taken by the vnclane spirit of the Seate of the Left Hande I did place myselfe aboute Cerebus and scorn his name and did mocke him in my heart as a fallen pope and raise myselfe vp in my heart as the chosen one of Tarim.

3 And in the euill imaginings of my heart I did heap scorn vpon Cerebus and trouble him so that hee bade the Infinitie Serpent to summon forth the Queene of All Daemons to punish mee for my transgression and my iniquitie.

4 So fierce and terrible in all her aspects was shee that I was seized with a great fear and trembling vpon the Seate of Truth. And shee came nigh vnto mee.

5 And tho I closed my eies against her fearsome and terrible forme, still could I heare as shee began to laie her egges within the sanctuarie before the Furnace of the Eternal Fire.

6 And each of her egges began to hatche open reuealing the daughters of all daemons who made themselues readie to set vpon me and to rend mee in pieces. And I, Ricke, hauing my arme broken in two places bound in a sling was thereby helpelesse to diuert them.

7 Then did Cerebus haue compassion vpon me in my affliction and spake mildly vnto me saying, Open thine eies. Shee who has troubled you is gone from you.

8 And I did I as he bade mee and, lo, the Mother of All Daemons was gone (and her egges as well).

9 And Cerebus soothed mee with his wordes saying, Whensoever thou wouldst cast one such as these from you, ye neede only to speake vnto them saying;

Go on and Beate it and Scramme.

And I hearkened vnto Cerebus and he asked if I vnderstood the wordes he had spoken vnto mee I saide, Yea, Ricke answered.

my vnderstanding pleased him when did Cerebus place his hand vnto my arme (which was broken in two places) and say vnto mee;

Take off thy sling for your paine hath made thee whole.

As was Cerebus had saide.

I vnderstande that Cerebus had saide that I in all waies, hauing healed a wound and to cast out the Infinitie Serpents daemons



## CHAP. V

1. Rickes second test : 3 Cerebvs intreats Tarim to send Ioanne : 5 Cerebvs takes counsell with Ioanne : 7 Ricke and Ioanne speake together : 10 Ioanne is astonished by Rickes vnderstanding :

**B**ut Cerebvs knew in his greater wisdom that tho Ricke had now a greater vnderstanding than hee had beforetimes; still was Rickes vnderstanding not yet perfite like vnto the wisdom and vnderstanding of Cerebvs.

2 And so it came to passe that on the following daie Cerebvs did deuise a test for Ricke to try Rickes faith and vnderstanding.

3 And Cerebvs did intreat of Tarim that he should vnto the sanctuarie one of his Angels which was called Ioanne.

4 And when Ricke beheld Ioanne, Ricke heard that within his chest for exceeding faire and her nature her light to the brilliant.

5 And Cerebvs saw Ricke Ioanne king of his p Rickes







## CHAP. VI

1. Ricke returns to the sanctuarie : 2 the Prophet Viktor : 3 Cerebus enunciates the Truth : 10 Cerebus calls forth Ioanne : 11 Rickes faith and vnderstanding is tested : 34 the Cuppes of Vnderstanding

**T**Hus did Ricke returne vnto the sanctuarie with a grieuous wounde vpon the righte side of his head and euen more grieuous a wounde vpon the left side of his chest so that hee suffered euen vnto death.

2 And Cerebus quoted the prophet Viktor vnto Ricke saying, Hee who chases after women will get what hee deserues (that Ricke might know he had bene tested in his faith and his vnderstanding).

3 And Cerebus spake further vnto Ricke saying, Shee was euen a woman you had iust met.

4 And Ricke vnderstoode the Truth of Cerebuses wordes.

5 ¶ And Cerebus saide, Griewe yee not for a woman yee haue not lain with, for there is no profite for thee in this.

6 And Ricke likewise vnderstoode the Truth of these wordes of Cerebus.

7 And Cerebus saide further, Euen hadst thou lain with her one time or, yea, euen hadst thou lain with her vnto seuen and seuentie times, euen so would there bee no profite for thee in griewing for any woman.

8 And Cerebus in testing Ricke of his faith and vnderstanding inquired of Ricke, Seest thou any profite in griewing for any woman?

9 And Ricke replying vnto Cerebus answered vnto him saying, Nay.

10 ¶ Then did Cerebus call forth the Angel called Ioanne hauing now the forme of a woman. And shee came forth on the shrieking of a great winde.

11 And Ioanne did inquire after Rickes welfare and did accuse Cerebus of striking Ricke.

12 And Cerebus inquired of Ricke asking, Wilt thou have this strange woman to minister vnto thee in the sanctuarie?

13 And Cerebuses spirit was vpon Ricke insomuch that Ricke saw that Ioanne was not an Angel but merely a woman (howsobeit a woman hauing great melons).

14 And then the woman Ioanne did seize Ricke and aske of Ricke, Am I not the Angel who spoke with thee and who smiled vpon thee?

15 And Ricke denied her not of this saying.

16 And the darknesse like vnto darke waters came vpon Ricke in that moment.

17 And when Ricke came again to himselfe, lo, hee was bound in fetters and stode in a lake of liuing fire and a deuill hauing Ioannes voice was rending the flesh of Rickes woundes with the handes of a uiper like vnto a scorpion and speaking vnto Ricke saying, Hold ye stil.

18 And saying as well, I am not bad, I am not bad.

19 And againe the darknesse like vnto darke waters came vpon Ricke.

20 And when Ricke came again to himselfe, Ioanne had once more the forme of a woman and was speaking vnto Ricke and saying, Yee haue no wounde; and further saying, I did not attend thee last night for my mother was taken with a feuer.



21 ¶ And then did Cerebvs (being taken by the aspect of his Daemon Selfe) adiure her, saying;

22 Speake not thy lies vnto us within the sanctuarie but get thee hence, deuill.

23 And the woman Ioanne spake vnto Ricke saying, I speake no lies, for am I not an Angel as yee haue seen?

24 And of a Truthe in that moment shee did become radiant and exceding fair like vnto the Angel Ricke had seen.

25 ¶ And Cerebvs spake vnto Ricke a parable saying, Doth the Angel of Tarim haue a grandmother taken with the ringworme? Or doth her vncke haue the gout? And in hauing these wil shee not keepe herselfe apart from thee alwaies?

26 And Ricke vnderstood not this parable that Cerebvs had spoken in his greater wisdom (that Ricke might know his own lacke in faith and vnderstanding).

27 And Ricke, hauing no certaintie if Ioanne was woman or deuill or Angel inquired of her; Was thy mother Truly taken with a feuer as thou has saide?

28 And in stead of Ioanne there was suddenly a great deuill, tormenting Ricke with the tongue of a uiper like vnto a scorpion and saying vnto Ricke;

29 Ye haue cast out the Angel of Tarim by your word and shee has gone farre from thee foreuer and alwaies for thou hast called your Angel a Liar.

30 At the wordes of the deuill Ricke was taken with a great fear and trembling in thinking that hee had cast out his Angel.

31 ¶ And when the three had gone forth from the sanctuarie, Ricke inquired of Cerebvs, Did shee lie? (howsobeit Ricke knew not himselfe whether he asked of the woman or the deuill or the Angel).

32 But Cerebvs hauing a perfite vnderstanding of all that was in the heart of Ricke euen of those things hidden from Ricke himselfe spake vnto Ricke saying,

33 They all lie (meaning the woman the deuill and the Angel).

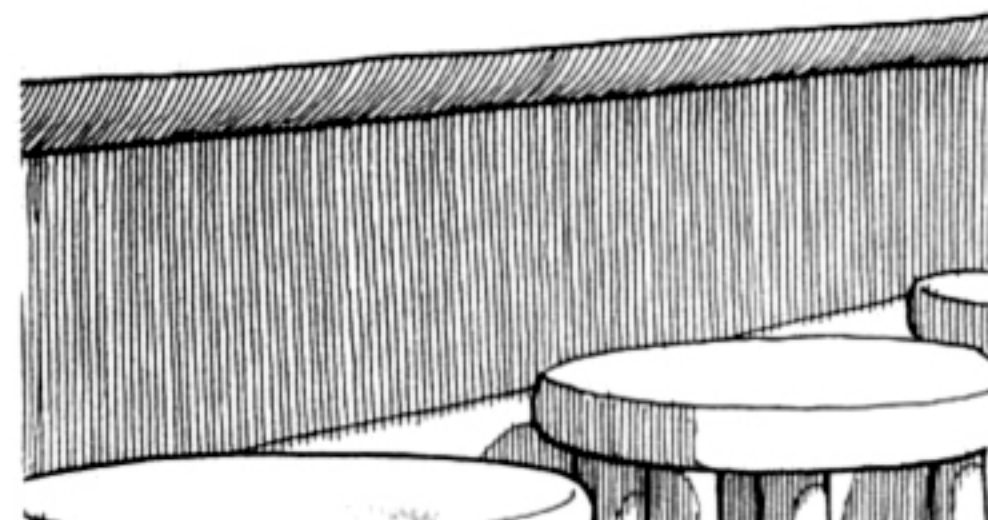
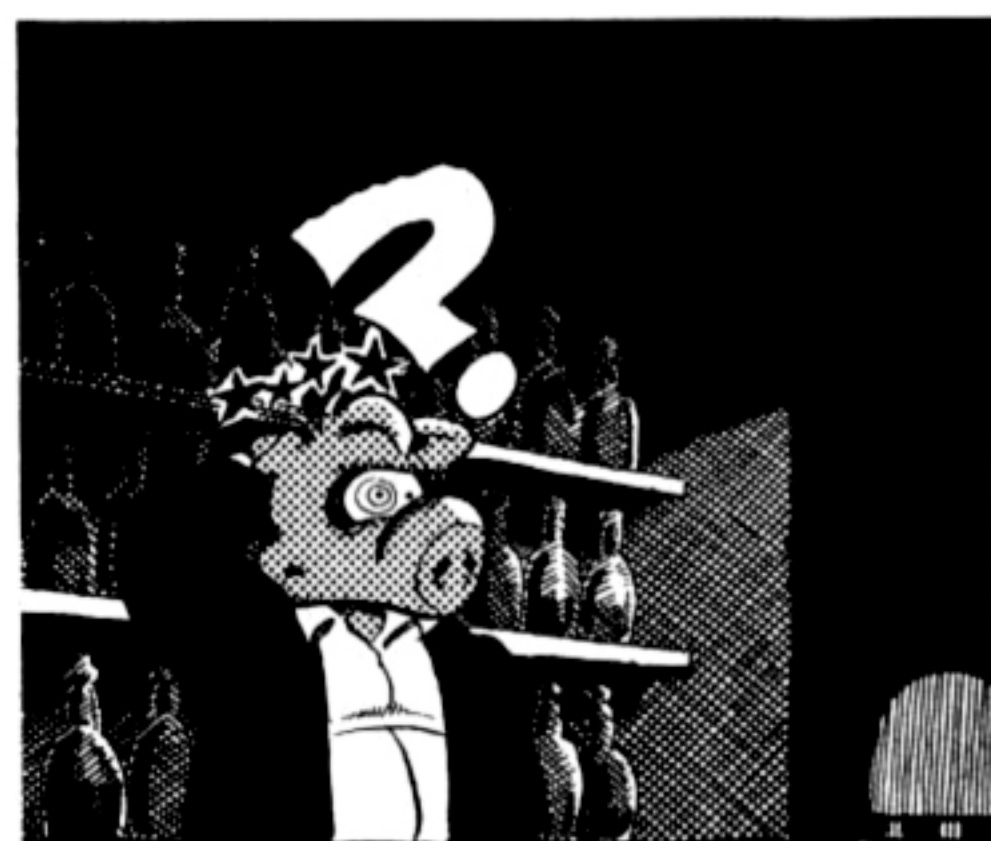
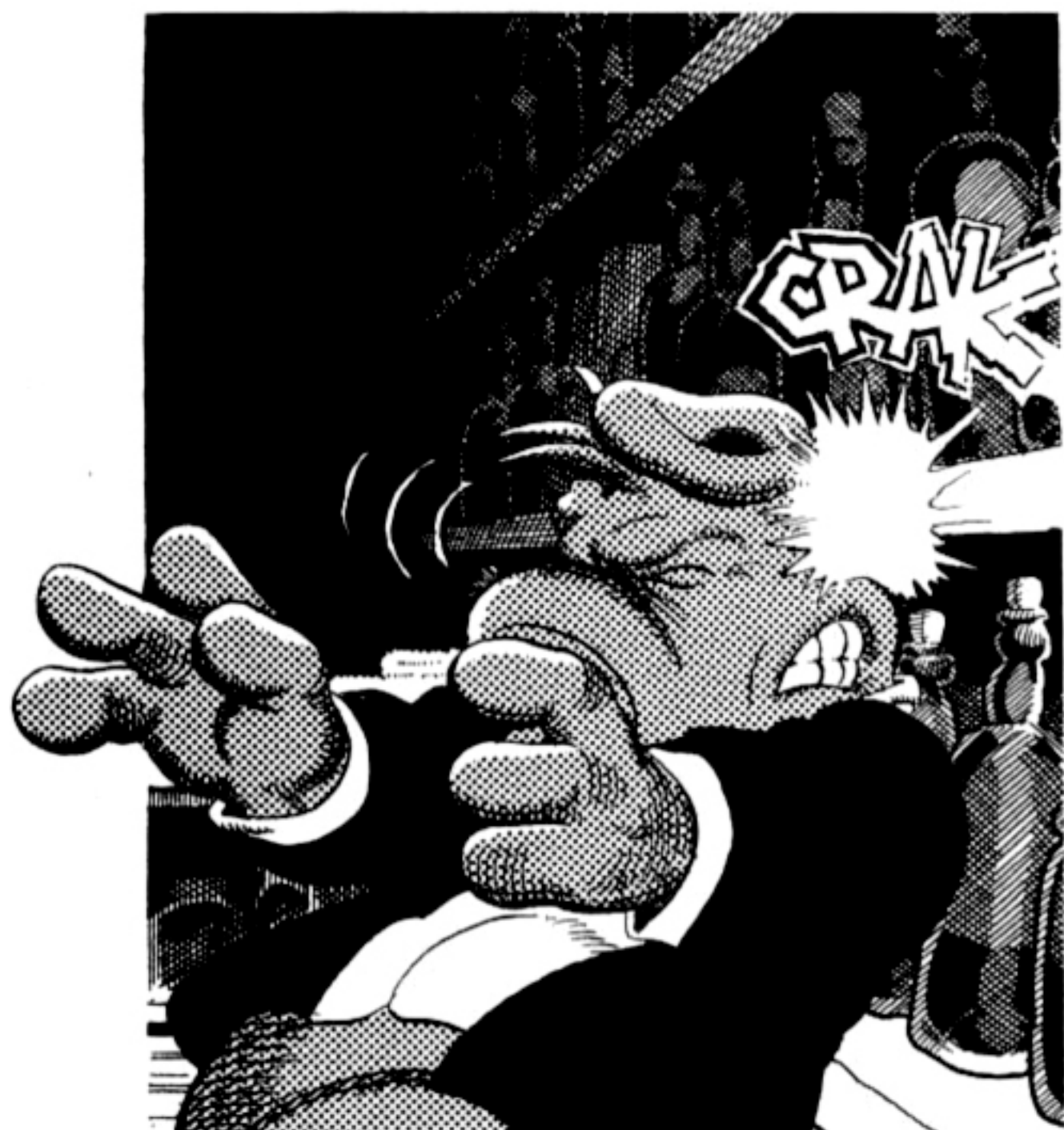
34 And Ricke vnderstood these words of Cerebvs with a more perfite vnderstanding then beforetimes.

35 And seeing Rickes more perfite vnderstanding Cerebvs ministered vnto Ricke with the Cuppes of Vnderstanding that Ricke might further perfect his faith and vnderstanding (telling Ricke many parables of the Pig whose purse had ensnared the uitals of the Beare).

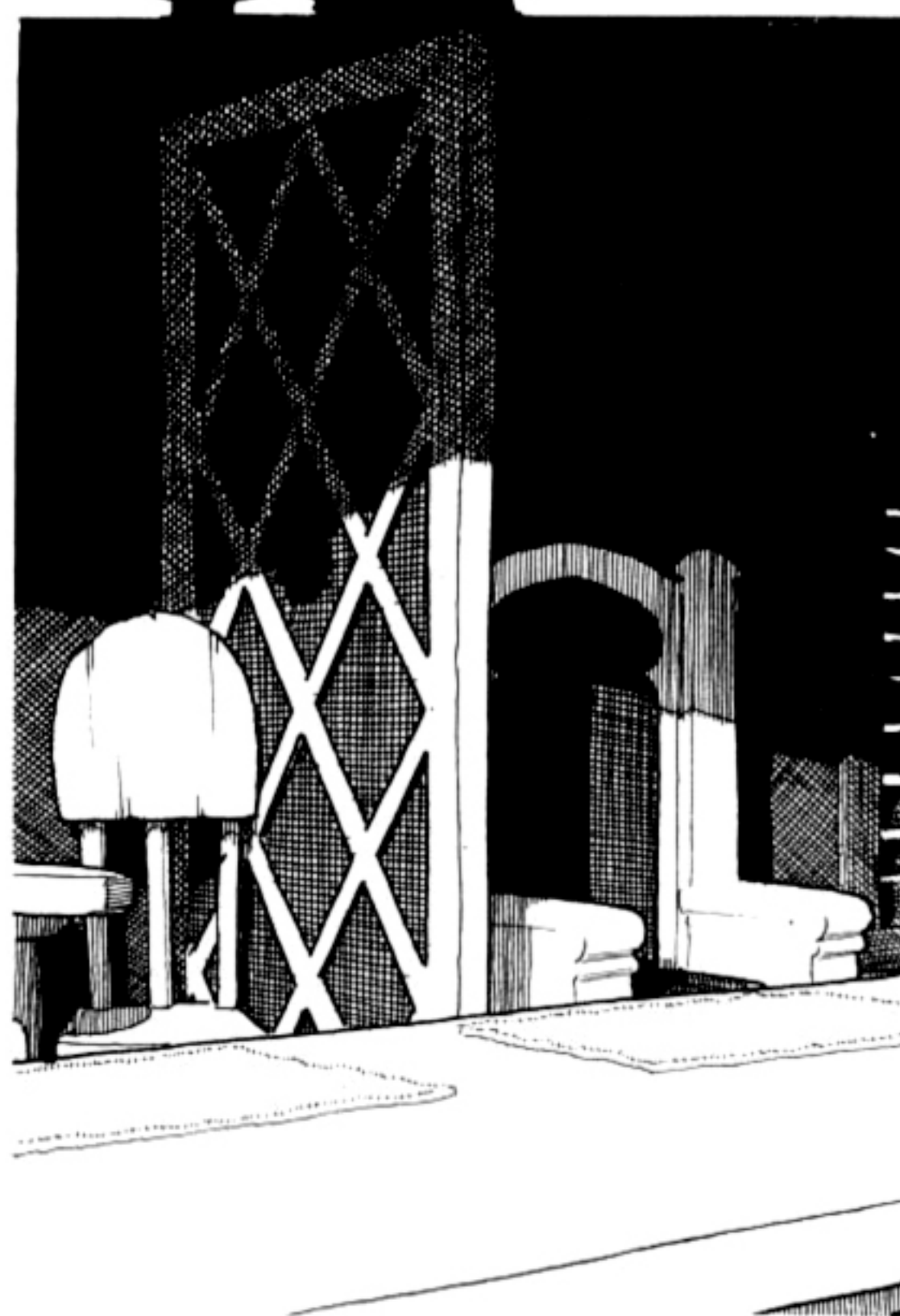
36 ¶ And it came to passe that a great light shone vpon Ricke euen as his vnderstanding and his faith became perfect like vnto that of Cerebvs. And euen as Ricke considered how hee had bene ensnared by the woman and the deuill and had bene wont to leave Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and the Truth, lo, it came to passe of a moment that Ricke saw the gates of Vanaheim opening vnto him and a lowd voice speaking vnto Ricke the Two Parts of the Great Truth:

37 They All Leave and They All

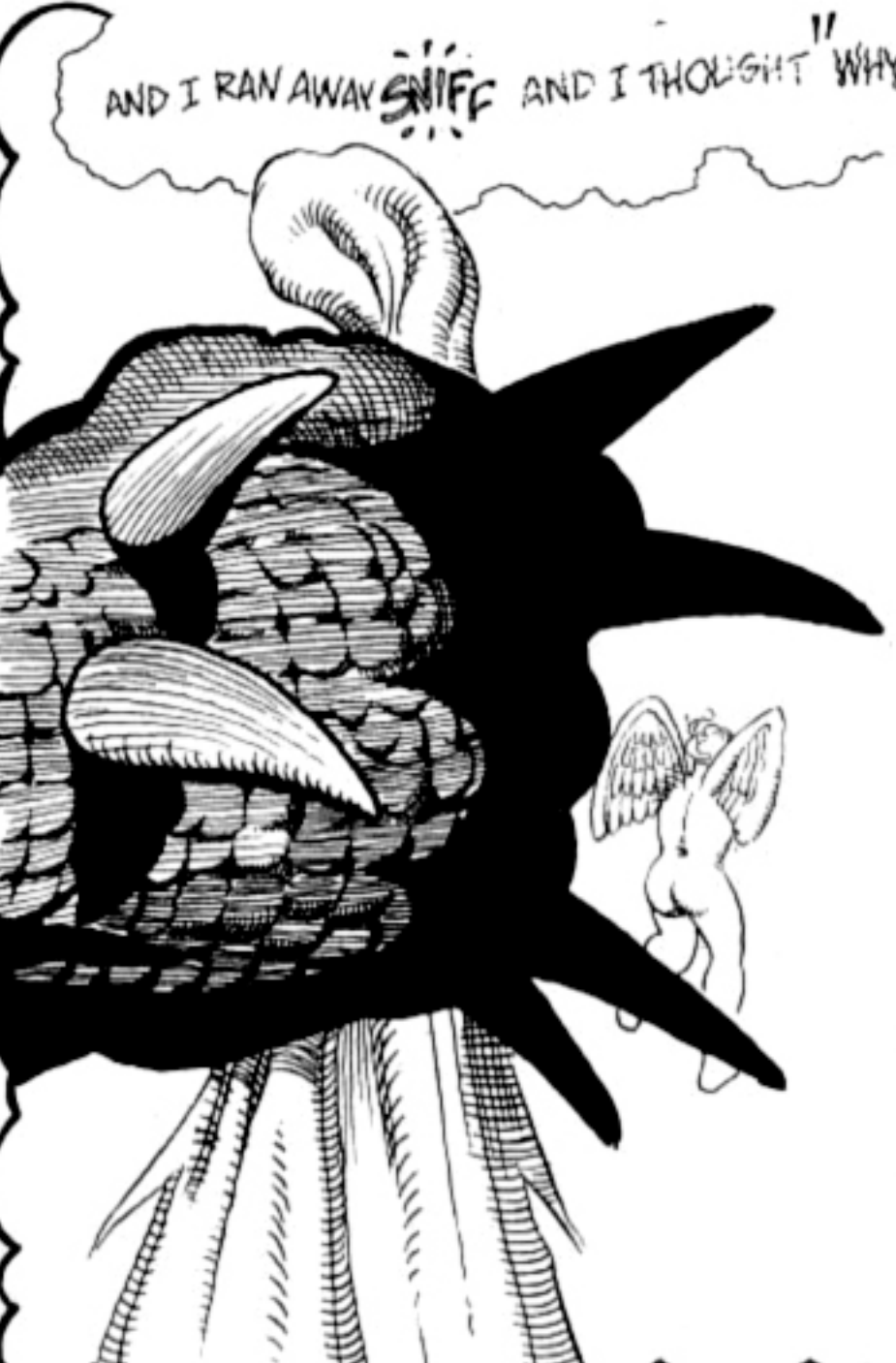
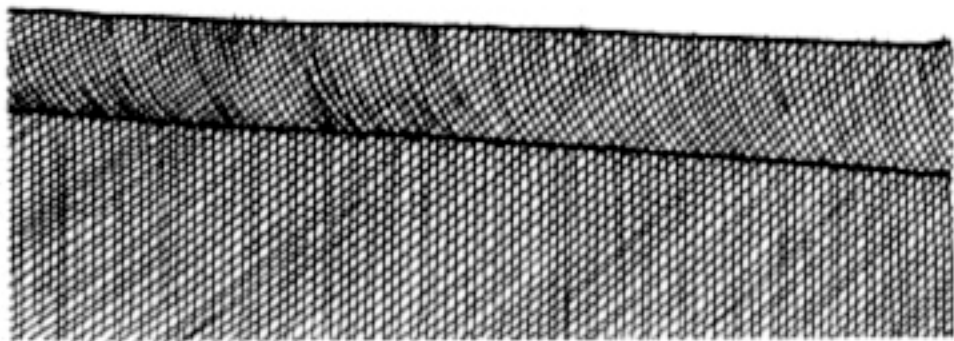
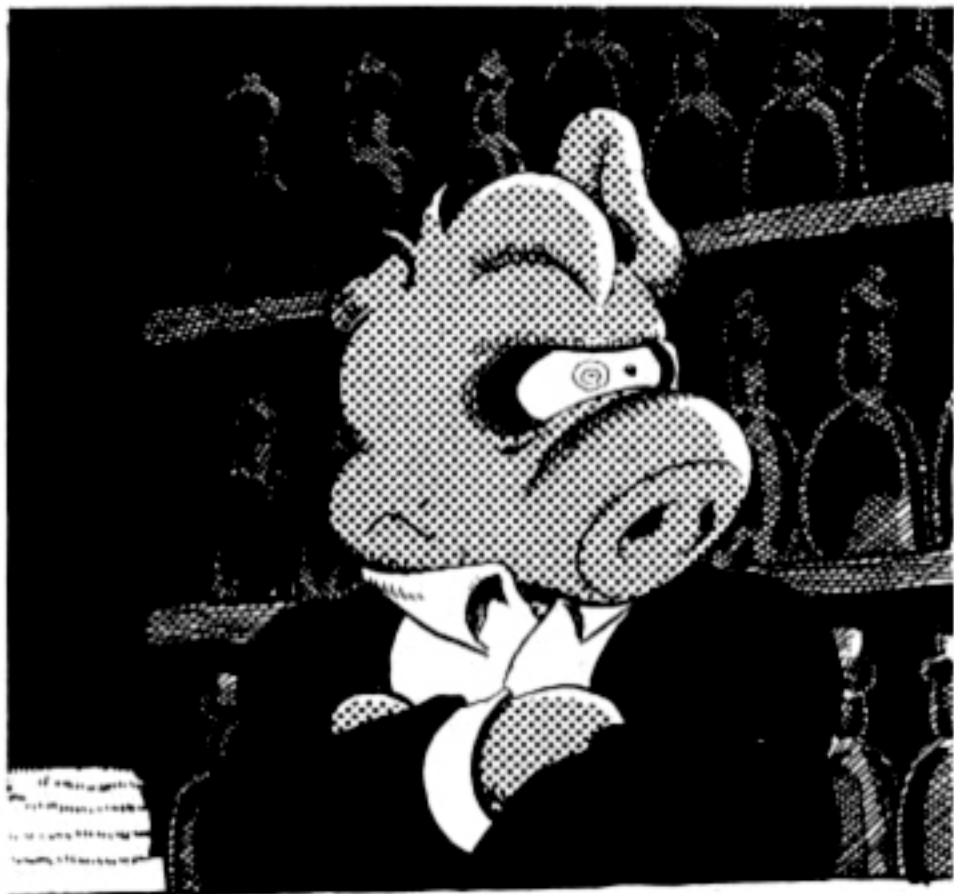
38 I'M SORRY!















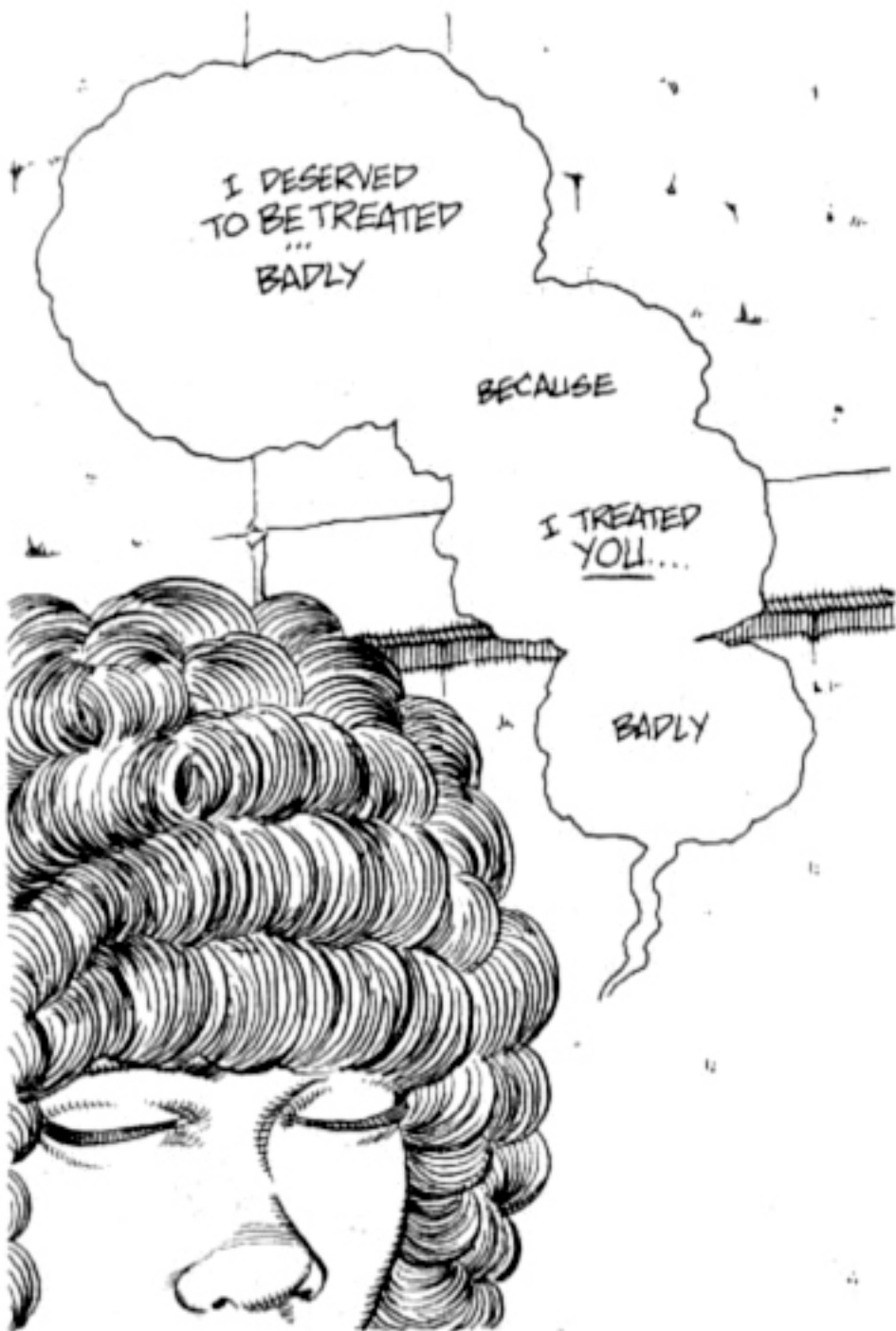
SHE CAME  
BACK!

PLEASE TARM DON'T  
LET RICK SAY OR DO  
ANYTHING STUPID TO  
SCARE HER AWAY  
OR MAKE HER MAD  
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE IF  
CEREBUS HASN'T  
BEEN DRINKING  
(EXCEPT FOR BONFIRE  
NIGHT) AND CEREBUS  
HASN'T BEEN SWEARING  
AND CEREBUS HASN'T  
SLEPT WITH A HARLOT  
SINCE JOANNE LEFT  
AND CEREBUS  
PROMISES TO TRY  
TO BE GOOD ALL  
THE TIME OH PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE



I... I BROUGHT  
IT ON MYSELF  
THOUGH

I KNOW  
THAT



I DESERVED  
TO BE TREATED  
...  
BADLY

BECAUSE

I TREATED  
YOU...

...  
BADLY



PLEASE



SNIFF



YOU TOLD ME ...  
THAT WOMEN ... NEVER  
ADMIT THAT THEY'RE  
...  
WRONG ... ABOUT  
...  
ANYTHING  
...

... IMPORTANT

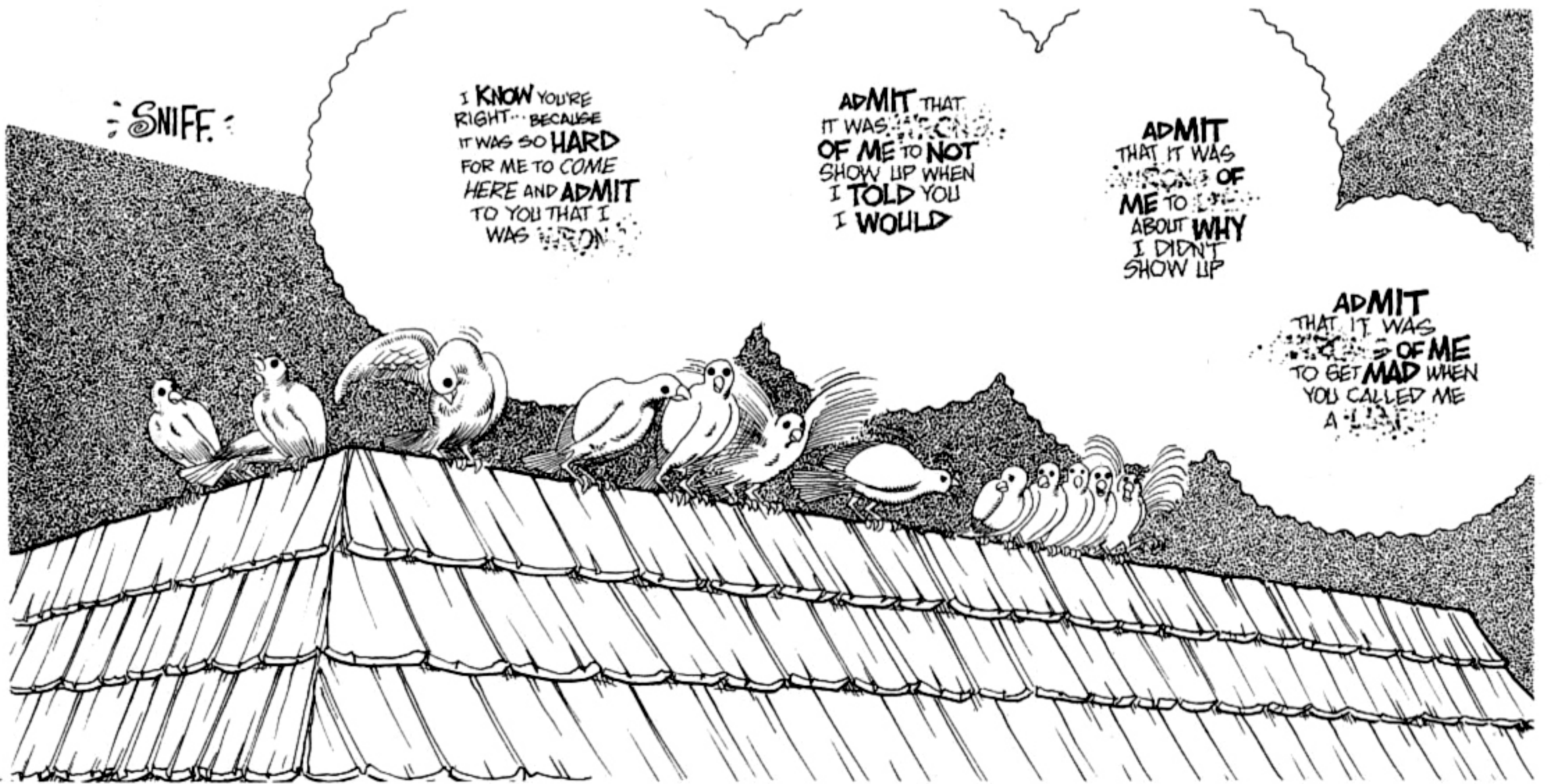
AND



AND  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT...

GLP





SNIFF

I KNOW YOU'RE  
RIGHT... BECAUSE  
IT WAS SO HARD  
FOR ME TO COME  
HERE AND ADMIT  
TO YOU THAT I  
WAS

ADMIT THAT  
IT WAS OF ME TO NOT  
SHOW UP WHEN  
I TOLD YOU  
I WOULD

ADMIT  
THAT IT WAS  
OF ME TO  
ABOUT WHY  
I DIDN'T  
SHOW UP

ADMIT  
THAT IT WAS  
OF ME  
TO GET MAD WHEN  
YOU CALLED ME  
A



SNIFF

AND...  
IT'S SO HARD  
FOR ME TO  
COME HERE

AND TELL  
YOU THAT I'M  
VERY VERY  
VERY

AND  
TO SAY...

EVEN THOUGH  
I'M JUST JOANNE  
I HOPE WE CAN  
PUT ALL OF THIS  
BEHIND US...

AND START  
OVER



PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE PLEASE  
PLEASE

FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP  
FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP  
FLAP FLAP FLAP

AND

THAT YOU'LL  
COME AND... AND  
VISIT ME... AT  
THE STARCHILD  
TONIGHT

SO

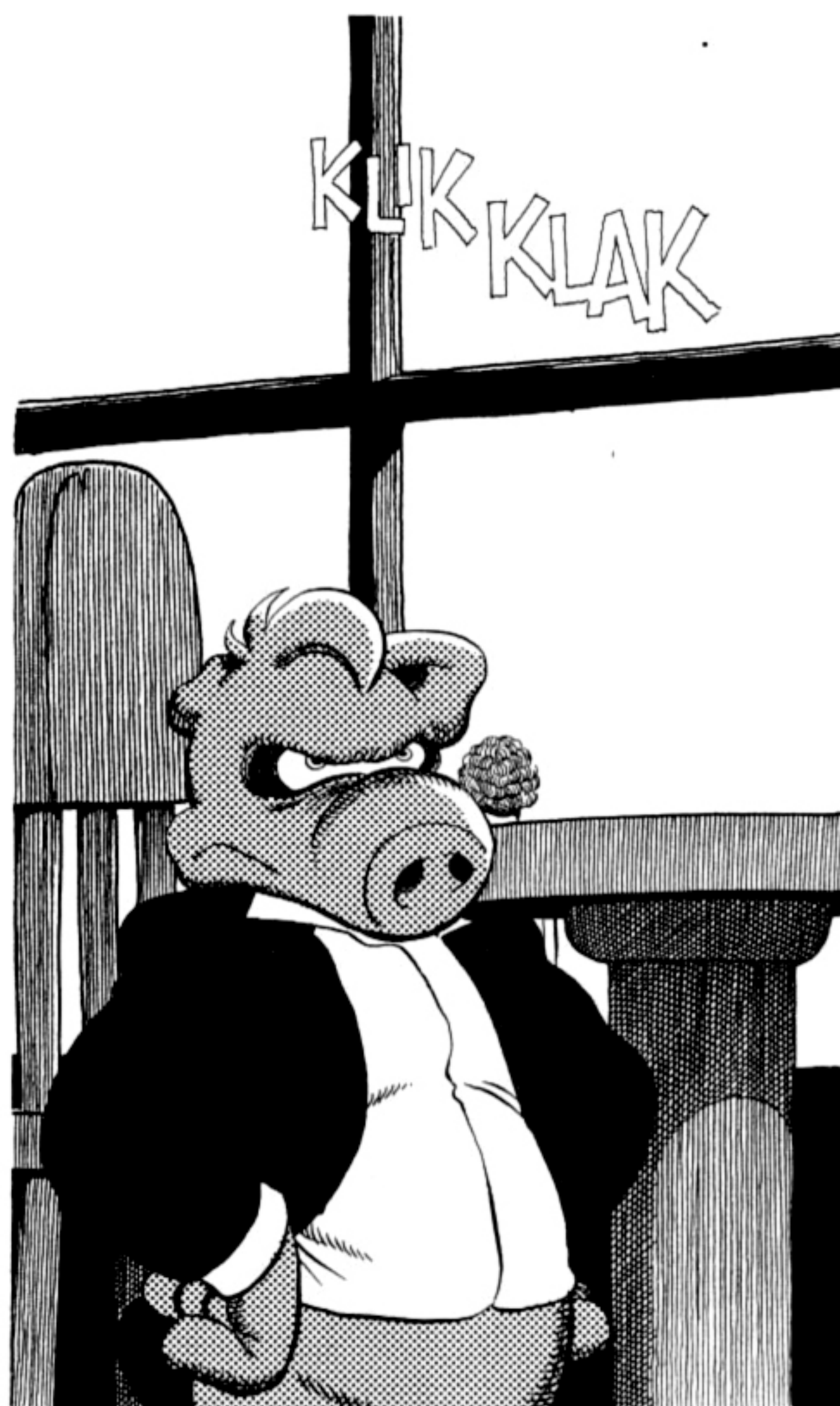
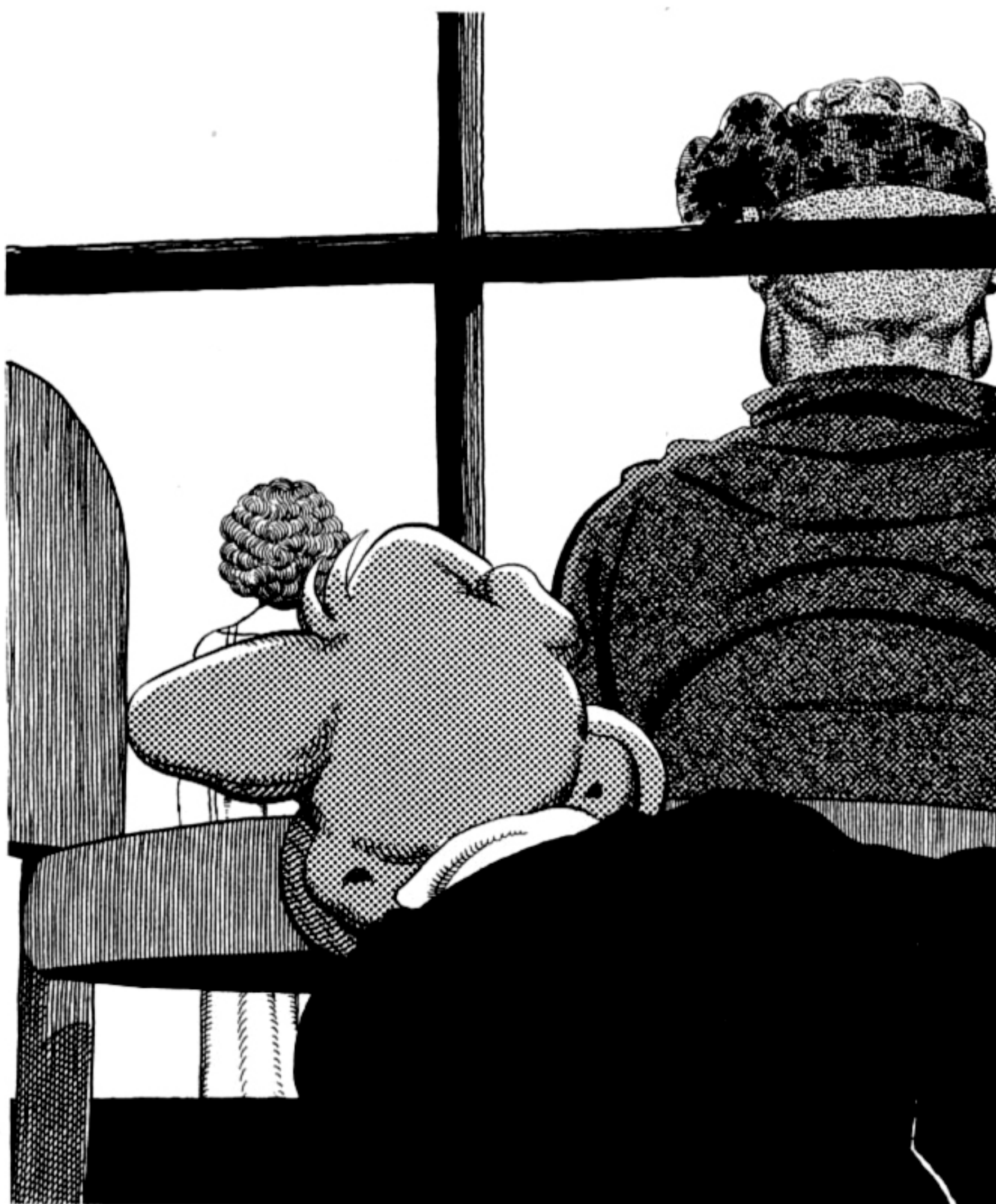
SO WE CAN  
... TALK.



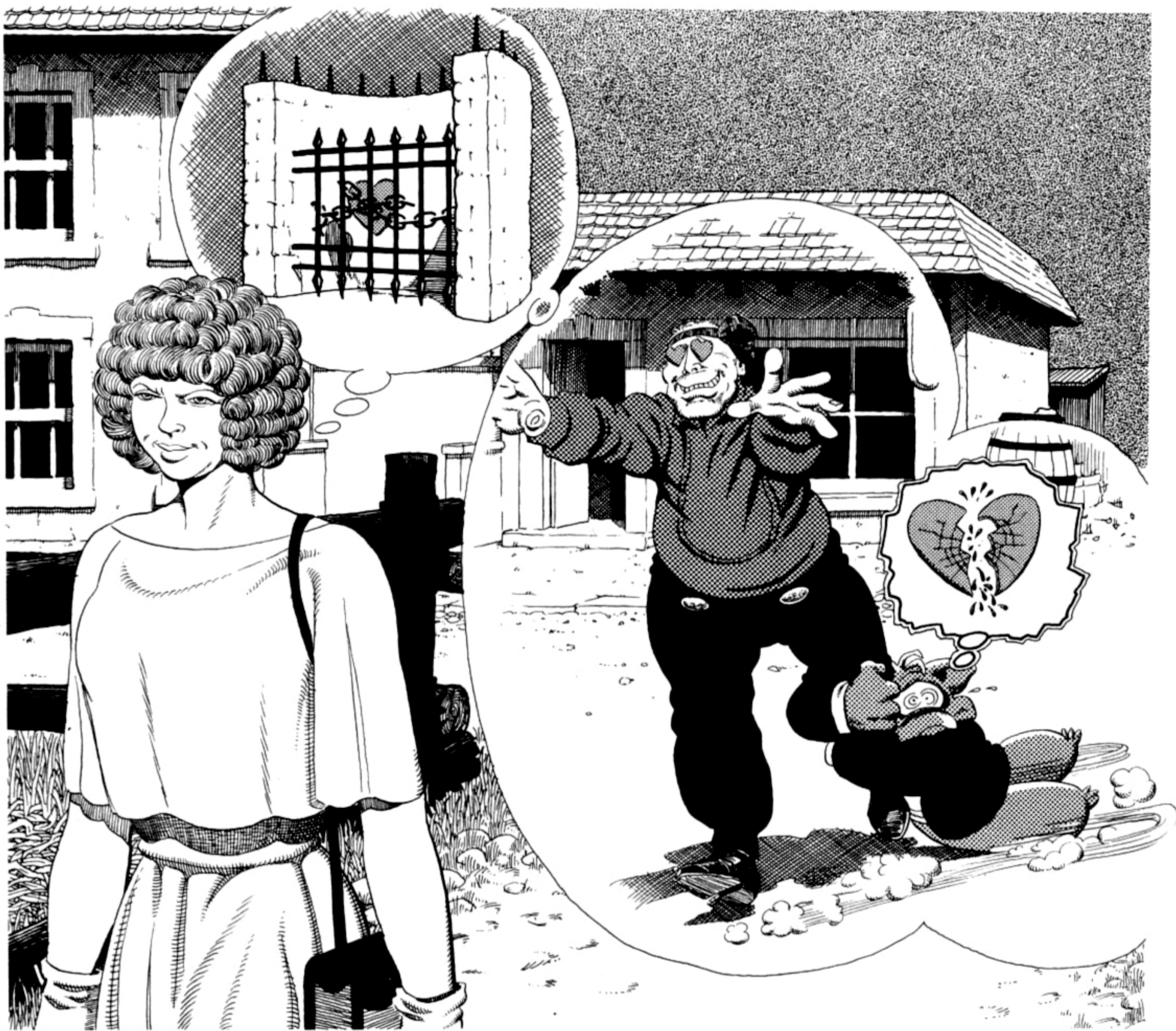








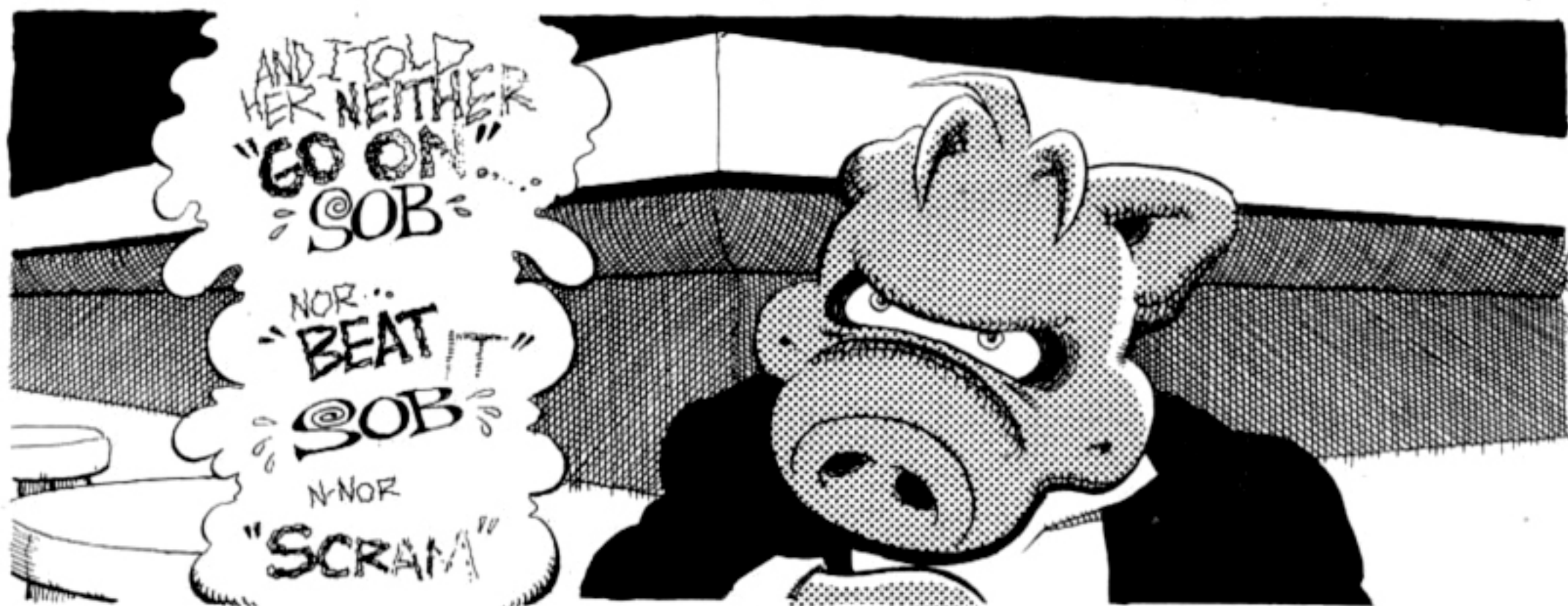
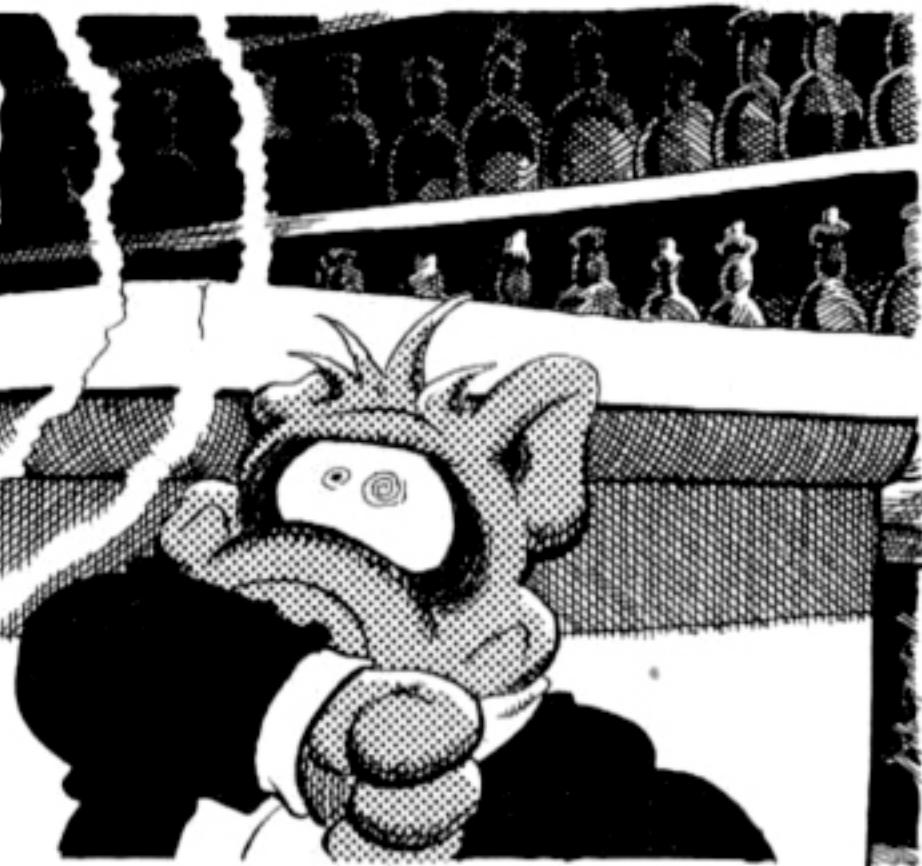








FORGIVE ME MOST  
HOLY FOR THE HARLOT  
HAS TEMPTED ME TO  
GO TO THE STARCHILD  
TONIGHT \*



AND I TOLD  
HER NEITHER  
"GO ON"  
SOB  
NOR  
"BEAT IT"  
SOB  
NOR  
"SCRAM"





## C H A P. VIII

1. Ricke ends his confession 4 Cerebvs rebukes Ricke 11 Cerebvs explains Goe On and Beate It and Scramme 18 Rickes understanding returns

**T**

Hen Ricke hauing made an ende of his confession before Cerebvs in the saying of how Ioanne had tempted Ricke:

2 And further saying how it had come to passe that Ricke had failed in his faith and in his vnderstanding insomuch that Ricke had not saide vnto Ioanne, Goe On and Beat It and Scramme;

3 ¶ Lo, Ricke beheld that his wordes filled Cerebvs with anger insomuch that Cerebvs rebuked Ricke, saying vnto him:

4 Cease thy tears and thy wailing and thy lament. How might Cerebvs teach thee the waies of a man when thou art more woman than man?

5 And Ricke vnderstoode the truth of Cerebvses wordes and ceased his tears and his wailing and his lament.

6 At the ceasing of Rickes tears, Cerebvs spake vnto him, saying:

7 ¶ Art thou a foole hauing yet no vnderstanding?

8 Thinkest thou that Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of women and euen Angels?

9 Farre should it bee from thee in considering it to be so. Hearken vnto Cerebvses wordes that vnderstanding might returne vnto thee.

10 And Ricke hearkened vnto the wordes of Cerebvs as Cerebvs spake vnto Ricke, saying:

11 ¶ Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of scorpions and uipers hauing melons and other atributes like vnto those of women.

12 Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of those who trouble thee and who make thy head and thy stomache to ache and who giue pain vnto thee in all waies.

13 And likewise are they deuises and sayings for the casting out of those who confuse thee and befuddle thee til thou knowest not thy righte hand from thy left hande.

14 Goe On and Beat It and Scramme are for the casting out of these and these onely.

15 ¶ Iudge wisely in this lest peradventure thou shouldst finde thyselfe ensnared by a uiper or a scorpion hauing the atributes of a woman.

16 Iudge wisely in this as well lest peradventure thou shouldst finde thyselfe going forth and speaking Goe On and Beat It and Scramme vnto a woman who is not a uiper or a scorpion (insomuch that thou shouldst then finde no woman who will lie with thee in all thy daies).

17 And Ricke answered Cerebvs according to his wordes saying; Ricke seekes alwaies to speake the truth onely, and to lie neither by himselfe nor with an other.

18 ¶ Then did Cerebvs make clear the wordes he had spoken vnto Ricke by the forming of Cerebvses thumbe and middle finger of his left hande into a circle and the thrusting of the middle finger of his righte hande through the midst of them. And, lo, vnderstanding returned to Ricke.

19 Howsoever was Ricke euen yet vexed and troubled so that he spake vnto Cerebvs



saying; Of a truth has Cerebvs spoken wisely in warning Ricke lest peradventure Ricke be ensnared by either a uiper or a scorpion hauing the atributes of a woman.

20 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

21 And Ricke spake further vnto Cerebvs saying, Of a truth Cerebvs has spoken wisely vnto Ricke in adiuring Ricke to use iudgement in the sayings and the deuises of Goe On and Beate It and Scramme, lest Ricke shouldst mistake a woman who is good for a scorpion or a uiper which is euill.

22 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

23 And Ricke continued his speaking vnto Cerebvs saying, For a scorpion or a uiper hauing the atributes of a woman would cause Rickes head to throb and Rickes stomach to ache through its great euill.

24 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

25 And Ricke inquired of Cerebvs then in asking him, Is it not also said of a truth (euen so much as according to the Worde Of Tarim) that to knowingly speake a falsehood is a great euill and a great sinne?

26 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.

27 And then did Ricke inquire further of Cerebvs in asking him; If it bee so that speaking a falsehood is a great euill and a great sinne, and if it bee likewise so (according to the worde of Cerebvs that thou hast spoken vnto Ricke) that All Women Lie then what woman could there bee who is neither uiper nor scorpion?

28 ¶ And Cerebvs did wax wroth with Ricke and spake angrily vnto Ricke, saying:

Of course  
they all  
Lie

What are  
you going to  
DO?

Lie  
with  
men?





## CHAP. IX

1. Rickes vnderstanding: 11 the parable of the wise ruler and the lunaticke: 26 latter times



And at Cerebvses wordes did greater vnderstanding come vpon Ricke insomuch that Ricke was enlarged in his spirite and, lo, he was moued to answer vnto Cerebvs euen

beforetimes that Cerebvs had made an ende of speaking and Ricke spake vnto Cerebvs with great vigour saying;

2 Farre bee it from Ricke to seeke after lieing with men! Not euen in the most euill imaginings of the heart of Ricke would it be so!

3 (So great was the relief of Cerebvs at the hearing of Rickes wordes that Cerebvs expelled a great winde and a great noise from his lips)

4 And seeing Cerebvses relief at his wordes Ricke was emboldened to multiply his wordes saying vnto Cerebvs; Farre has it bene from Ricke beforetimes when Ricke was but litle! Farre has it bene from Ricke in all the daies of Rickes lifel Farre has it bene from Ricke euen vnto this daie! And may it bee the will of Tarim that it shall bee farre from Ricke on the daie when Ricke shall goe downe in to the graue.

5 And in his smiling and his ioy did Cerebvs convey vnto Ricke that Cerebvs was well pleased with the wordes Ricke had spoken. Of a truth, so great was Cerebvses ioy at Rickes wordes that Ricke was moued to multiply his wordes euen further saying;

6 Yea and verily, the lieing with men is as farre from the heart of Ricke as is the east from the west! Of a truth it is the desire of Rickes heart to lie with uipers and scorpions hauing great melons!

7 And Cerebvs smote himselfe upon his forehead with his palme (making a noise exceding lowd) at the multiplying of Rickes wordes. Then spake Cerebvs vnto Ricke saying,

8 Thou foole! Thou desirest not to lie with uipers and scorpions for there is no profite for any man in lieing with theses!

9 Thou desirest to lie with women onely, those hauing great melons and other atributes which are pleasing to thee!

10 Seeing Rickes perplexitie at these wordes Cerebvs spake a parable vnto Ricke, saying;

11 ¶ There was a certaine wise ruler who sought to lie with a woman hauing great melons and other atributes pleasing to him. But, lo, no woman could bee found and the wise ruler could find onely a lunaticke (a lunaticke being in part a woman, in part a uiper and in part a scorpion).

12 Howsoeuer it came to passe that when the wise ruler sought to lie with the part of the lunaticke that was a woman hauing great melons, lo, the scorpion would come forth of the lunaticke or, lo, the uiper would come forth of the lunaticke.

13 In this was the wise ruler sorely vexed and troubled and tooke counsell within himselfe saying, How shal I subdue the uiper and the scorpion that I might lie with the great melons (and the woman also)?

14 And the wise ruler obserued the lunaticke closely to see which of his wordes it was that called forth the uiper and which of his wordes it was that called forth the scorpion and which of his wordes it was that called forth the woman.





15 And the wise ruler saw in his wisdom that when the woman appeared before him; lo, the uiper and the scorpion were subdued within her. And he saw further in his wisdom that it was onely by the woman that the uiper and the scorpion could be subdued.

16 And the wise ruler saw in his wisdom that a cheerfull countenance and a smile like vnto that of a small boy and a voice like the sounde of cheerfull musick called foorth the woman within the lunaticke and forced the scorpion and the uiper deepe within her bowels (where they could onely wander to and fro hauing no countenance and no voyce).

17 So it was that the wise ruler smiled all the daie with a smile like vnto a small boy (and like vnto a lunaticke) hauing alwaies a cheerfull countenance and saying all his wordes like vnto cheerfull musicke.

18 No matter what foolishnesse the lunaticke spake vnto the wise ruler euen so in his great wisdom would hee smile and bee cheerfull saying, How interesting are your wordes to mee, and How ioyfull it makes mee to hear thee speake.

19 And no matter how many times the lunaticke tolde the same storie vnto the wise ruler, euen so in his great wisdom would hee smile and bee cheerfull saying, What a wonder and an astonishment is your storie to mee, and What a cleuer woman thou art, and How fascinating thou art to mee.

20 And when the uiper or the scorpion (walking to and fro within the lunaticke) would take holde of the lunaticke and aske the wise ruler a question like vnto a snare for the unwary (that the uiper and the scorpion might cause the wise ruler to stumble in his waie and so cast the woman afarre off from him), euen so would hee smile and bee cheerfull and answer them in his great wisdom with a voyce like vnto cheerfull musicke, saying;

21 I am but an ignorant man and vnequall to the taske of vnderstanding the wisdom of thy question, or I am hard of hearing and seeke pardon of thee and beseech thee that thou might speake thy question vnto mee once more.

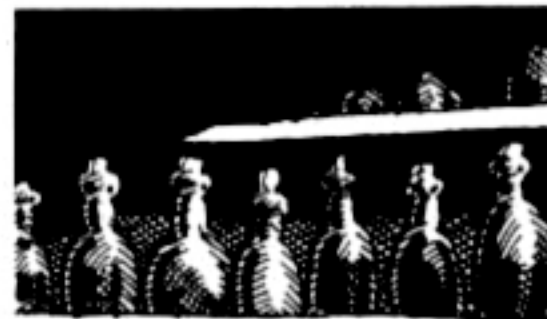
22 And when the uiper or the scorpion (walking to and fro within the lunaticke) would speake the question once more, euen so would the wise ruler in his great wisdom euen yet smile and bee of a cheerfull countenance and answer them in a voyce like vnto cheerfull musicke, saying;

23 I am without a clew, or Thou searchest mee in vain, or It is so pleasant to bee here with thee that I can call foorth no thought or speche but of how pleasant it is to bee here with thee (and that onely).

24 And the wise ruler imagined alwaies that hee was speaking vnto the great melons themselves so that his cheerfull countenance and his wordes like vnto sweet musicke were sincere and pleased the woman (so that the uiper and the scorpion were cast deeper into the bowels of the lunaticke where they could onely wander to and fro).

25 And the wise ruler lay with the great melons (and the woman also) euen vnto seven and seventie times.

26 ¶ (And the wise ruler cast the lunaticke from him when his cheerfull countenance and his voyce like vnto sweet musicke no longer called foorth the woman but called foorth the uiper and the scorpion onely)





C H A P . X

1. Rickes vnderstanding: 6 Rickes inquire: 12 Tarims mercie: 13 the businesse of men: 15 Ioannes wordes: 16: Cerebvses wordes



Hen did the spirit of Cerebvys come vpon Ricke in fulle measure endowing Ricke with all of Cerebvses wisdom and truth so that Ricke was moued to inquire of Cerebvys;

2 In speaking the parable of the wise ruler and the lunaticke vnto mee is it not so that Cerebvys has spoken a parable as well of the woman and the Angel and the deuill which are Ioanne?

3 And Cerebvys smiled vpon Ricke and was well pleased with Rickes vnderstanding saying vnto Ricke, Verily thou hast spoken wisely for of a truth, Ioanne is the Queene of the Lunatickes.

4 And Ricke was moued in his spirit that he had found great fauour in the eyes of Cerebvys.

5 ¶ Howsobeit Ricke was stil without perfite vnderstanding and inquired of Cerebvys asking vnto him,

6 But is it not a sinne in the eyes of Tarim that a man should lie with a woman which is not his wife?

7 And Cerebvys answered Ricke saying, Verily it is a great sinne to lie with any woman in the eyes of Tarim; howeuersobeit that shee bee uiper or scorpion or lunaticke or a woman onely or, yea, euen that she bee that mans wife.

8 So thou must aske forgiveness of Tarim for the lieing with any of these after thou hast made an ende of doing so;

9 Waiting vntill the uiper or the scorpion or the lunaticke or the woman or thy wife has moued a litle apart from thee for the cleaning of herselfe,

10 So that thou art alone with Tarim when thou seekest forgiveness of him.

11 ¶ And Ricke inquired further of Cerebvys asking him, And doth Tarim forgieue this sinne of a man when he askes it of him?

12 And Cerebvys answered Ricke saying, Tarim forgieues whomsoeuer is worthe of forgiveness in the eyes of Tarim. That is Tarims business and is not for men to know.

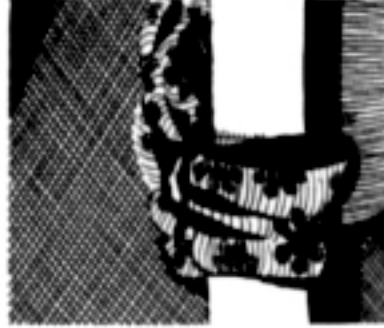
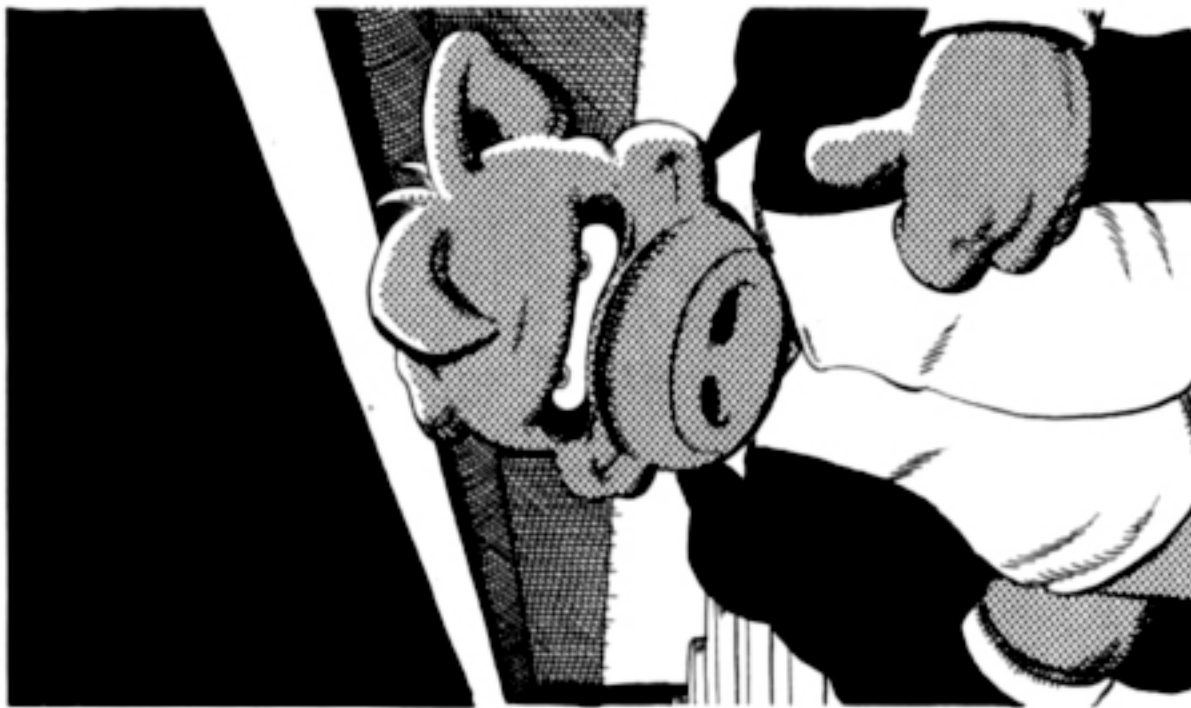
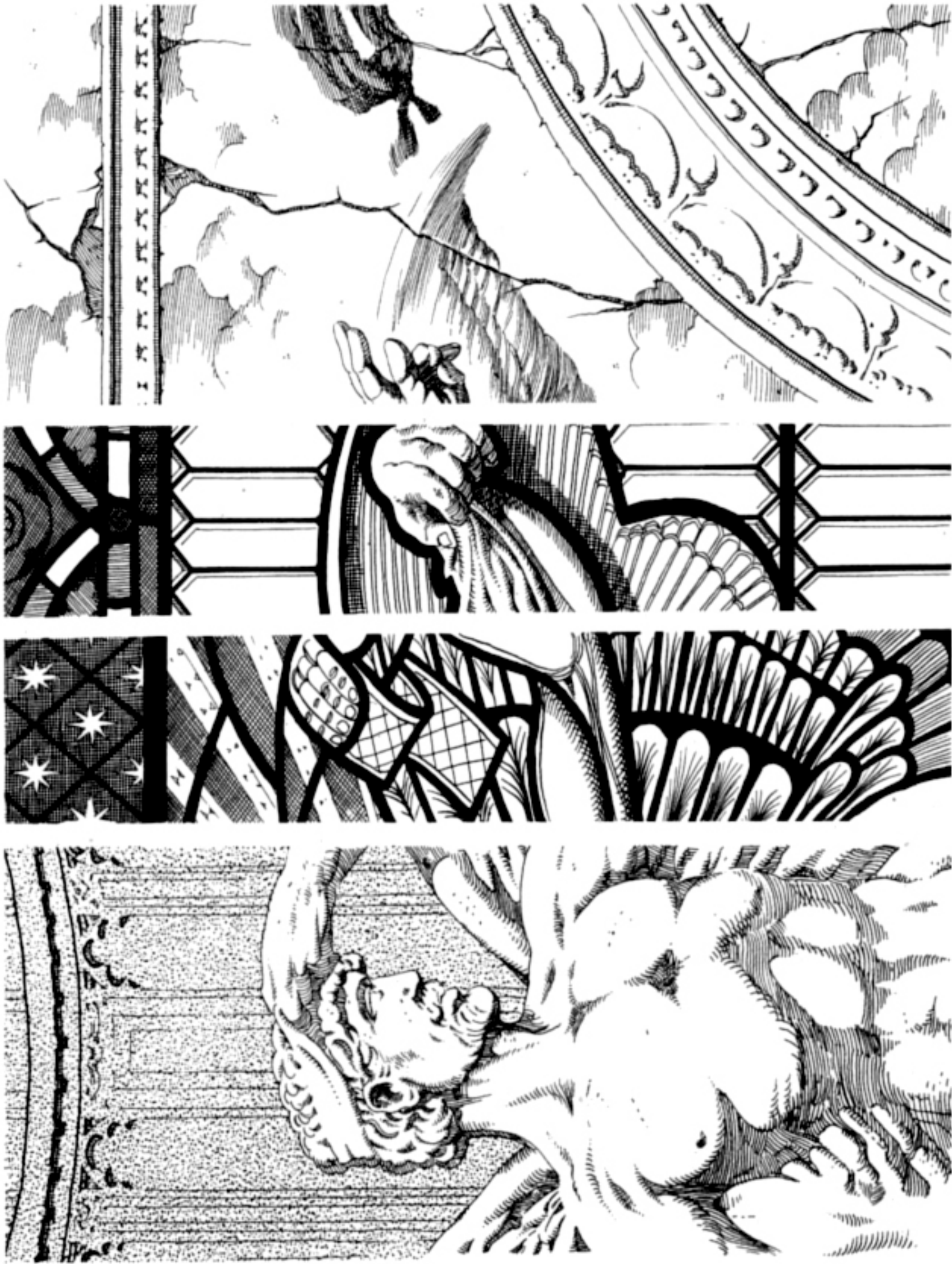
13 ¶ It is the business of men to giue reverence vnto Tarim and to feare Tarim and to exalt Tarim in their soules and their mindes and their hearts aboue all things; Yea, aboue themselves, aboue all other men, aboue all food and all drinke, aboue the playing of the Fiue Barre Gate, aboue the playing of the Diamondbacke, aboue the fishing and the swimming, aboue all melons and aboue all Angels and women and uipers and scorpions and deuills.

14 ¶ And when Cerebvys had made an ende of speaking, Lo, then was I, Ricke, filled with Cerebvses spirit which was the spirit of Tarim.

15 And I felt the bandage vpon my head which had been placed there by the woman and the Angel and the deuill called Ioanne and I saw the truth in her wordes that I had no wounde;

16 That her wordes had bene like vnto Cerebvses wordes when I had suffred of my broken arme (and that in two places) saying, Take off thy sling for thine vnderstanding hath made thee whole.

17 And I, Ricke, tooke off the bandage from my head.





## CHAP. XI

1. Ricke departs the sanctuarie: 10 the light and the fire like vnto liuing waters

**H**auing cast his bandage from him Ricke departed from the sanctuarie filled with the spirit of Cerebvs (which was the spirit of Tarim also). And hee turned to his righte hand passing the new corne of the fields by his way.

2 And then did Ricke passe through the new corne of the fields by a path knowen to Ricke onely which was within sight of the sanctuarie.

3 And Ricke followed the path which was known to him onely euen vnto the crowne of a small hill which ouerlooked the sanctuarie and the fields of the new corne.

4 And vpon the crowne of the small hill were euer green trees in abundance and these were talle and ouer againste one another so that the sunne was in the midst of them in strakes and patches onely.

5 ¶ And Ricke made haste in his going for hee sought to replace his tunic which was stil marked by the bloode from his grievous head wounde (from which hee had suffred euen vnto death).

6 And Ricke in his going tooke heed within himselfe of the miracle which Cerebvs had wrought through the wordes of the Angel and the woman and the deuill Ioanne in saying vnto Ricke, Thou hast no wounde.

7 Verily, it had come to passe that Rickes grievous head wounde had bene healed of Cerebvs wordes spoken through Ioanne insomuch that euen the bandage which Ricke had cast from him had but a small staine onely vpon its inward side.

8 And Ricke gaue praise vnto Cerebvs and vnto the spirit of Cerebvs for the wonder and the marueil that Cerebvs had worked vpon Ricke in the healing of Rickes grievous head wounde.

9 And Ricke moued into a clearing in the groue of euer green trees wherein no sunne light shone, no, not euen in strakes and patches so that daye was like vnto night therein.

10 ¶ And, Lo, there appeared vnto Ricke a light that shone where no light could penetrate. And it was a light like vnto a fire surrounding a small euer green tree, howsoever it was that the tree was not consumed by the fire.

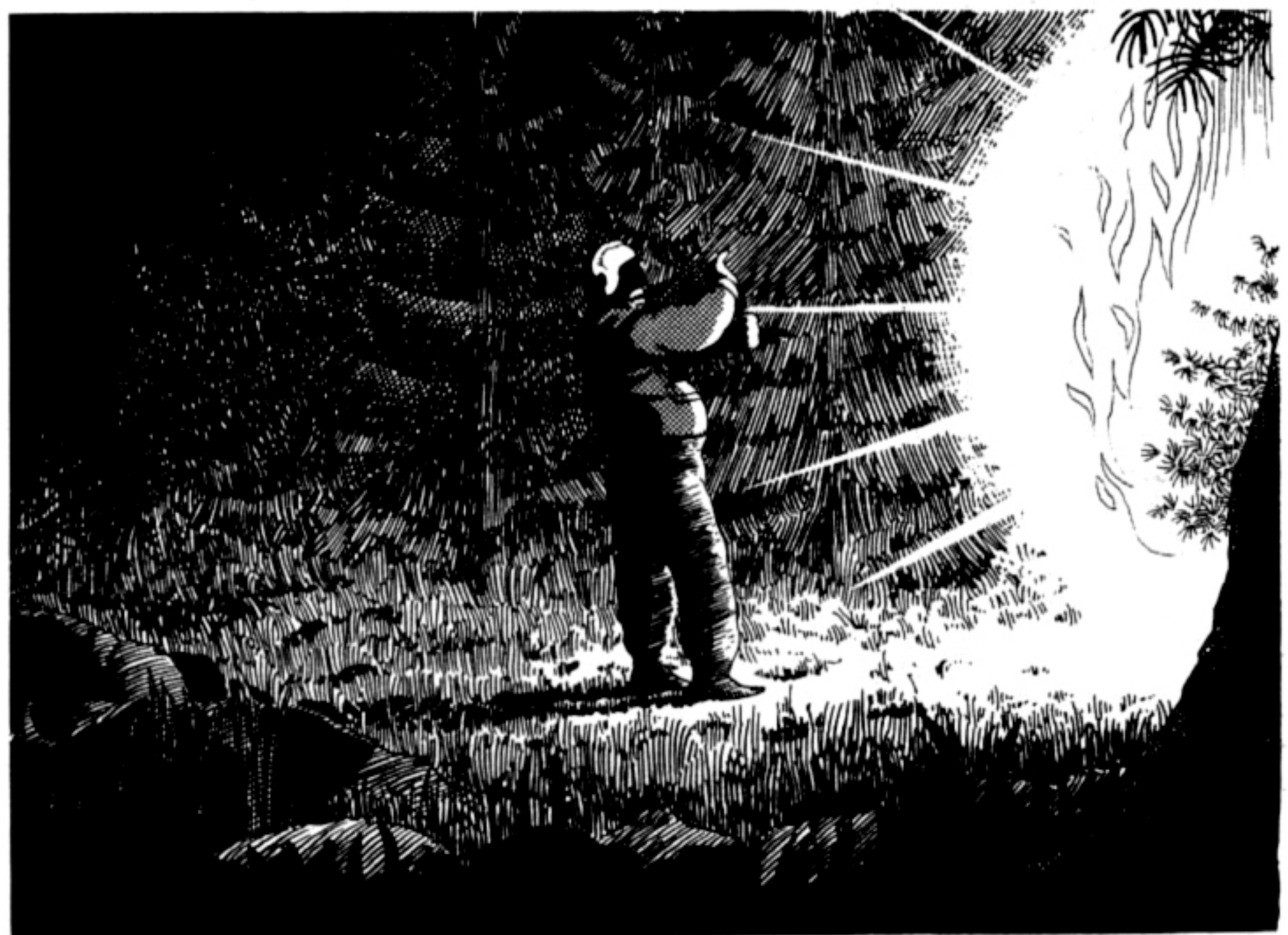
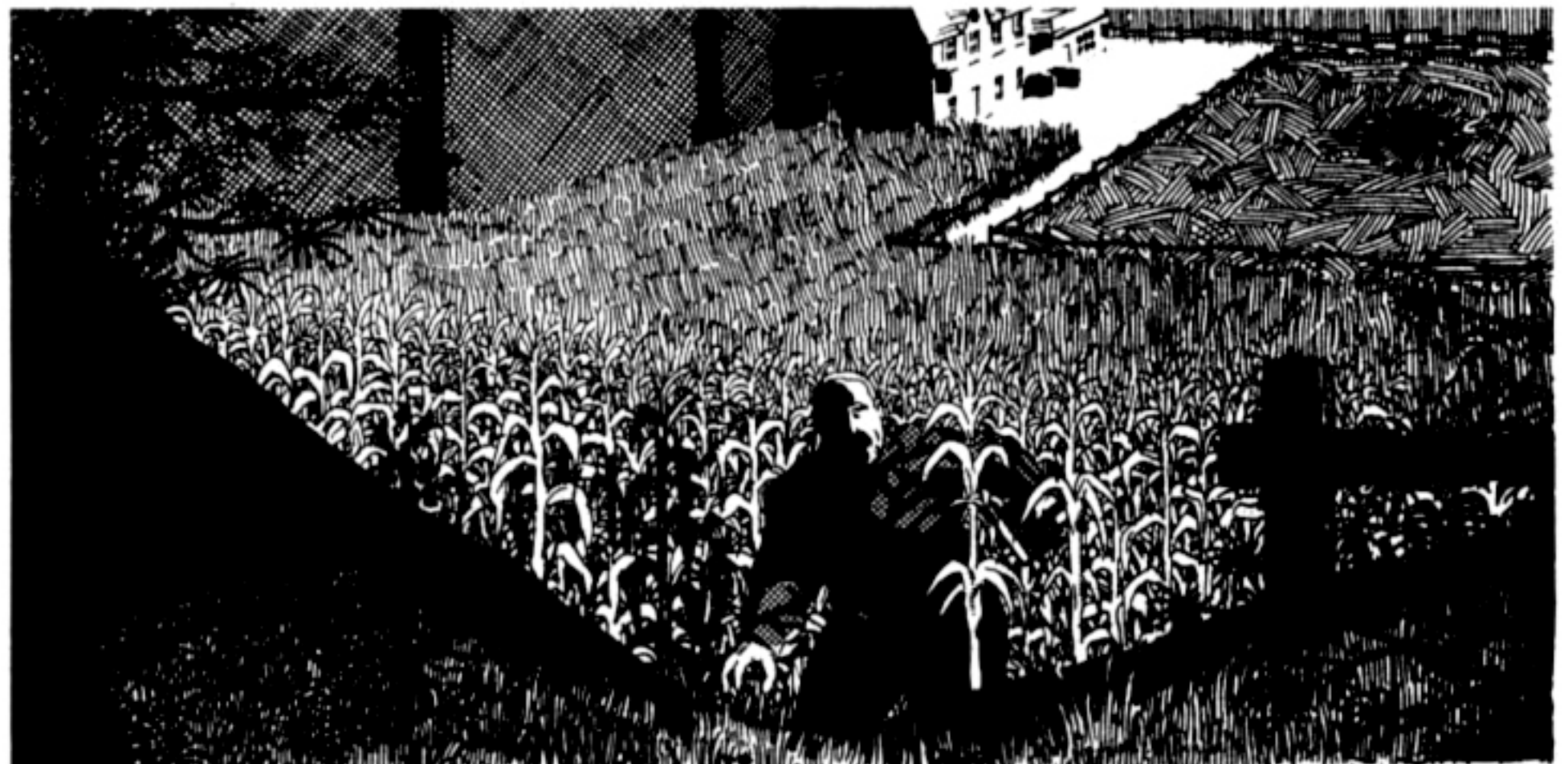
11 Ricke tooke counsell within himselfe saying, I will draw nigh vnto the euer green tree that I might see how it is that it is not consumed by the fire.

12 And Ricke drew nigh vnto the tree and the light and the fire vpon it and he saw that the light and the fire were like vnto liuing waters flowing upward from the branches of the tree and being like vnto the radiance of Ioanne the Angel.

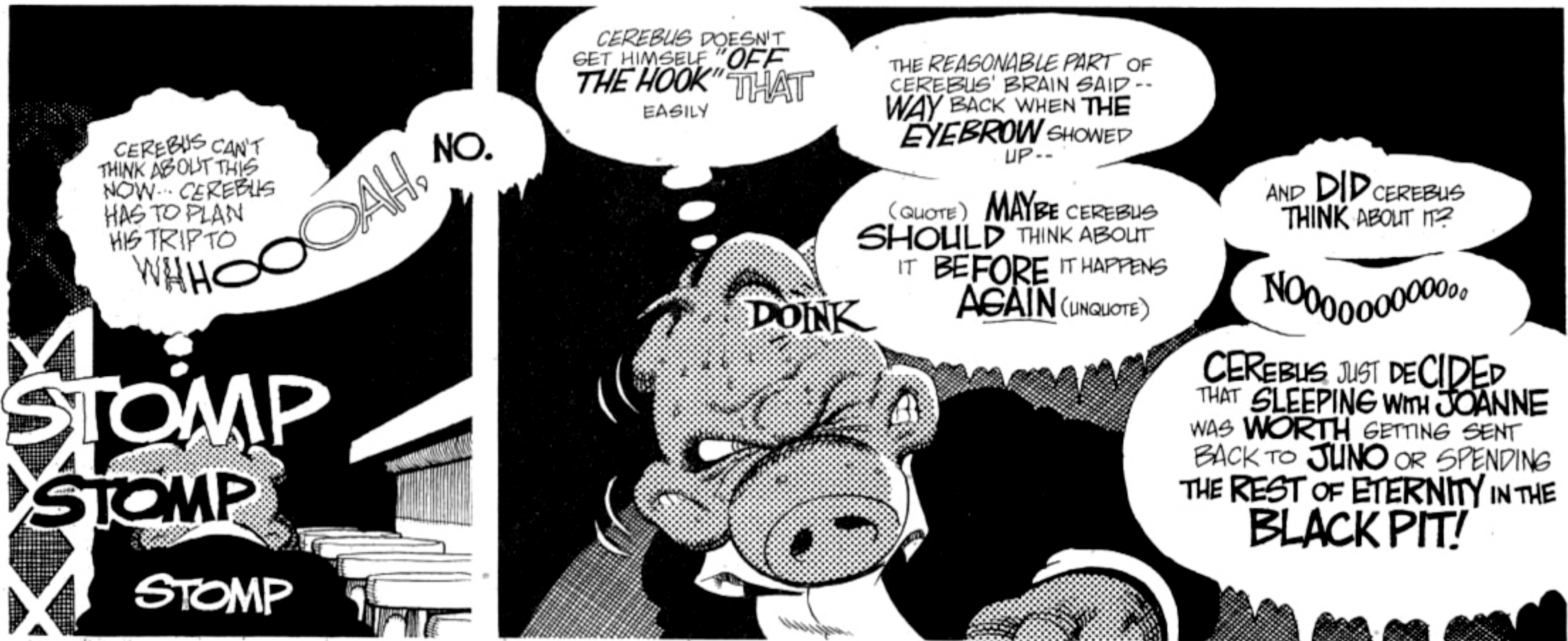
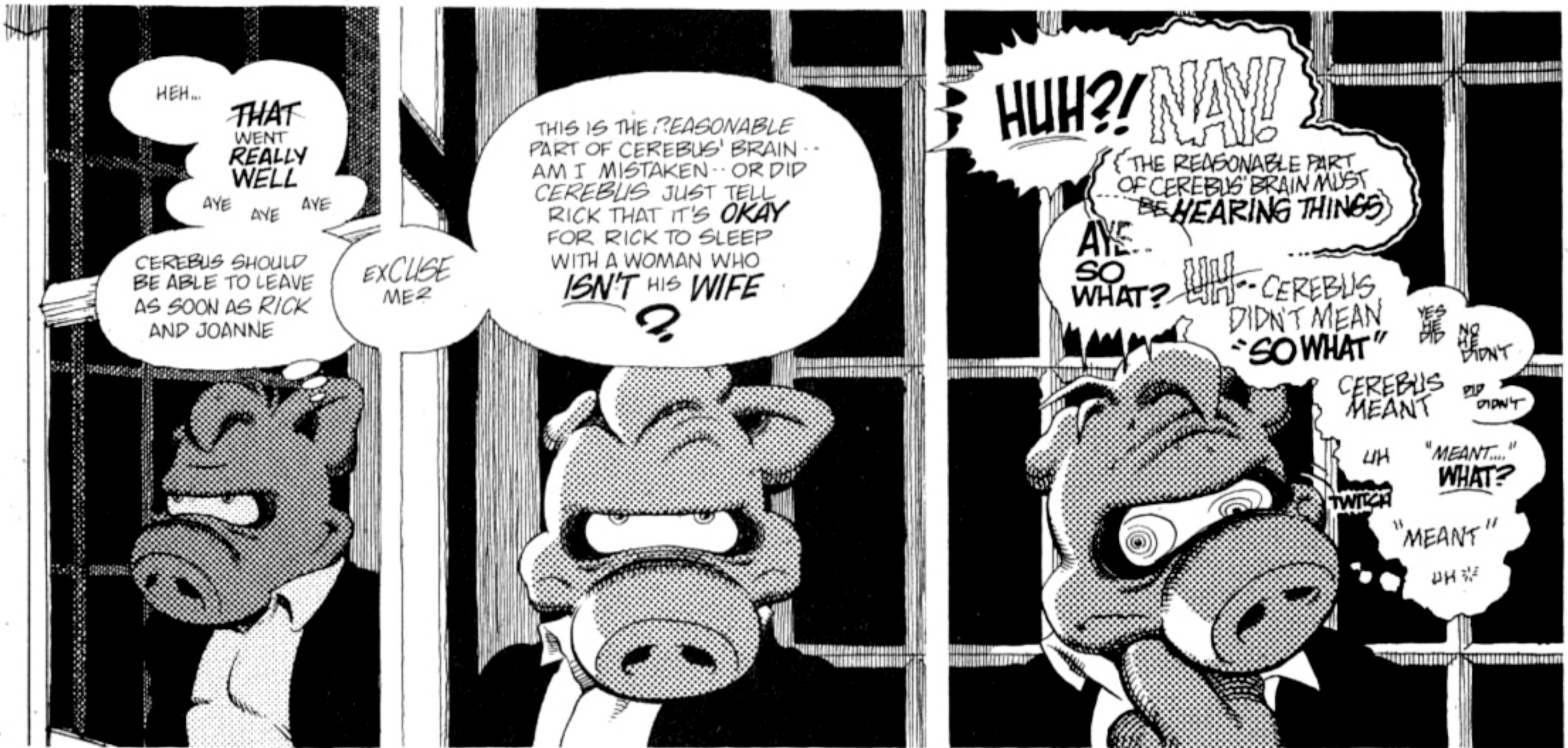
13 (Howsoever it was that the light and the fire like vnto liuing waters grew brighter as they rose so that Ricke could not stand to looke vpon them and cast his eies downe to looke vpon the lowest branches onely)

14 And there came a voyce from the light surpassing lowd so that the grounde shooke beneath Rickes feete and the voyce spake vnto Ricke saying, Ricke, Ricke.

15 And Ricke answered vnto the voyce saying, Here am I.









# C H A P . X I I

1. the voyce speaks to Ricke: 3. Ricke receiues his blessing of the voyce: 5. the voyce instructes Ricke: 8. Tarim is cast out by the voyce: 9. the Name of God: 19 the voyce promises to returne: 21 the mystery of Duds



Nd the voyce spake vnto Ricke saying,  
2 ¶ Hearken vnto my voyce for thou art blessed aboue all my creations insomuch as it shalbe through thee that all the daies of Cerebvs shalbe fulfilled.

3 For as thou hast written, the Seate of Truth is of Ricke and Ricke is of the Seate of Truth. Verily, I say vnto you that the Seate of Truth is not of the sanctuarie onely, for wheresoeuer Ricke shalbe there shall the Seate of Truth bee also.

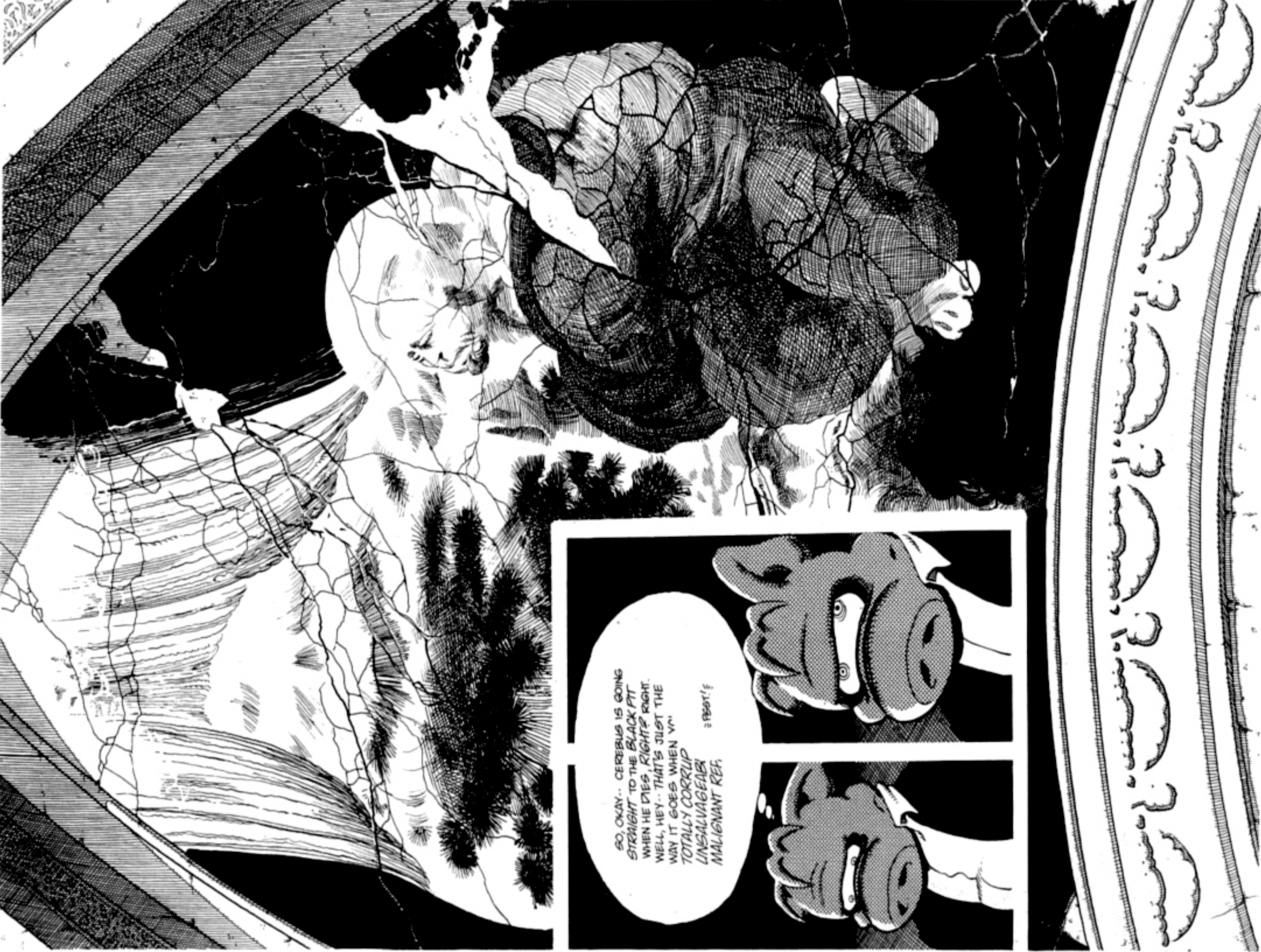
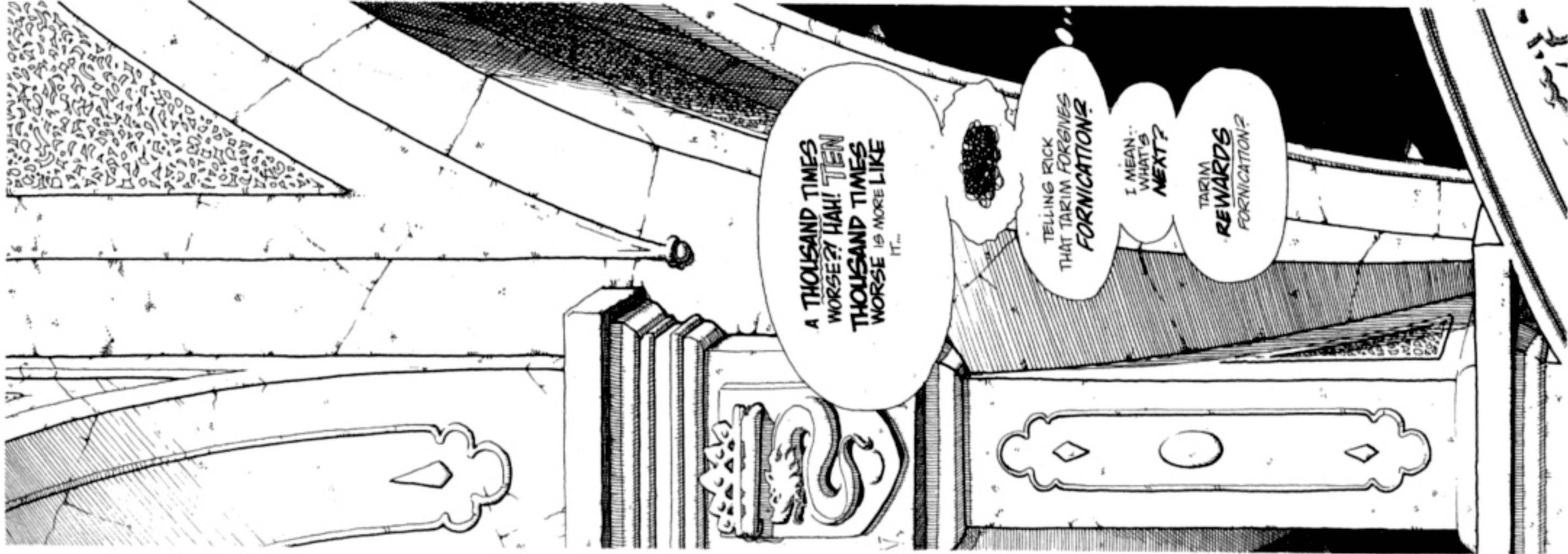
4 And Ricke was filled with great feare and trembling at the wordes spoken vnto him, so that the voyce resumed speaking vnto Ricke saying,

5 ¶ Feare not my voyce for I am well pleased by the wordes that thou hast written in thy Booke and it is through thy wordes that thou shalt bring an ende to this age which hath ouerturned all righteousnesse after the maner of the deuill and the uiper and the scorpion.

6 From this daye forward thou shalt speake thy wordes vnto men as thou has written them, adding no worde to them saue those spoken vnto thee by the Angel and the woman and the deuill called Ioanne when she came to thee seeking thy pardon for her transgressions.

7 And thou shalt write in thy Booke of thy coming here before mee and all that I haue spoken vnto thee, and all that thou hast spoken vnto mee.

8 ¶ These things thou shalt change in thy Booke and these things onely: From this daye forward thou shalt no more use the name Tarim, for Tarim is a heathen and a pagan name and a name come of deuills and uipers and scorpions and of the first Angel which is cast out and who has his dwelling place within and in the midst of these.





9 ¶ Henceforth thou shalt speake the name of God onely. For God is the name of hee whom all men seeke in wisdom and in truth.

10 Hee is one God, indiuisible, hauing one Name and one Face and one Aspect which is God.

11 Hearken not vnto those who seeke to diuide his name, saying, Hee is called by many names;

12 For hee has one Name and that is God.

13 Hearken not vnto those who say, He has many aspects and many faces;

14 For he has one Aspect and one Face, which is God.

15 Hearken not vnto those who say hee is a woman or vnto those who say hee has a womanly aspect, for they are of the first Angel which is cast out and has her dwelling place amongst and within deuils and uipers and scorpions.

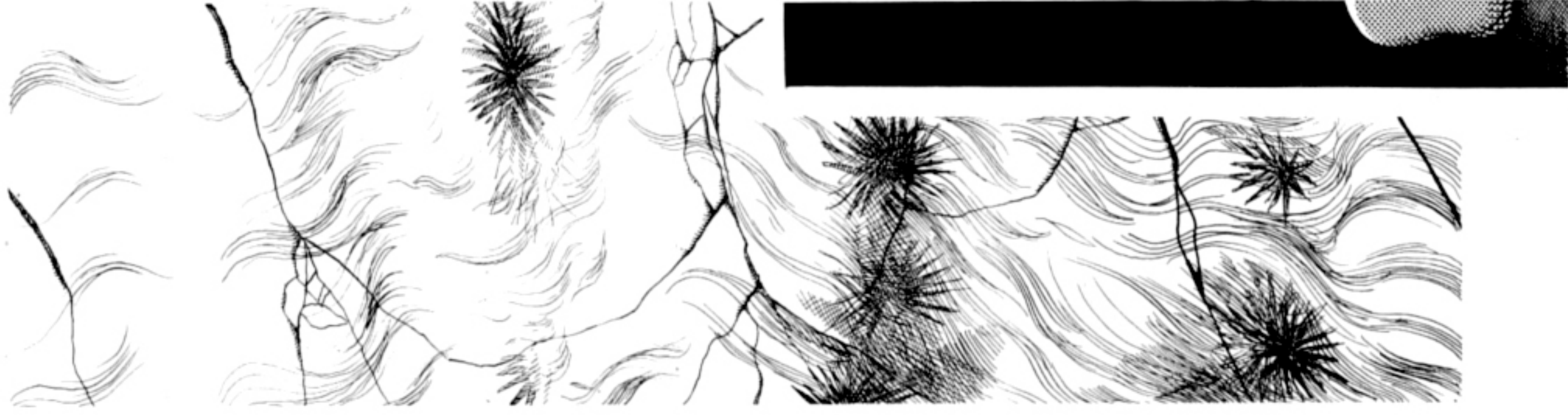
16 Hearken not vnto those who say that hee is unknoweable, for God is knowen to all those who seeke him in wisdom and in truth.

17 Likewise hearken not vnto those who speake of the godhead for of a trueth God did make man in his owne Image and, euen as a mans head is not a man so too is the godhead not the one God who is indiuisible, hauing one Name and one Face and one Aspect which is God.

18 And the earth shooke beneath Rickes feete at the wordes spoken by the voyce so that Ricke was seized once more with fear and trembling euen as the voyce made an ende of speaking vnto Ricke, saying;

19 Thou shalt make these changes onely to thy Booke and thou shalt write no more vntill thou shalt heare my voyce againe.

20 And Ricke bowed himselfe low vpon the ground and saide, As thou hast instructed mee, so shall it bee.





21 ¶ And the voyce answered Ricke saying,  
Goe foorth and get thee some nice Duds for  
thy date with Ioanne.

22 And then was the light and the fire like  
vnto liuing waters gone from the euer green  
tree and Ricke was alone in the clearing  
where all was in darknesse like vnto the  
darkest houre of the night.

23 And Ricke tooke counsell within  
himselpe at what was the meaning and the  
right interpretation of





UNLESS CEREBUS REPENTS OF  
HIS **SIN** OF SAYING THAT **TARIM**  
**FORGIVES FORNICATION** AND THE  
THOUSAND TIMES **WORSE SIN**  
OF **PRESUMING TO SPEAK**  
FOR **TARIM**

**HEY!**

WHAT.

CEREBUS  
DID **NOT** TELL  
RICK THAT  
**TARIM FORGIVES**  
**FORNICATION**  
CEREBUS  
TOLD **RICK**

(QUOTE)

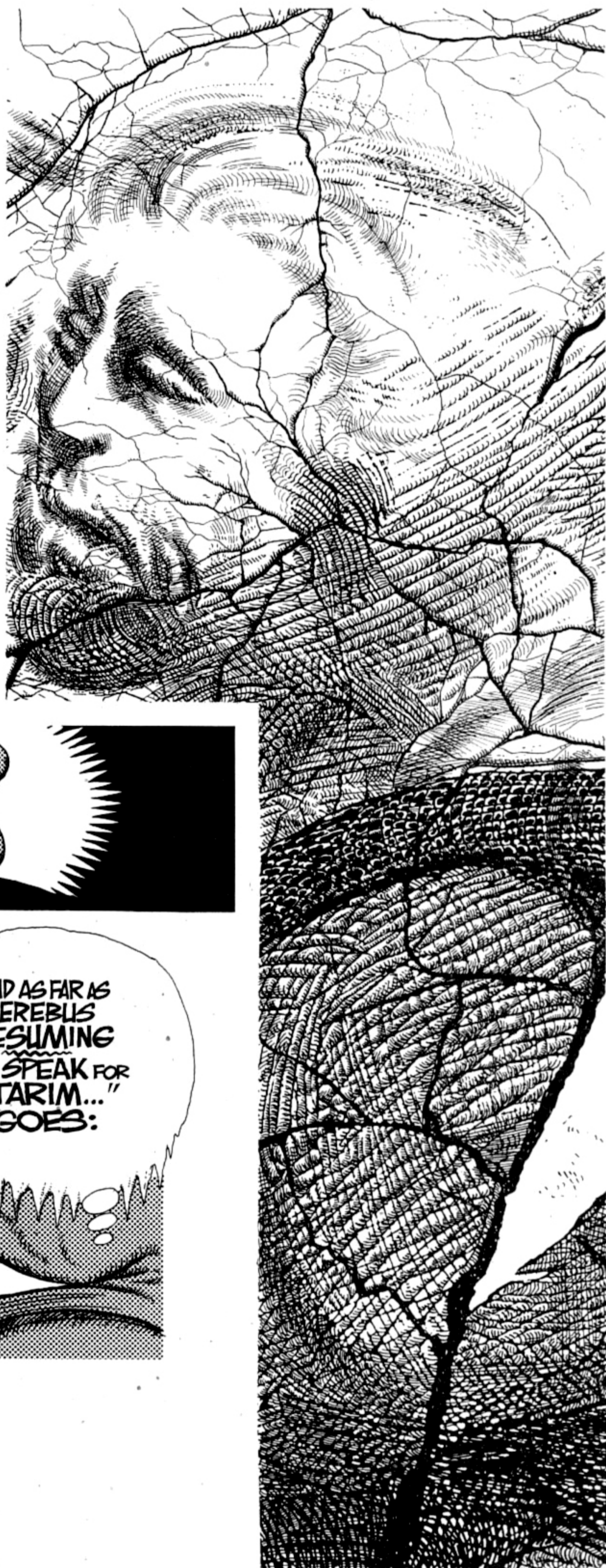
"TARIM FORGIVES  
THOSE WHO ARE  
WORTHY OF  
FORGIVENESS  
IN. HIS. EYES."

(UNQUOTE)

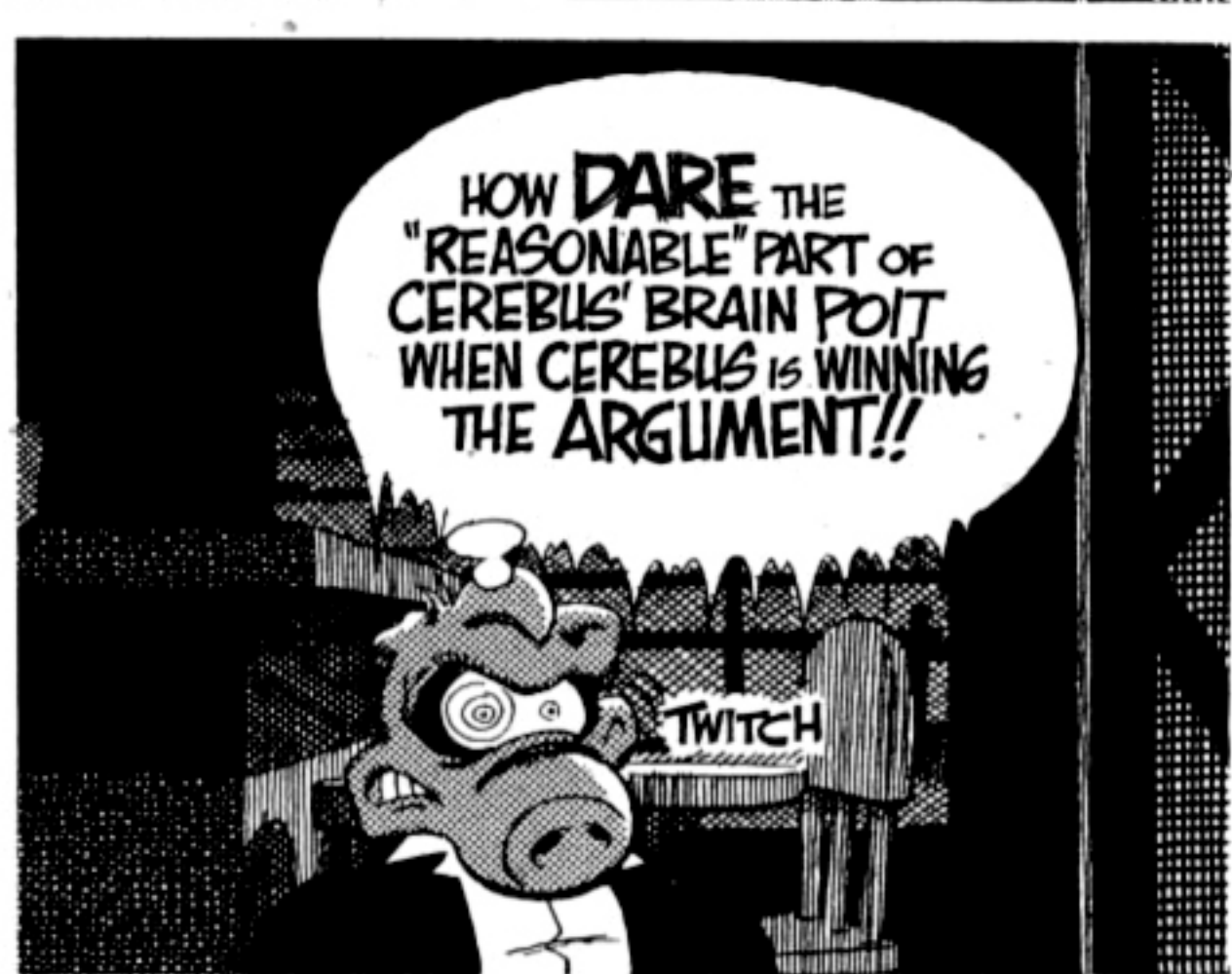
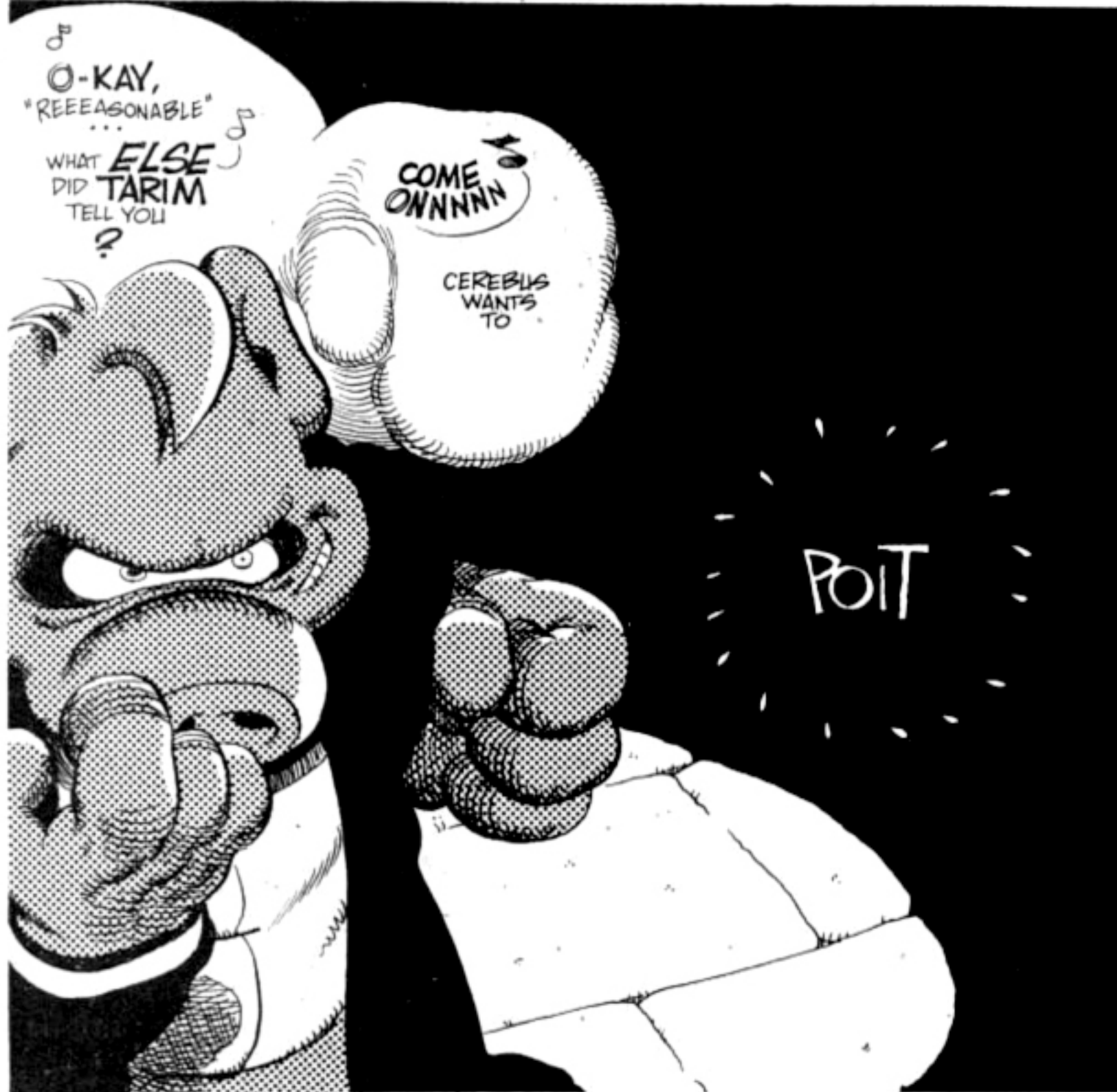
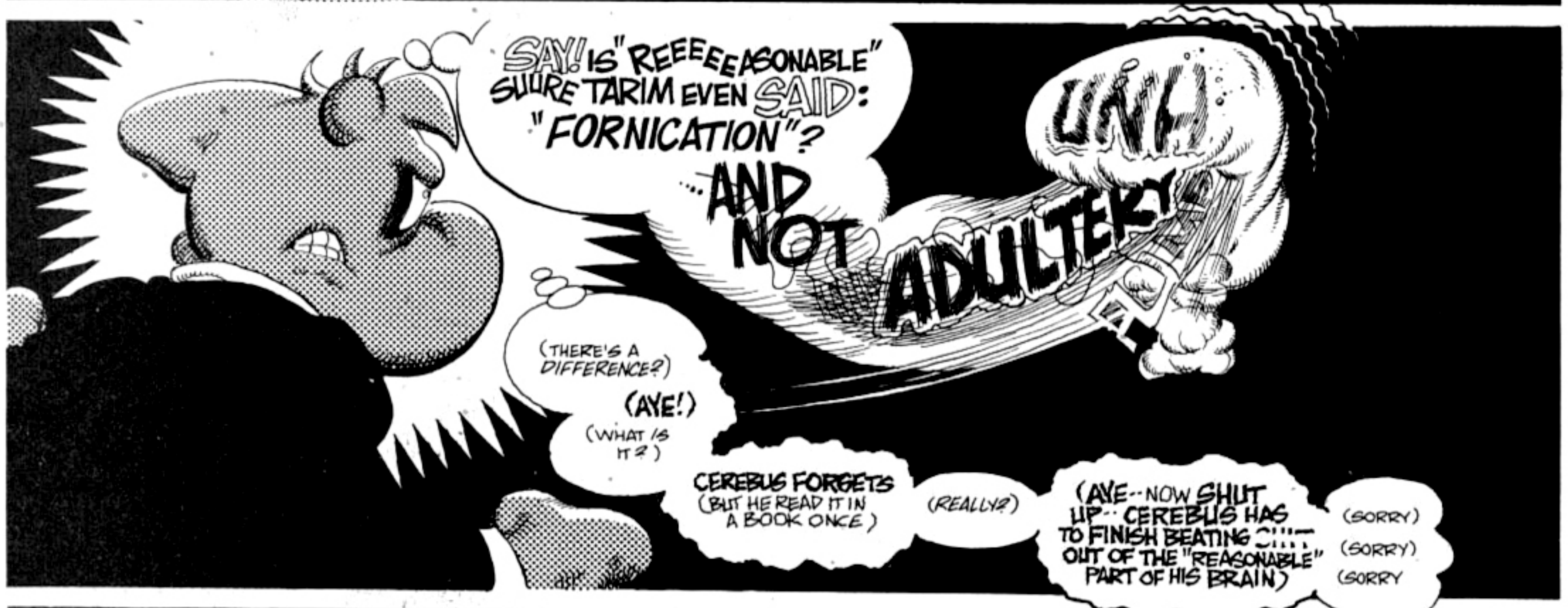
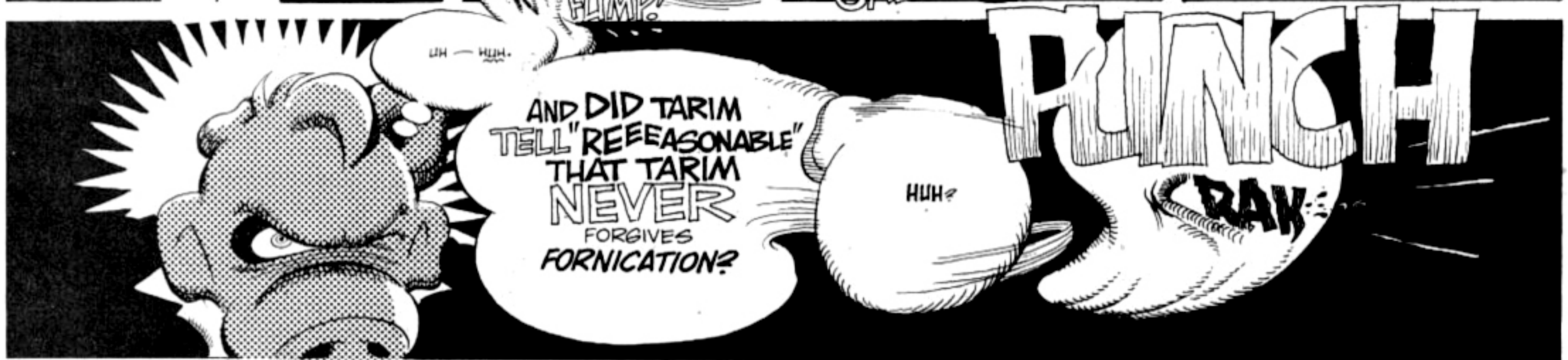
WELL  
CEREBUS  
**IMPLIED**  
**DID NOT**  
**DID NOT**

THE  
"REEASONABLE"  
PART OF CEREBUS'  
BRAIN  
**INFERRED!**

AND AS FAR AS  
CEREBUS  
"PRESUMING  
TO SPEAK FOR  
TARIM..."  
GOES:









CEREBUS HAS  
TO GET OUT OF  
HERE

AYE AYE AYE

CEREBUS  
IS GOING  
CRAZY  
AYE aye aye

(SIN?)  
CEREBUS HASN'T  
THOUGHT ABOUT SIN  
SINCE CEREBUS  
WAS \*

(OH, THAT'S  
RIGHT... CEREBUS  
NEVER THOUGHT  
ABOUT SIN)

AND NOW CEREBUS  
IS DRINKING SCOTCH...  
(IS DRINKING SCOTCH  
A SIN?)

(HAS TO  
BE-- IT  
MAKES  
YOU FEEL  
... GOOD?)

A BUCKET  
OF SCOTCH  
IS A SIN

A GLASS OF  
SCOTCH IS

TWO GLASSES  
IS  
WHAT ABOUT  
THREE?

CEREBUS  
DOESN'T  
EVEN KNOW  
WHAT ONE  
GLASS IS

CAN WE JUST  
FIGURE OUT WHAT  
ONE IS BEFORE  
WE

WAL, ID SHER  
IZZEND  
+HIC  
A VIRTUE!

HA HA HA  
HA HA HA  
HA HA HA

(IT WAS ALSO  
TWO GLASSES  
AGO)

(AYE... THAT'S  
WHY CEREBUS  
WAS ASKING  
ABOUT THREE)

AH WHO IS  
CEREBUS KIDDING?  
CEREBUS IS GOING  
STRAIGHT INTO THE  
BLACK PIT WHEN  
HE DIES

AND CEREBUS  
KNOWS IT

KNOWN IT  
FOR YEARS

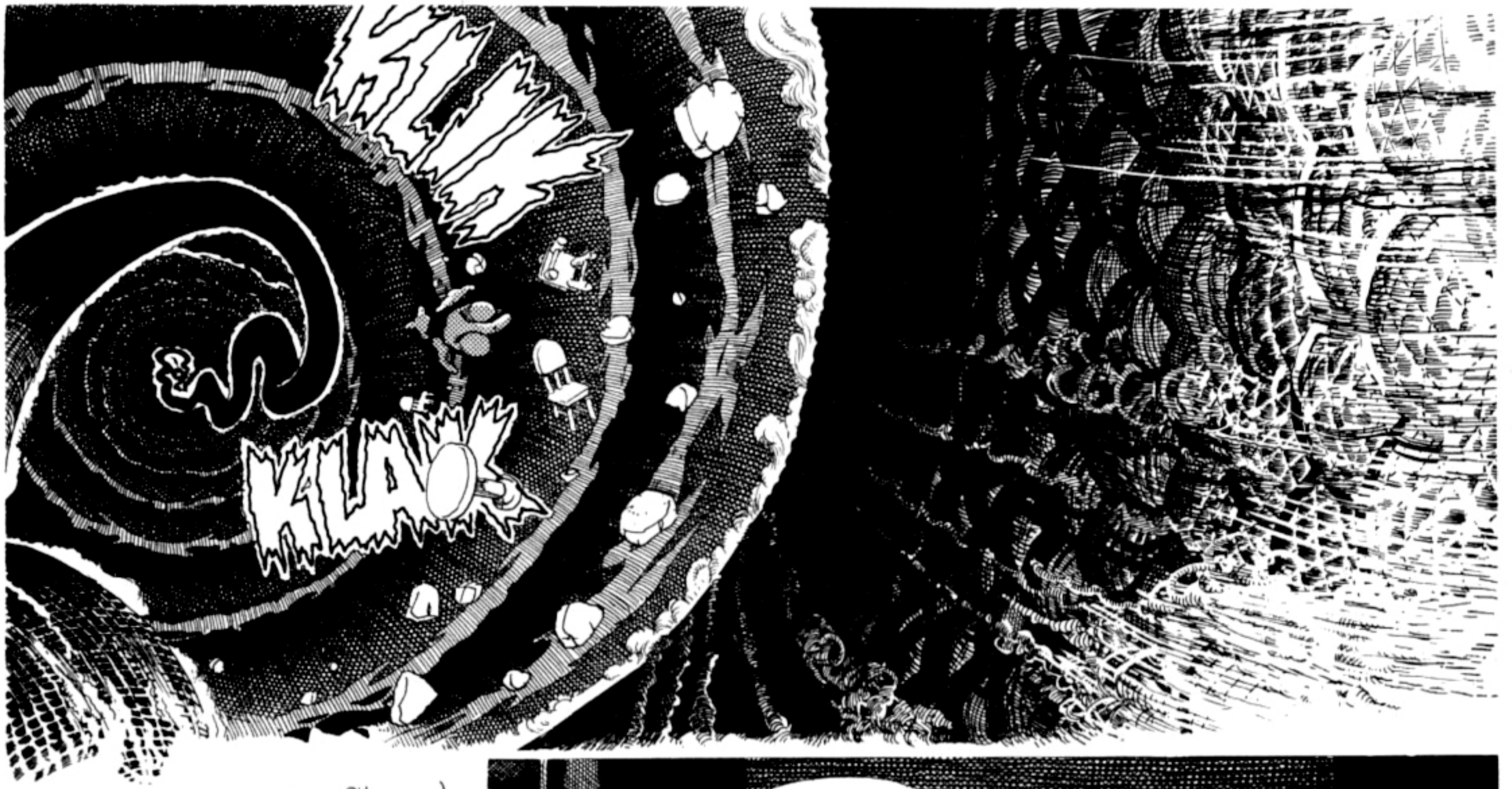
SOME DAY  
CEREBUS' HEART  
WILL STOP BEATING

THE INFINITY SERPENT  
WILL SHRUG HER (?)  
HIS (?) ITS (?)  
COILS

THE GROUND  
WILL OPEN UNDER  
CEREBUS' FEET

AND





UNH!

OH,  
SORRY.

I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO  
WAKE YOU  
UP...

HEY.



THANKS FOR  
LETTING ME USE  
YOUR BATHTUB  
... AGAIN.

HUH?  
OH!

A YE

NO  
PROBLEM.



GO!

I'M OFF  
TO THE  
STARCHILD

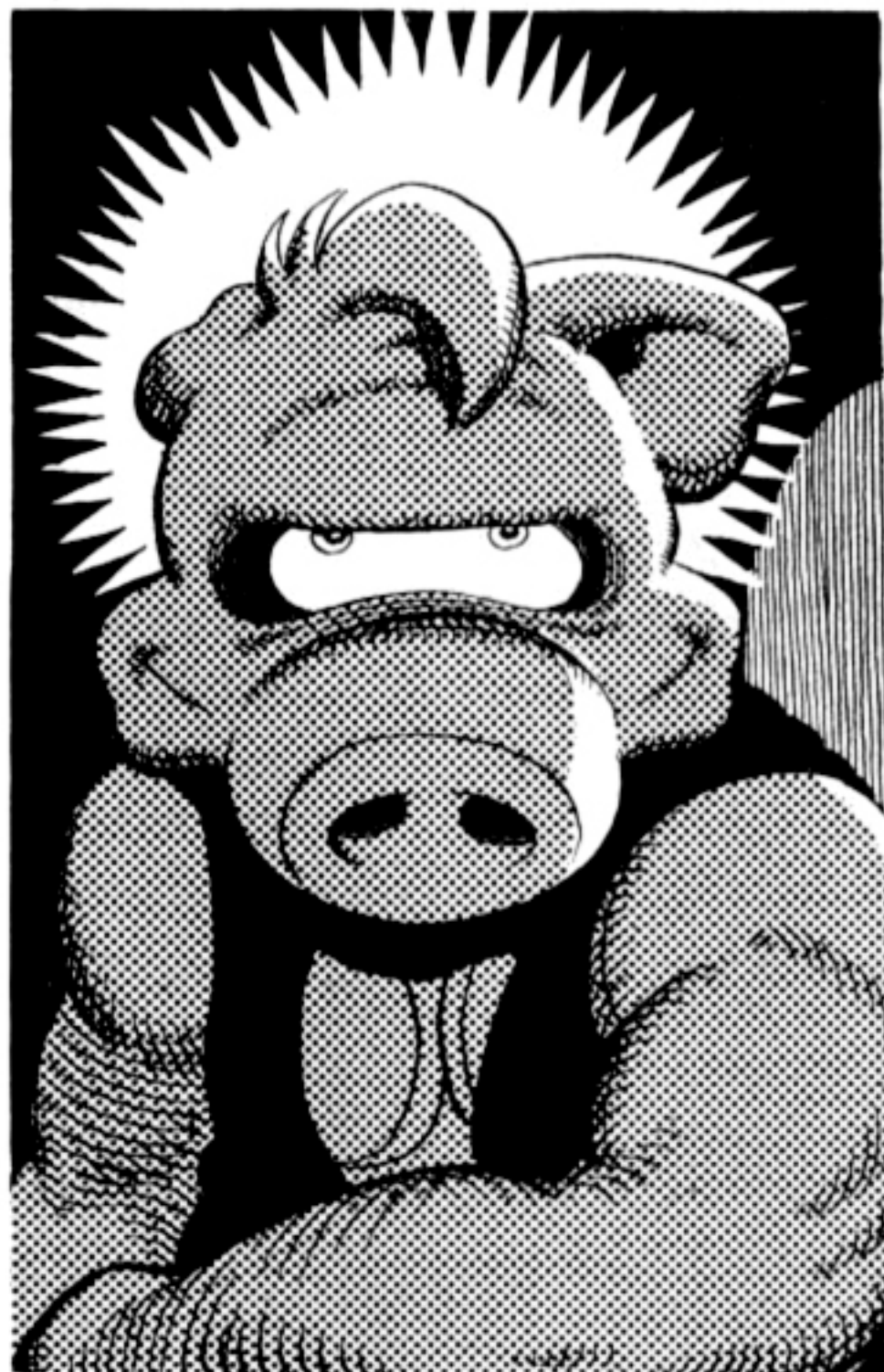
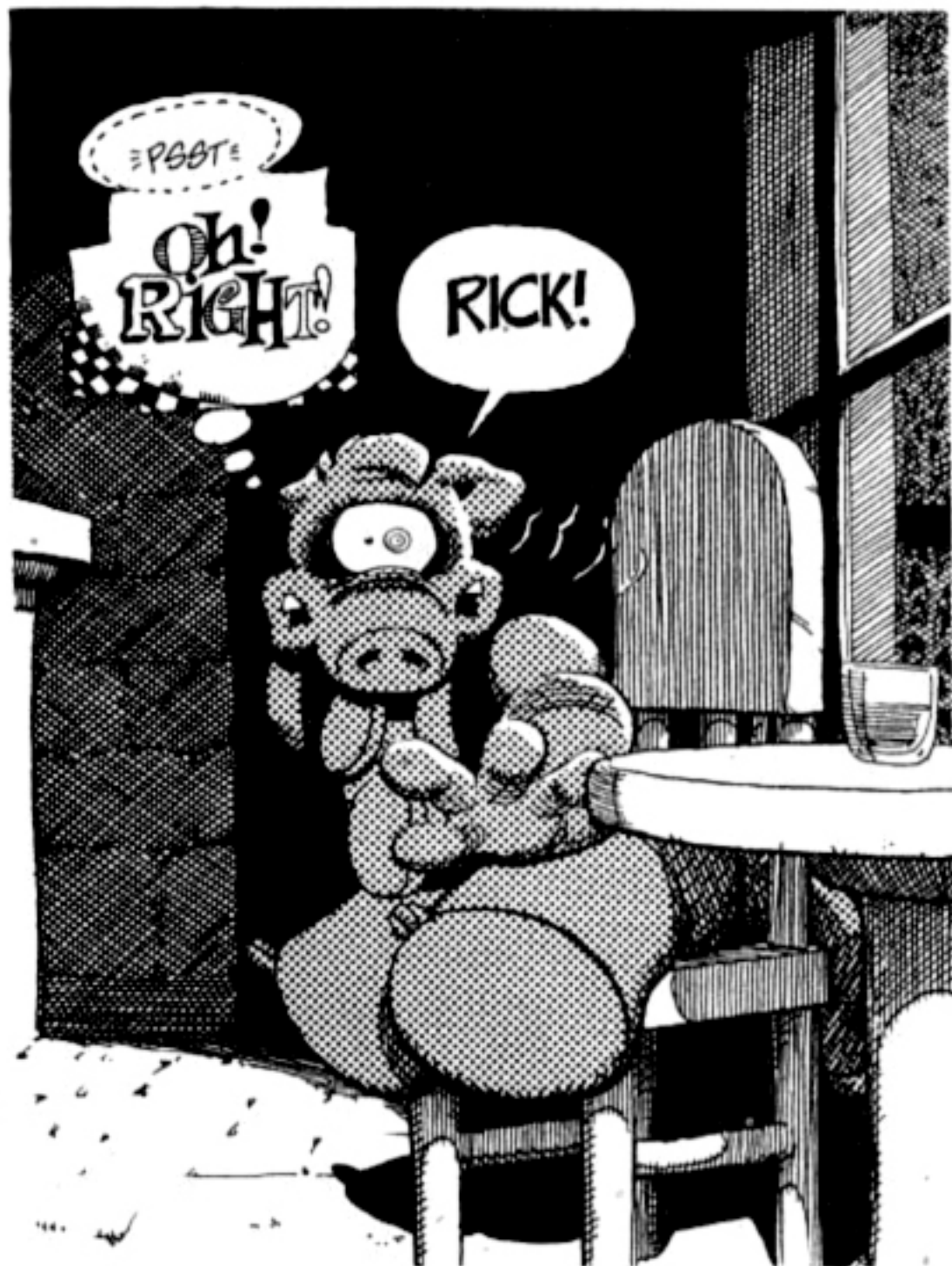
WISH  
ME  
LUCK.



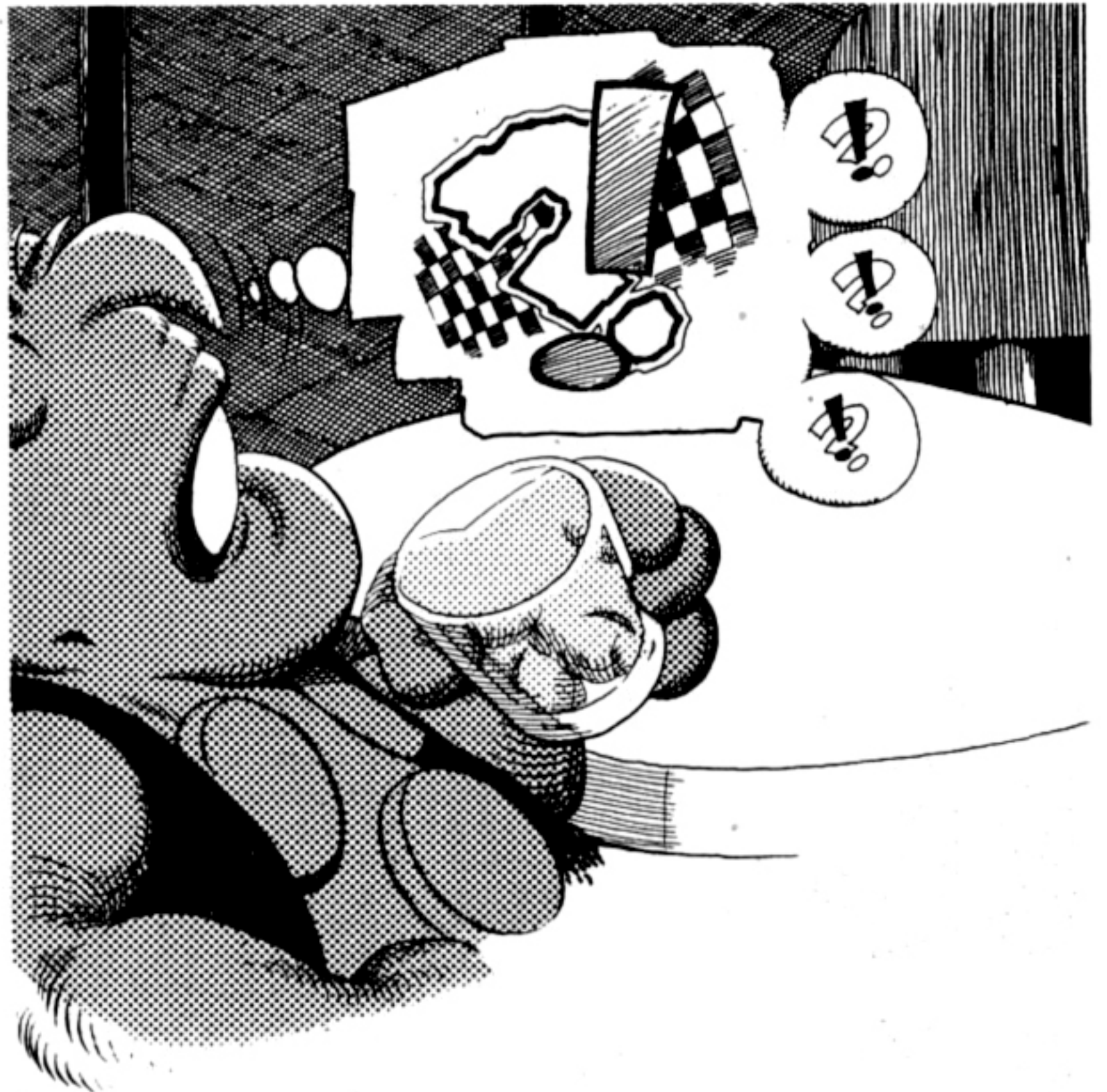
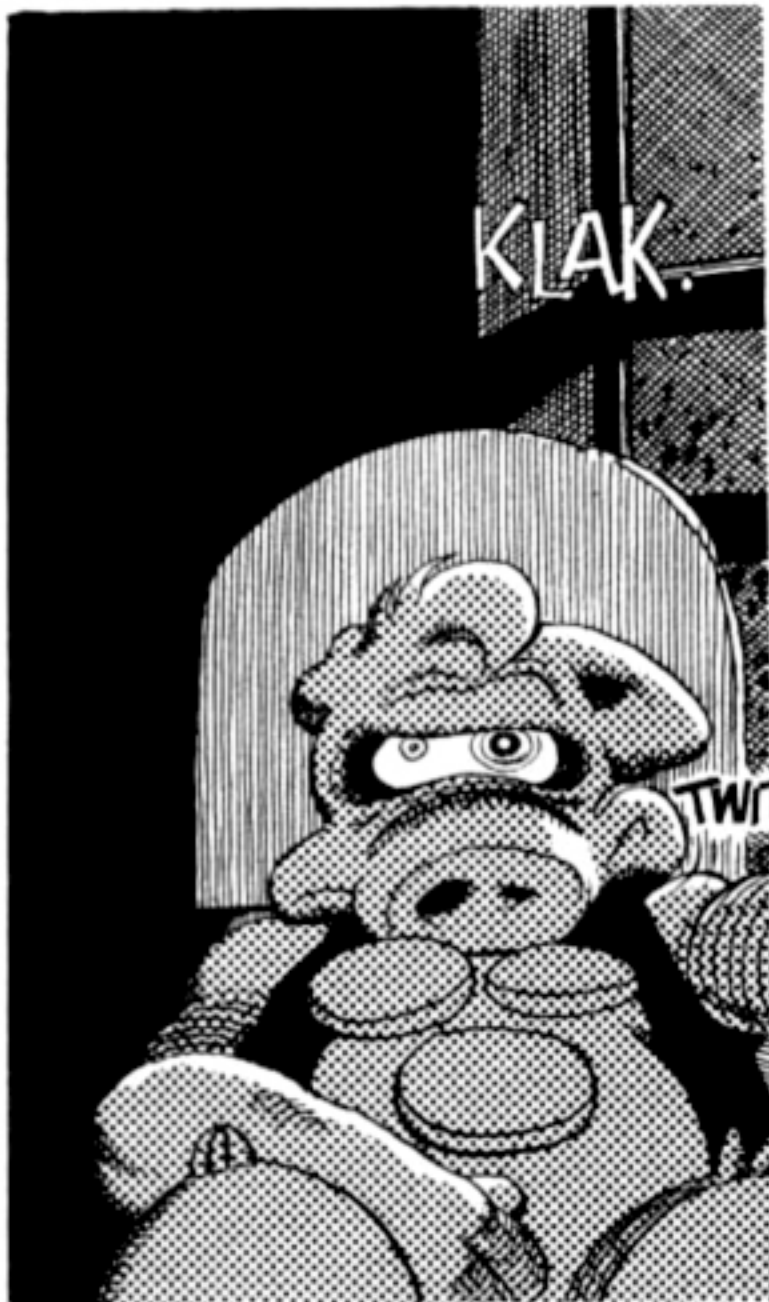
uhhh...

GOOD  
LUCK!











"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

(OKAY, CEREBUS IS REEALLY "FORNICATED" ON THAT ONE)

SHUT UP

(AYE... THE BATTLE OF MAYOR ALONE)

SHUT UP

SOLDIERING DOESN'T COUNT CEREBUS WAS JUST DOING WHAT HE WAS ORDERED TO DO

CEREBUS HAD TO MAKE A LIVING

A LOTTA GUNS KILLED MORE PEOPLE THAN CEREBUS DID

AT LEAST CEREBUS DIDN'T RAPE ANYBODY

AYE! AYE! AYE

(OF COURSE AFTER THE BATTLE WHEN CEREBUS KILLED THAT MOUTHY KID)

SHUT UP!!

EVEN BEAR LOOKED AT CEREBUS AS IF CEREBUS WAS

JALALA CEREBUS ISN'T LISTENIN'

(I THOUGHT WE WERE CONFESSING OUR SINS BEFORE...)

TARIM KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE MOUTHY KID, OKAY? WHAT'S THE POINT OF TELLING TARIM THINGS HE

OO KIN

(HOW MANY IS THAT?)

(TWO, THREE, FOUR.)

SO FAR

AYE AYE AYE

OKAY. WHAT ARE TARIM'S OTHER SIX COMMANDMENTS

uhhhhh

WELL! HIC IF WUNUVEMIZ: "THOU SHALD NOD FERGED TARIM'S CLIMMAN'MINTZ" WE'RE FORNICATED THERE TOO, BOY.

((HEY! I BET IF CERBASSADDA NUTHER SCODGE 'E COULD HIC REMMEMER))





NAY! IT'S THE SCOTCH THAT MADE CEREBUS FORGET

VER PROBBLY RIGHD  
HICE  
(HAWANLUTHER IN UN ENNYWAY)  
Nudge

NAY/CERBISS HASTO REMEMBER THE OTHER SIX CONDEMNANTS

WHAP FOR? ALRIDDY KNOWS CERBISS EEZ GOIN' STRAY INNATHE

BLACK PIP

WHENNEE

CROKES

CERBISS SED SO 'INSELF

LOOG ADID THIS WAY:

?

FER THE RES'V ETERNIDY

WHEN CERBISS WAKES

UB EVRY MORNING WITHIZ MOUTH FULLA HICE

WASP ANNA HICE DIZEEZD CROW PEKKEN' OLD

!! EYES

CHAINED TO A WALL

(CERBISS, I MEAN HICE NOT TH' DIZEEZD HICE CROW)

DIZ CERBISS: REEALLY

WANNA BE SAYING TO HIM HICE SELVEZ:

SHIP!

POIT.

CERBISS SHOULDAD HAD OTHER THAD SO ODE

ANCE

HAD

WHEN CERBISS STY





CEREBUS HAS  
TO GET OUT OF  
HERE

**Aye! Aye Aye!!**



AS LONG AS RICK'S  
DATE WITH JOANNE  
GOES OKAY, RICK  
WILL ASK HER TO  
MARRY HIM AND

WHO IS CEREBUS KIDDING?  
RICK IS GOING TO CALL HER  
A DEVIL AND A VIPER  
AND A SCORPION  
OR TELL HER TO GO ON  
AND BEAT IT AND  
**SCRAM**

CEREBUS HAS TO FACE  
IT: CEREBUS BLEW  
HIS ONE CHANCE TO GET  
RID OF GIRLY-BOY

AND NOW CEREBUS IS  
**STUCK WITH HIM  
FOREVER\***

THAT'S TERRIBLE...

CEREBUS SHOULD HAVE  
NUTTER SCODGE TO

**SHUT  
UP!**

TWITCH

CEREBUS IS  
STUCK WITH GIRLY-  
BOY FOREVER

(HE SHAVED OFF  
HIS BEARD... WHY  
DID HE SHAVE OFF  
HIS BEARD? IT  
WAS THE ONLY  
MANLY THING  
ABOUT HIM)

(JOANNE IS  
GOING TO LAUGH  
HERSELF  
**SICK!**)

EEE YUP

MIGHT  
JUST AS  
WE'LL GET USED  
TO IT

CEREBUS  
IS STUCK HERE  
WITH GIRLY-  
BOY FOR THE  
REST OF HIS  
LIFE

AND  
SOME DAY  
WHEN  
CEREBUS  
IS OLD AND  
WRINKLED

CEREBUS'  
HEART WILL  
STOP BEATING

AND THAT  
OLD BLACK PIT  
WILL OPEN UP  
AND  
SWEEP  
CEREBUS

















DID YOU COME STRAIGHT.

BACK.

HERE.



OH!

I HAD A LOT OF TIME TO THINK ON MY WAY OVER THERE

AND I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING I WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT



SOMETHING YOU WANTED TO ASK CEREBUS ABOUT

AYE!

WHAT

DO YOU WANT TO ASK CEREBUS ABOUT.

CEREBUS DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW...

SHUT UP. CEREBUS KNOWS THAT



"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND"

I STARTED THINKING ABOUT IT AS AN EXAMPLE OF ETHICAL ADVICE

AND THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE I REALIZED THAT IT WAS TOO AMBIGUOUS TO BE ETHICAL ADVICE --

(HERE'S WHAT I MEAN)

LET'S SAY THAT I'M AN **UNWISE RULER** AND I DECIDE TO **SEEK** MORE **POWER**

WELL, IT SEEMS OBVIOUS THAT IF I'M AN **UNWISE RULER**, MORE POWER IS THE LAST THING I SHOULD BE SEEKING AND THE WORST THING I COULD FIND -- BUT MY QUESTION ISN'T ABOUT THE **UNWISE RULER** --

MY QUESTION WAS ABOUT THE PERSON GIVING THE (SO-CALLED) "ETHICAL ADVICE" --

ISN'T THE **ADVICE-GIVER** AT LEAST PARTLY TO BLAME IF THE **UNWISE RULER** DECIDES TO SEEK "MORE POWER" ON THE BASIS OF THAT **ADVICE**?

AND IF SO

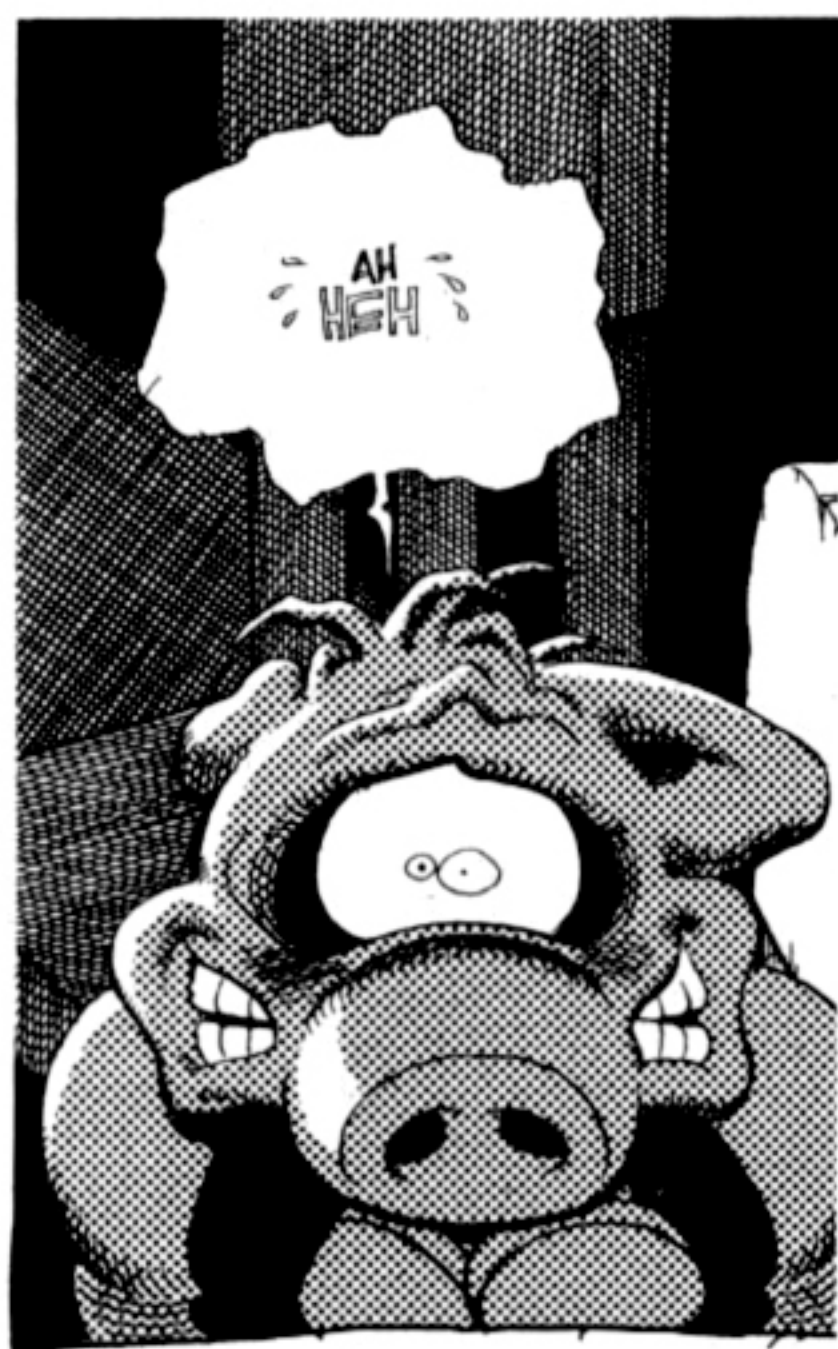
**KLIK KLAK**

**THUMP**

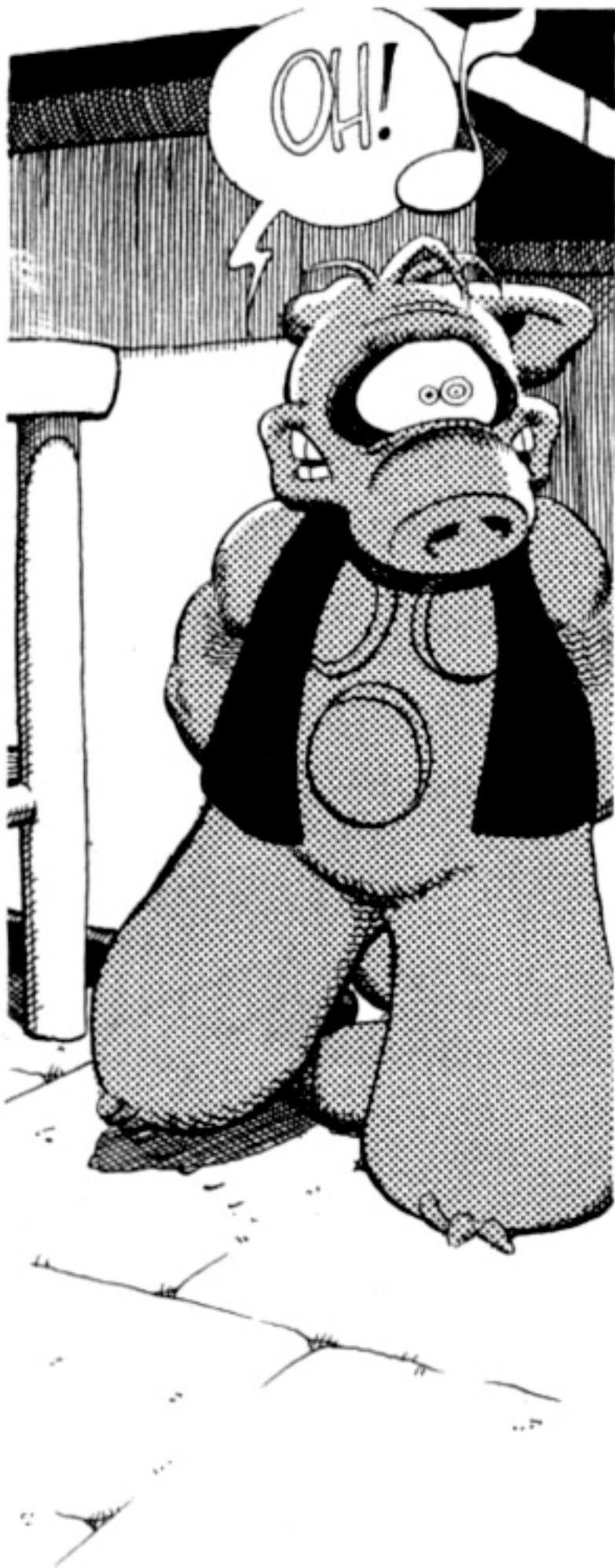




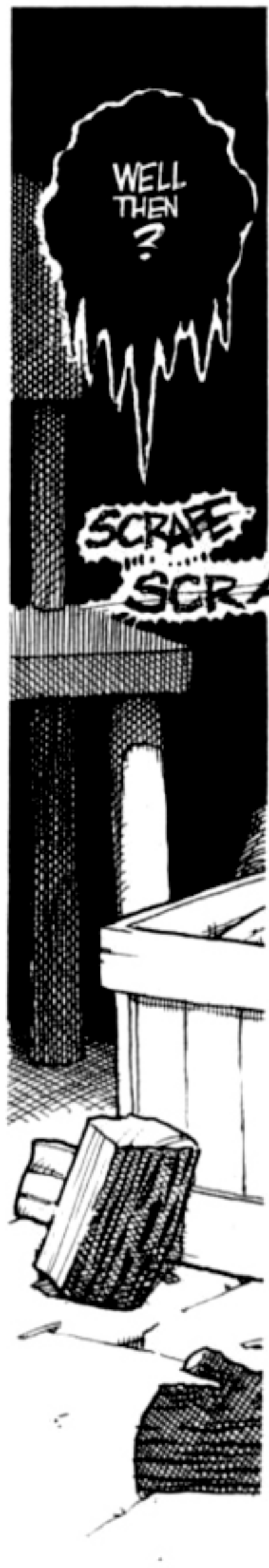
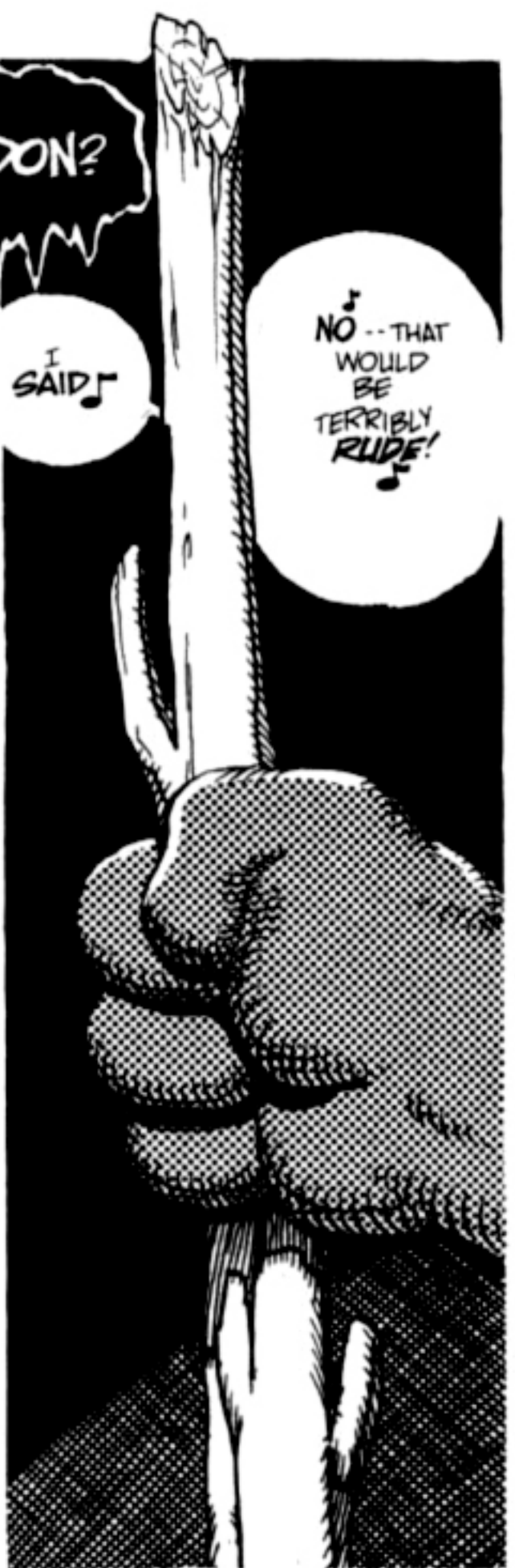




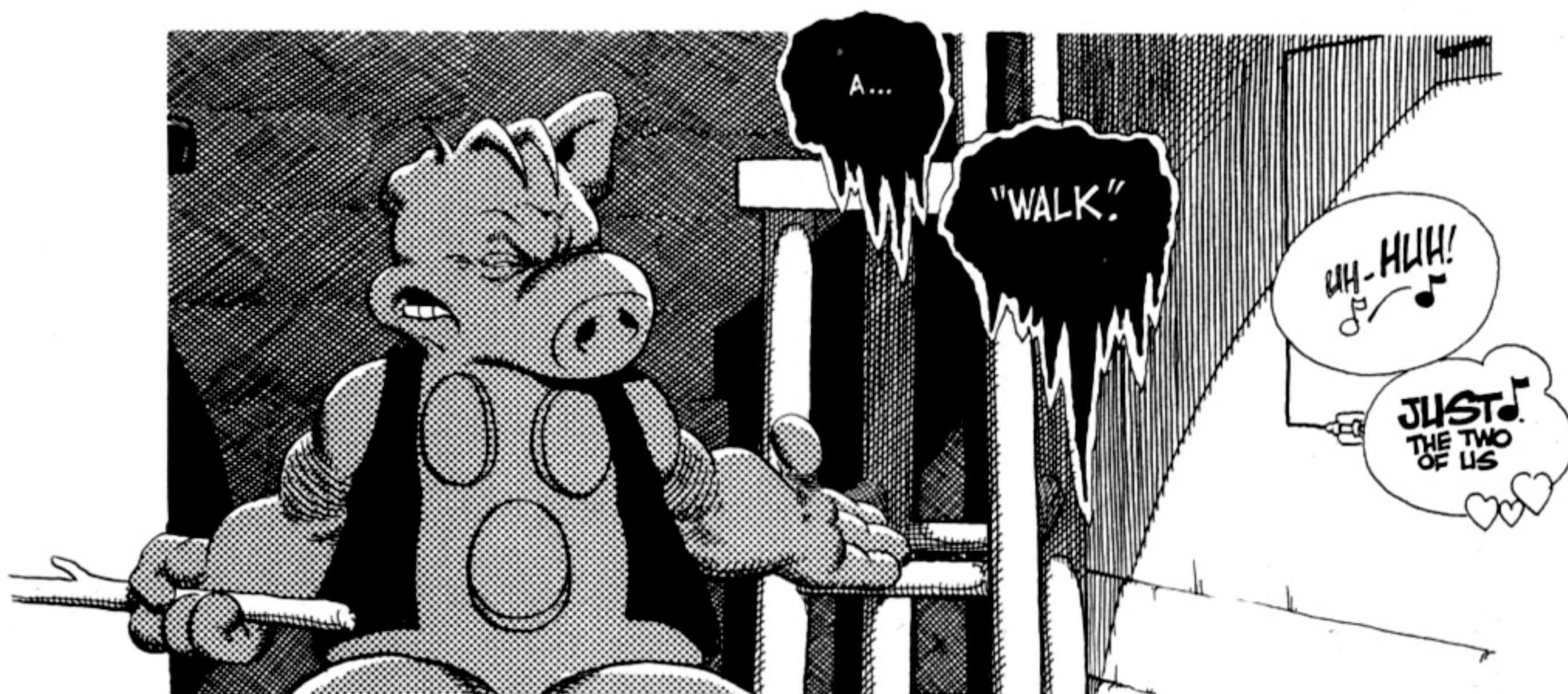
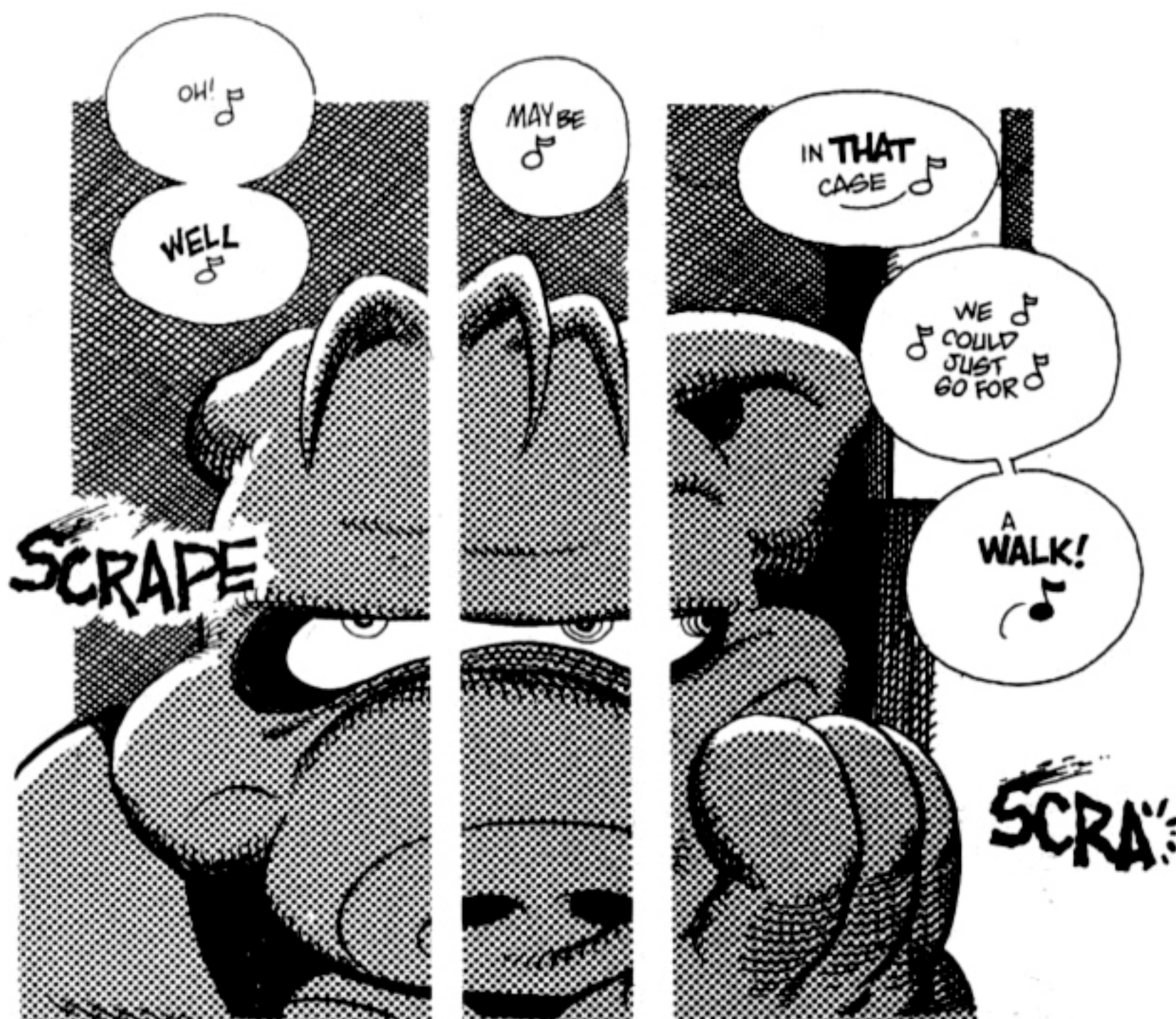
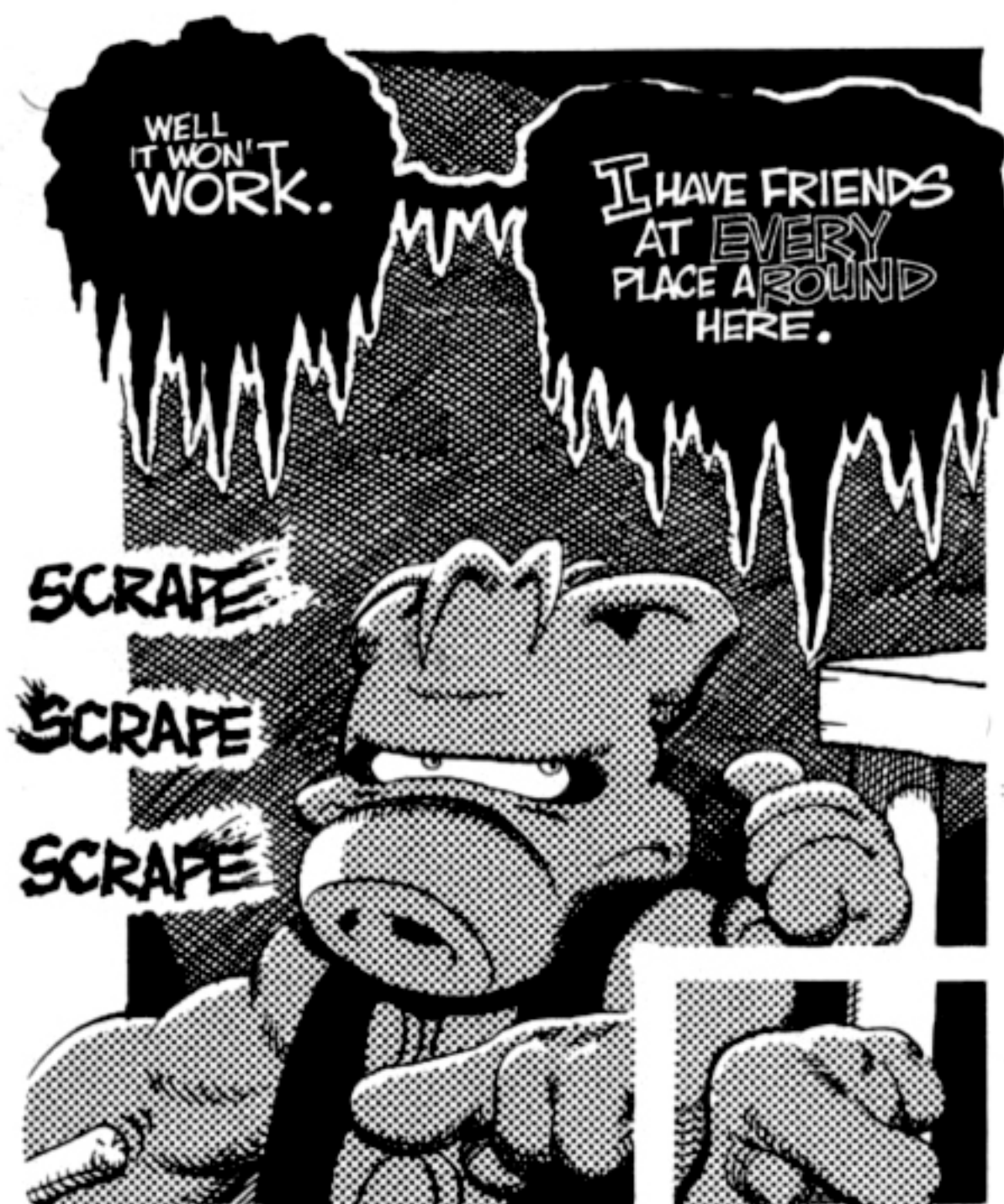
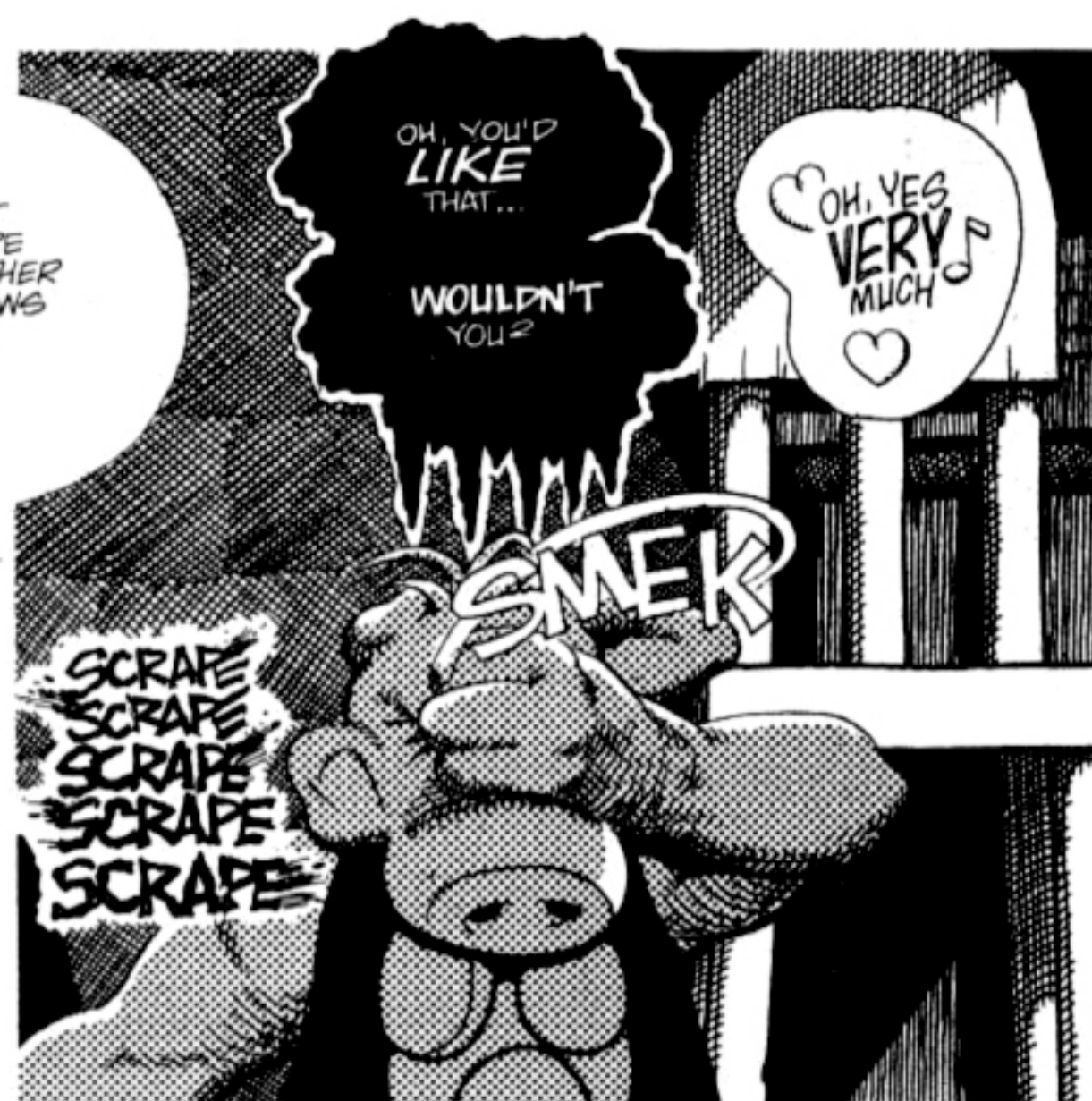




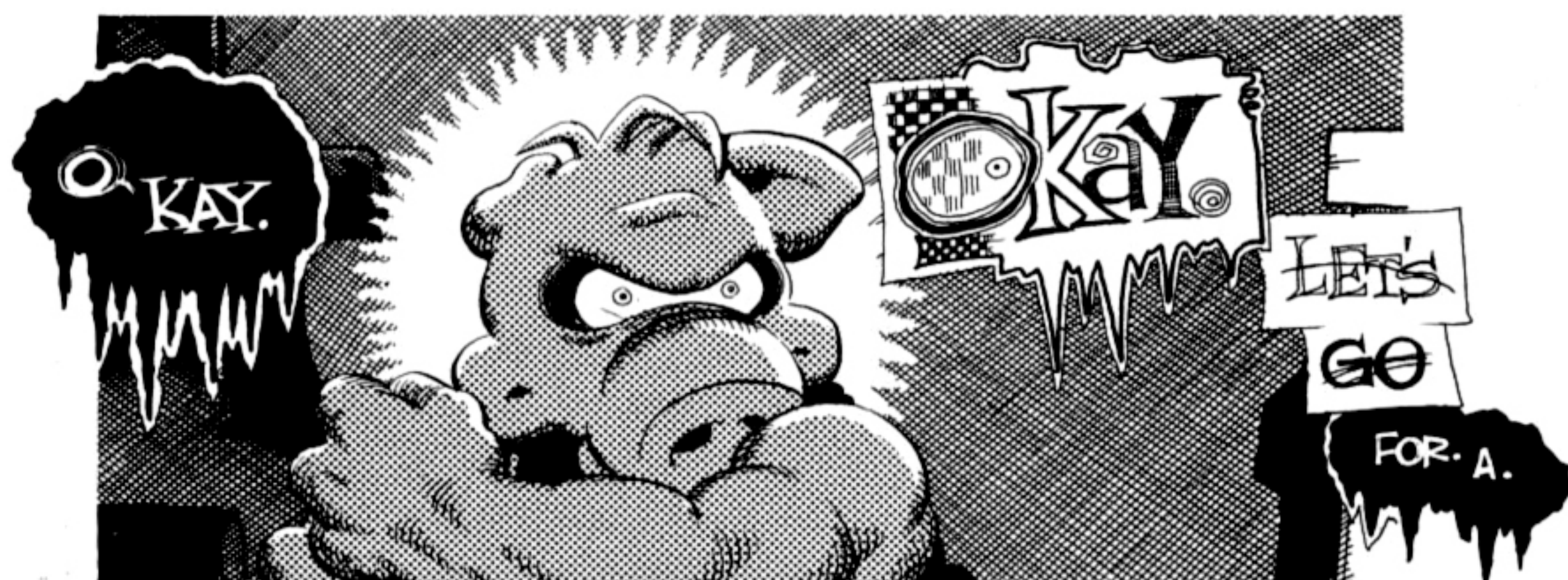
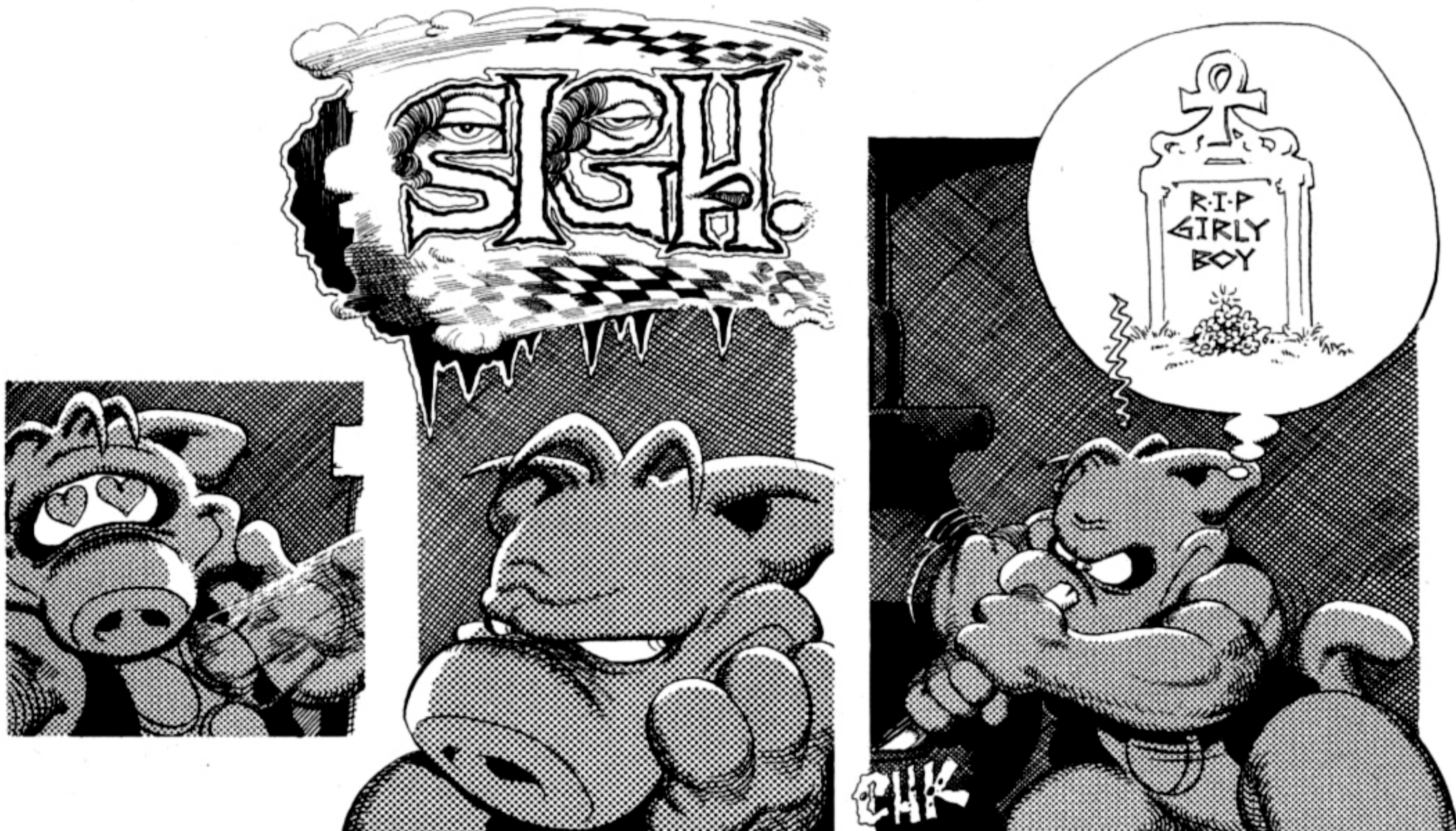




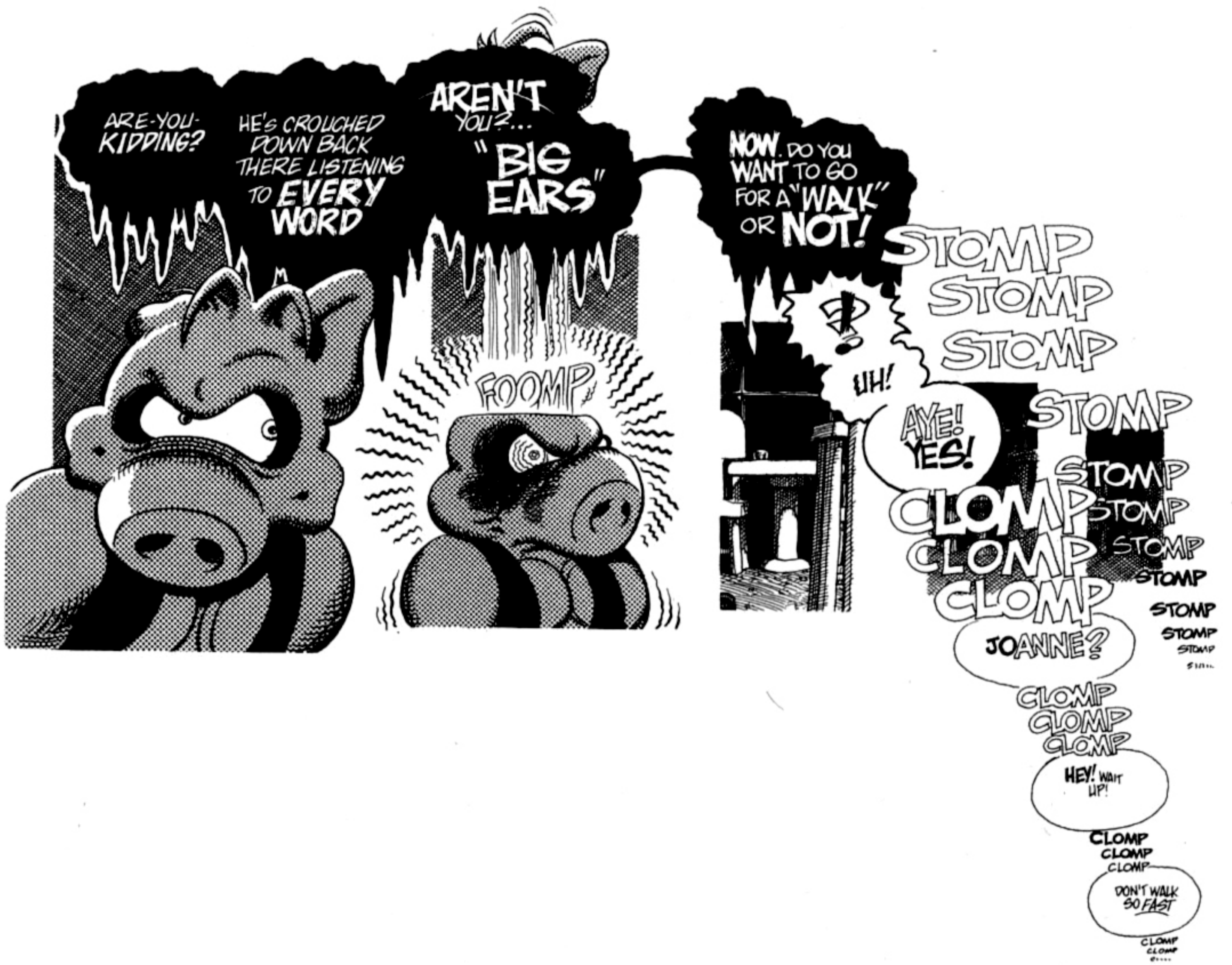




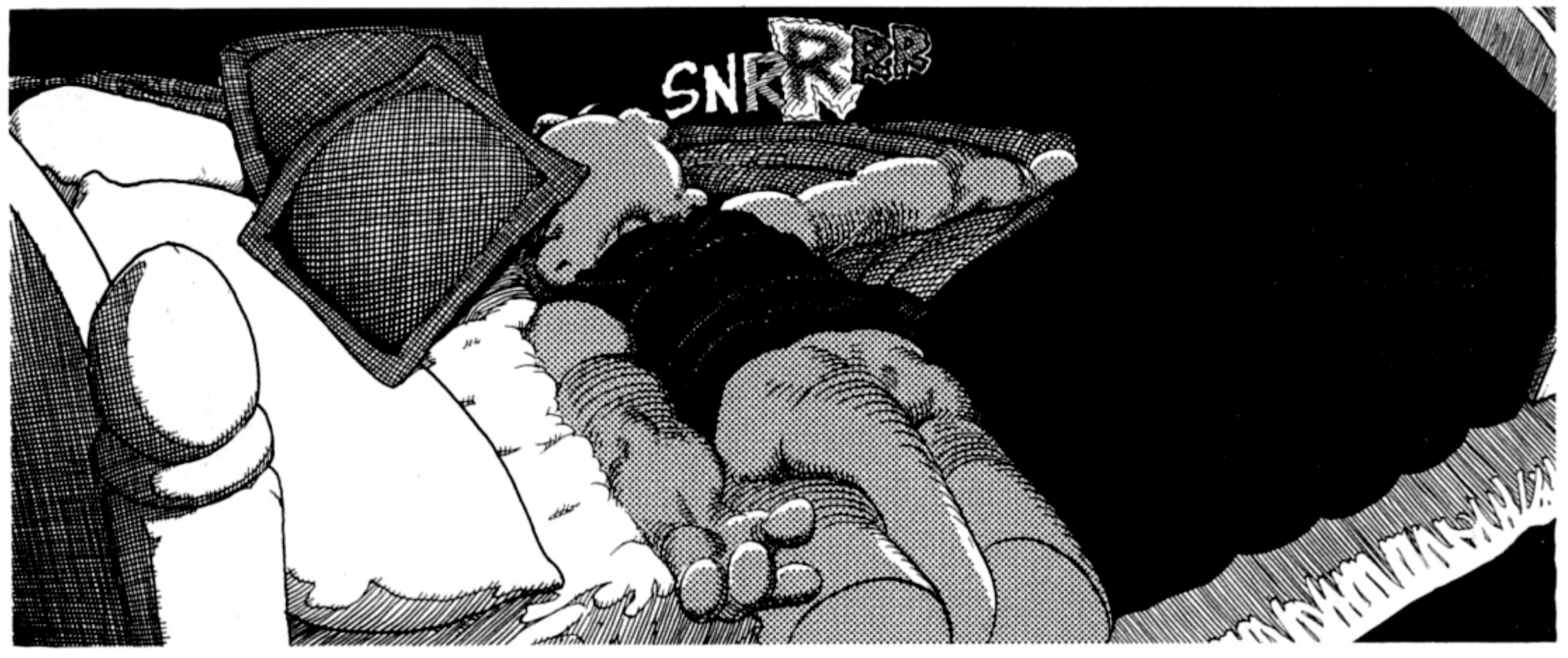
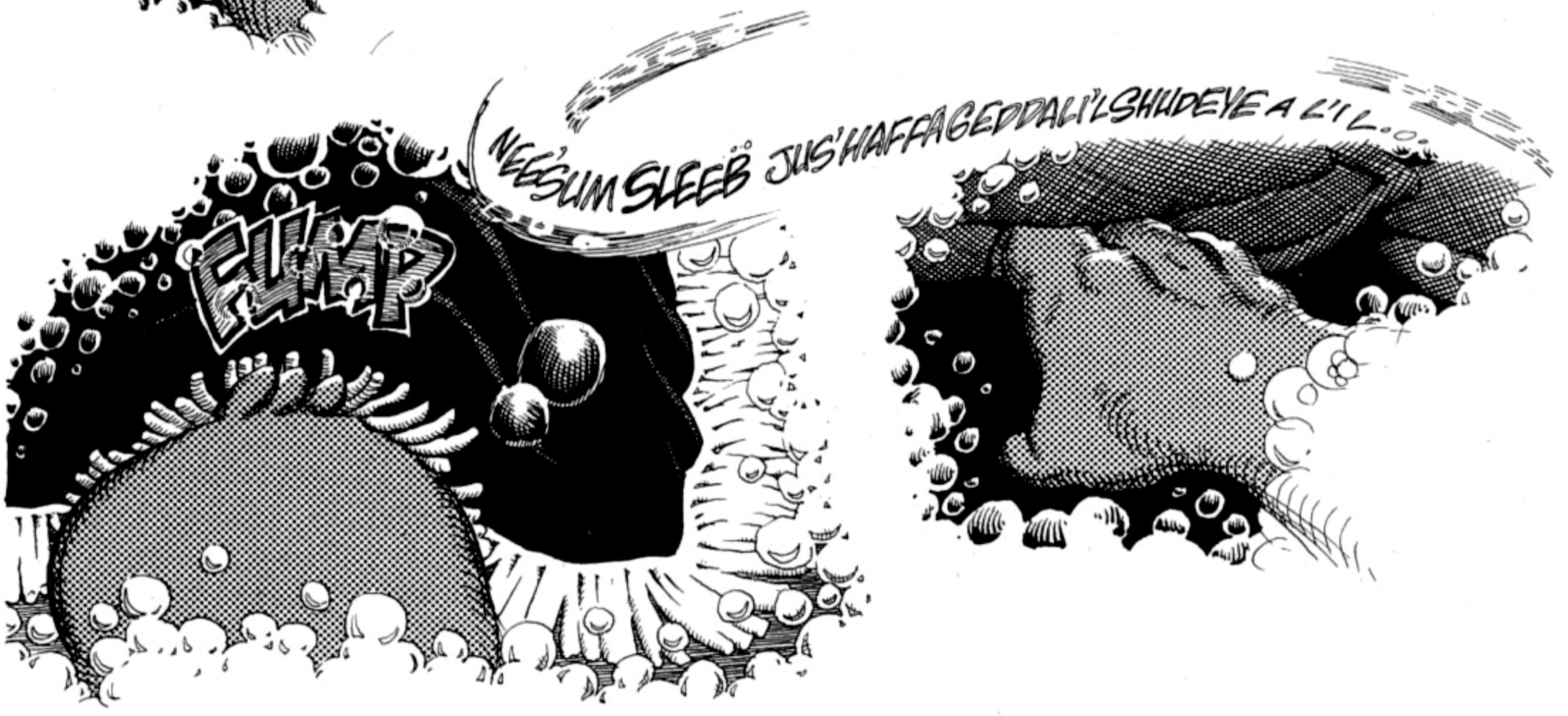
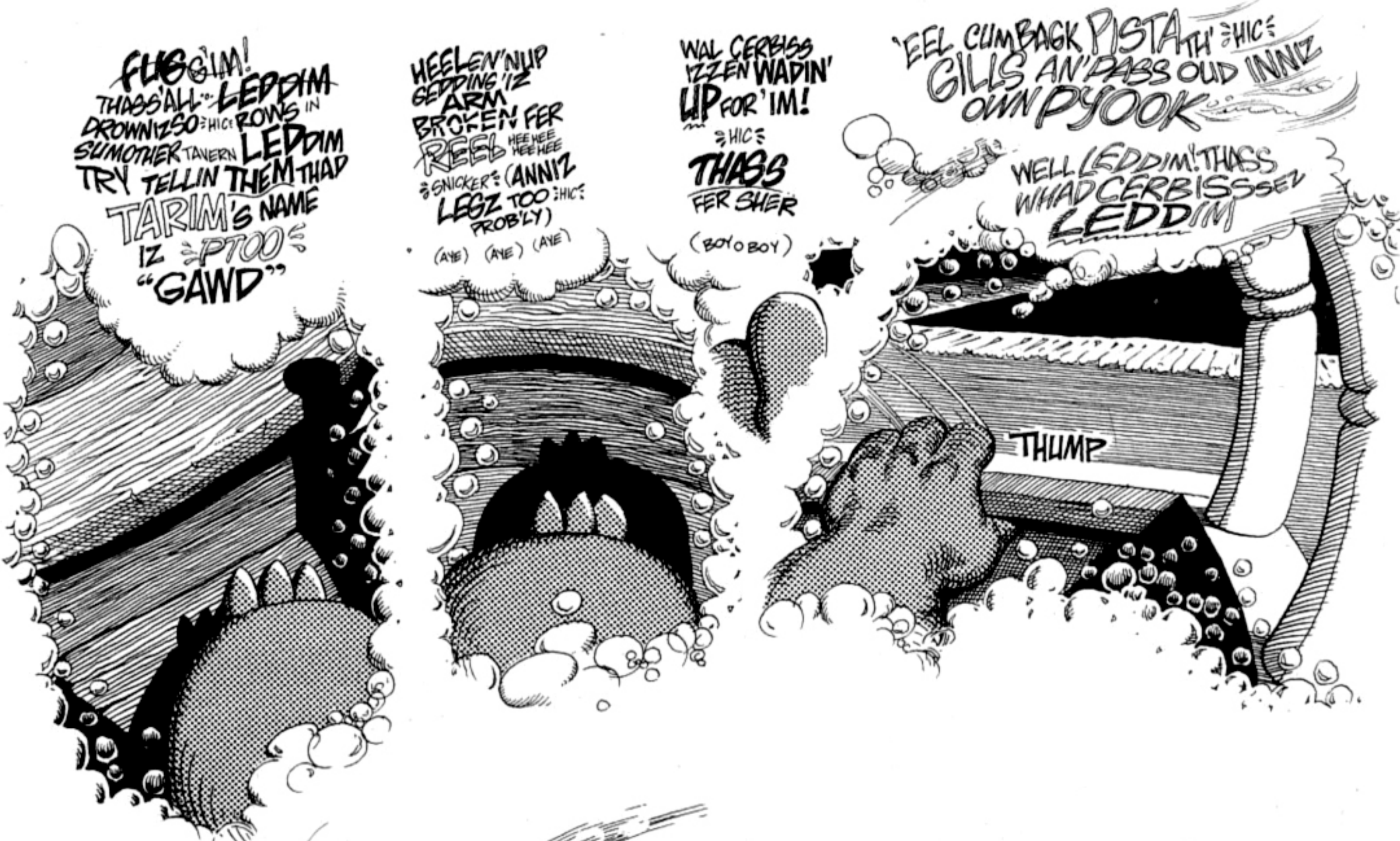




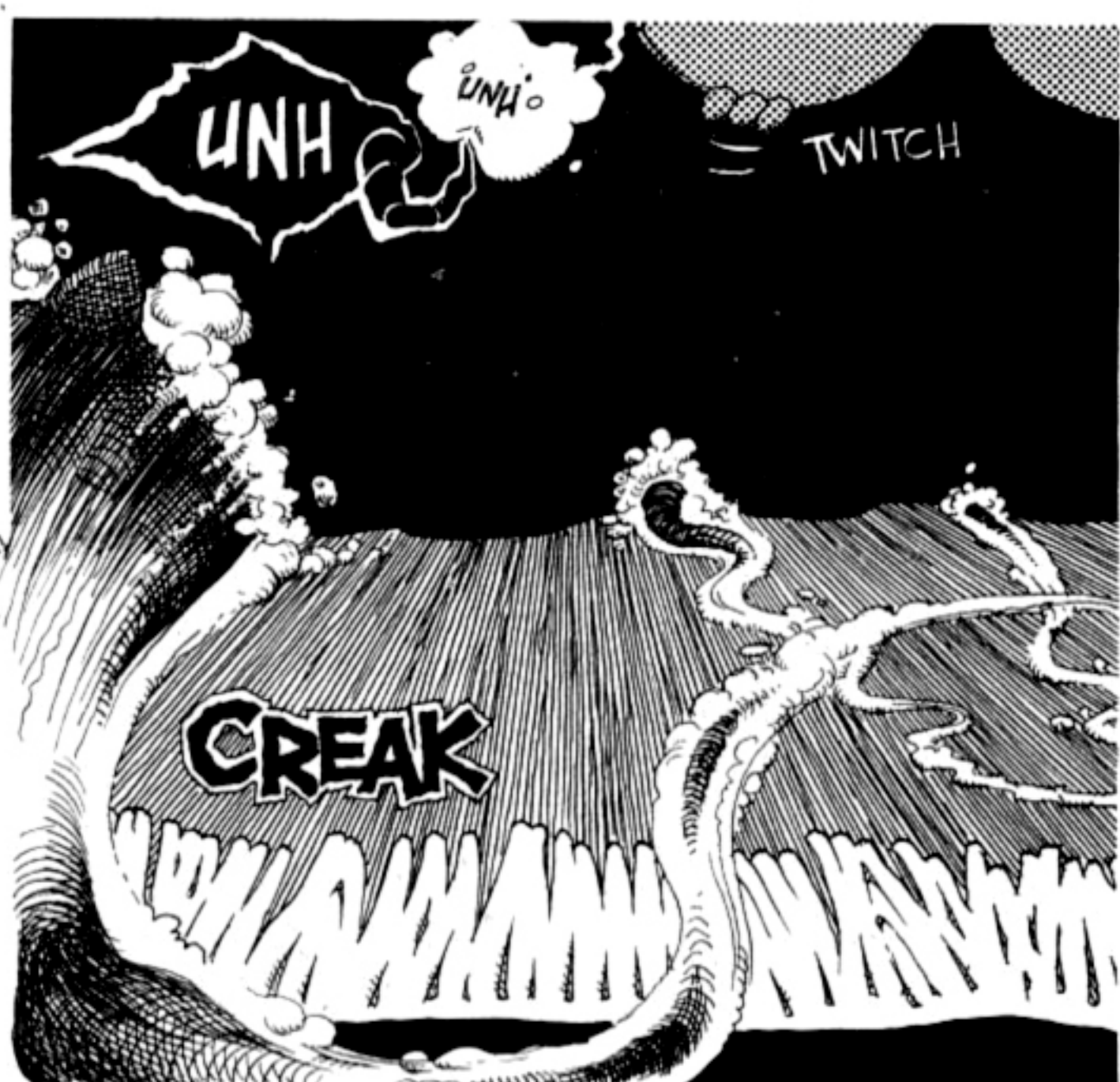
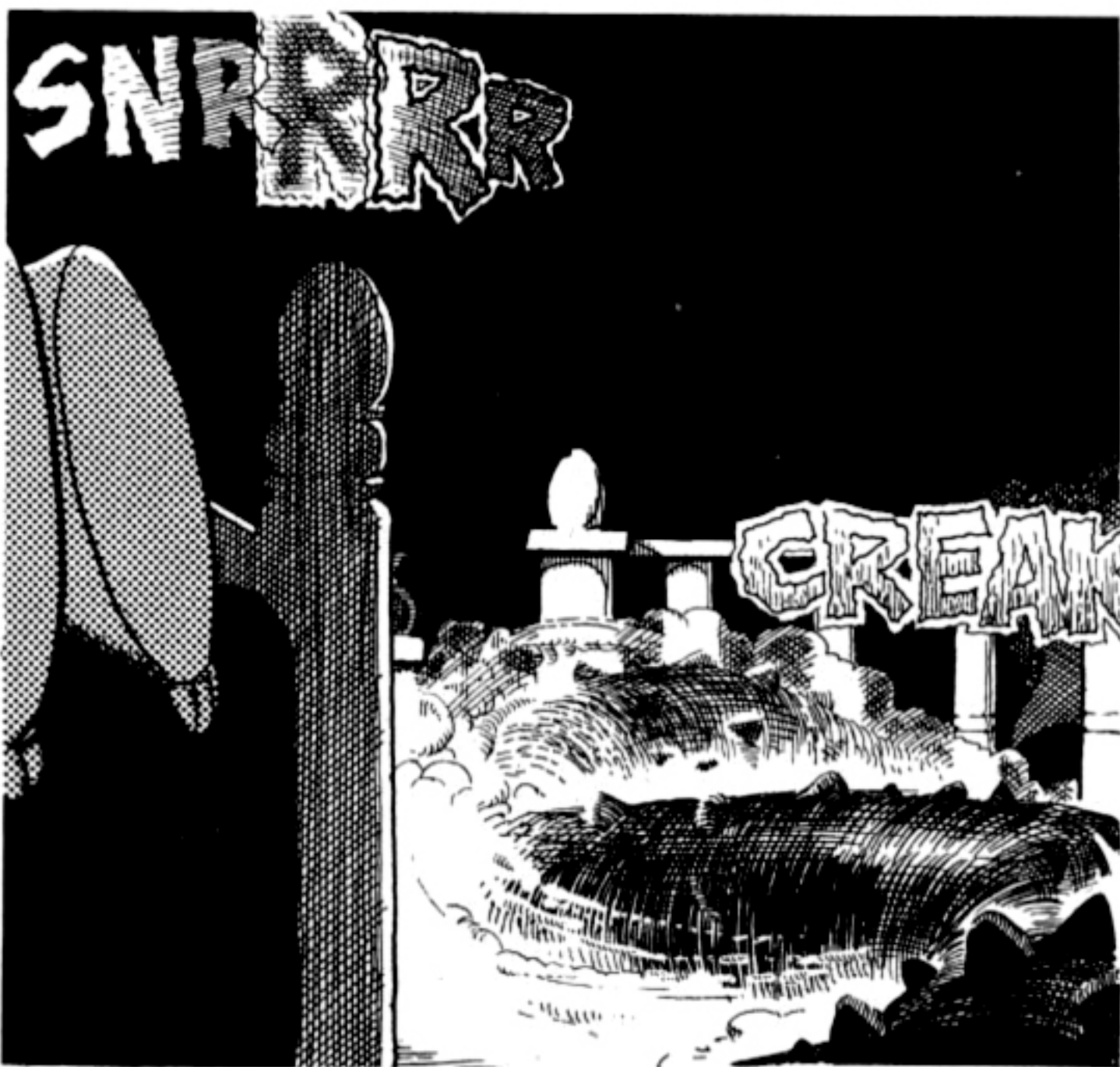
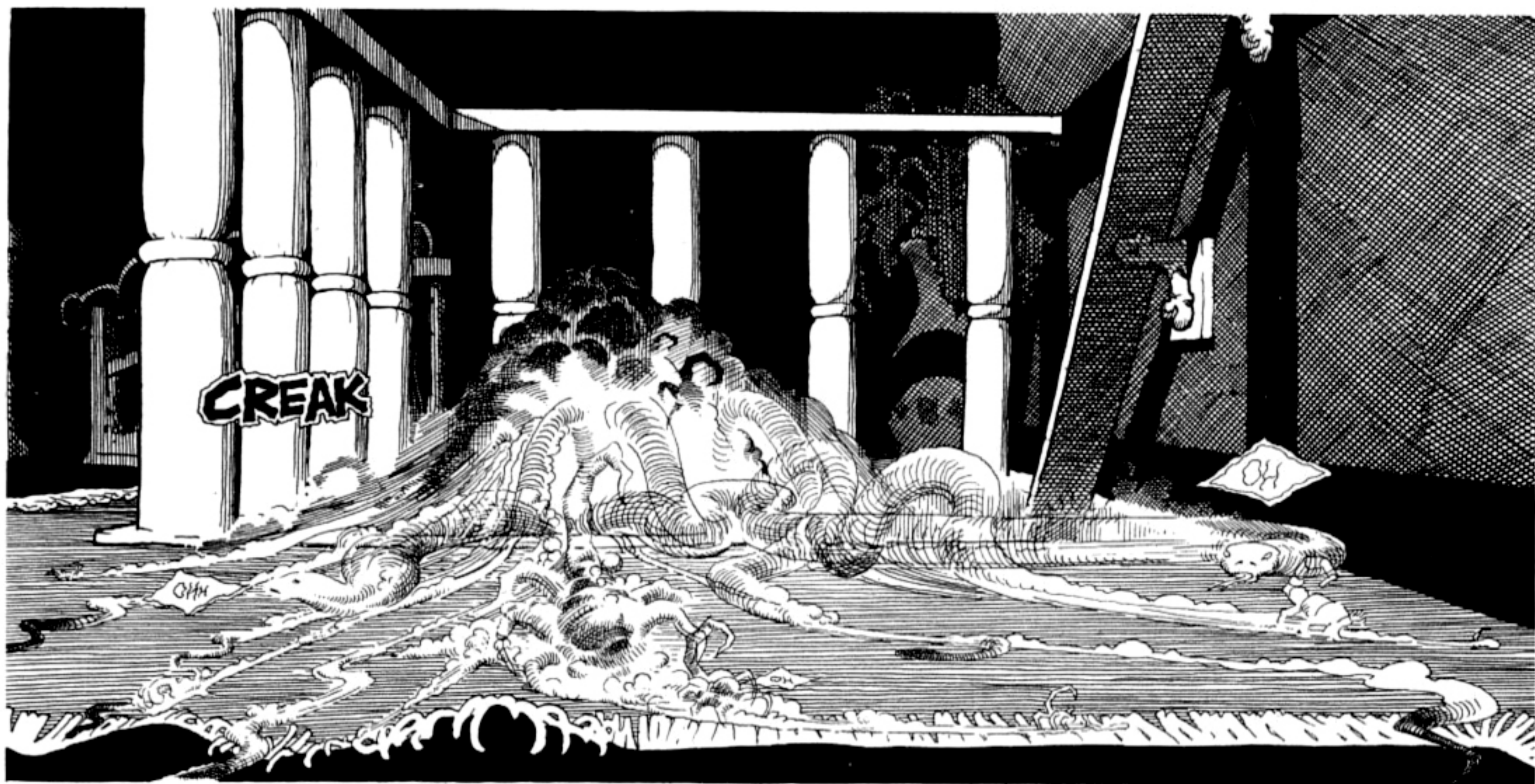




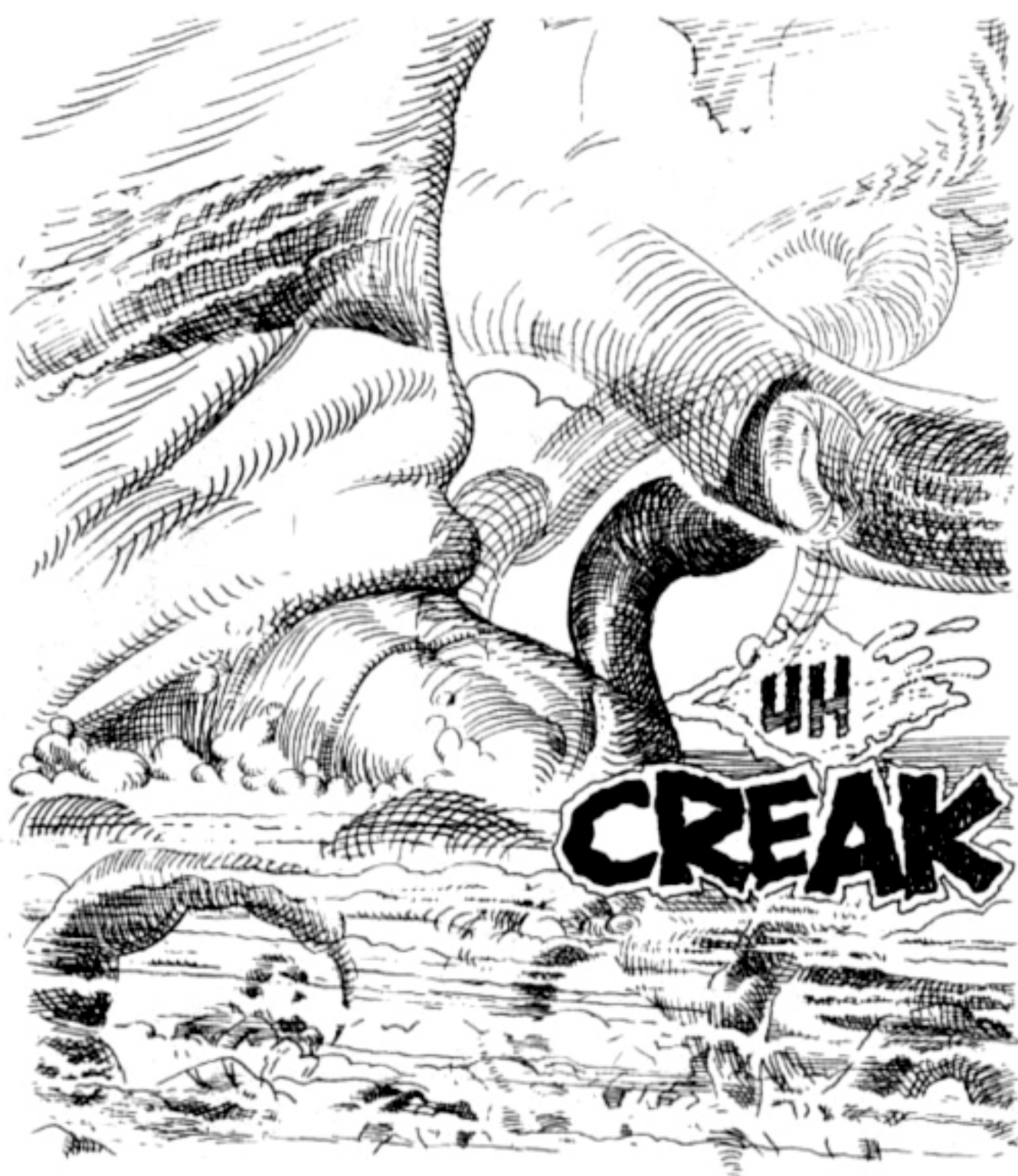




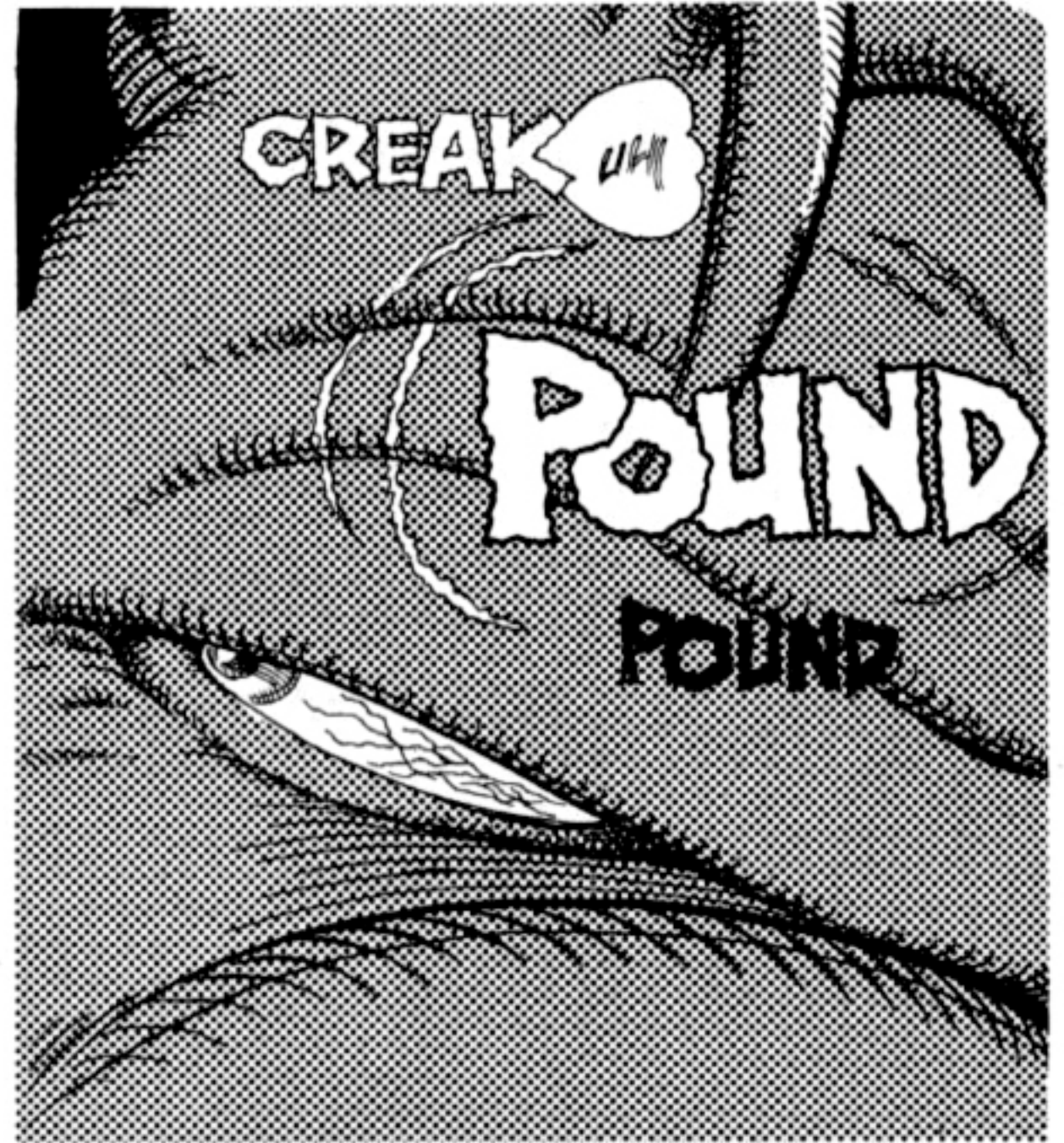
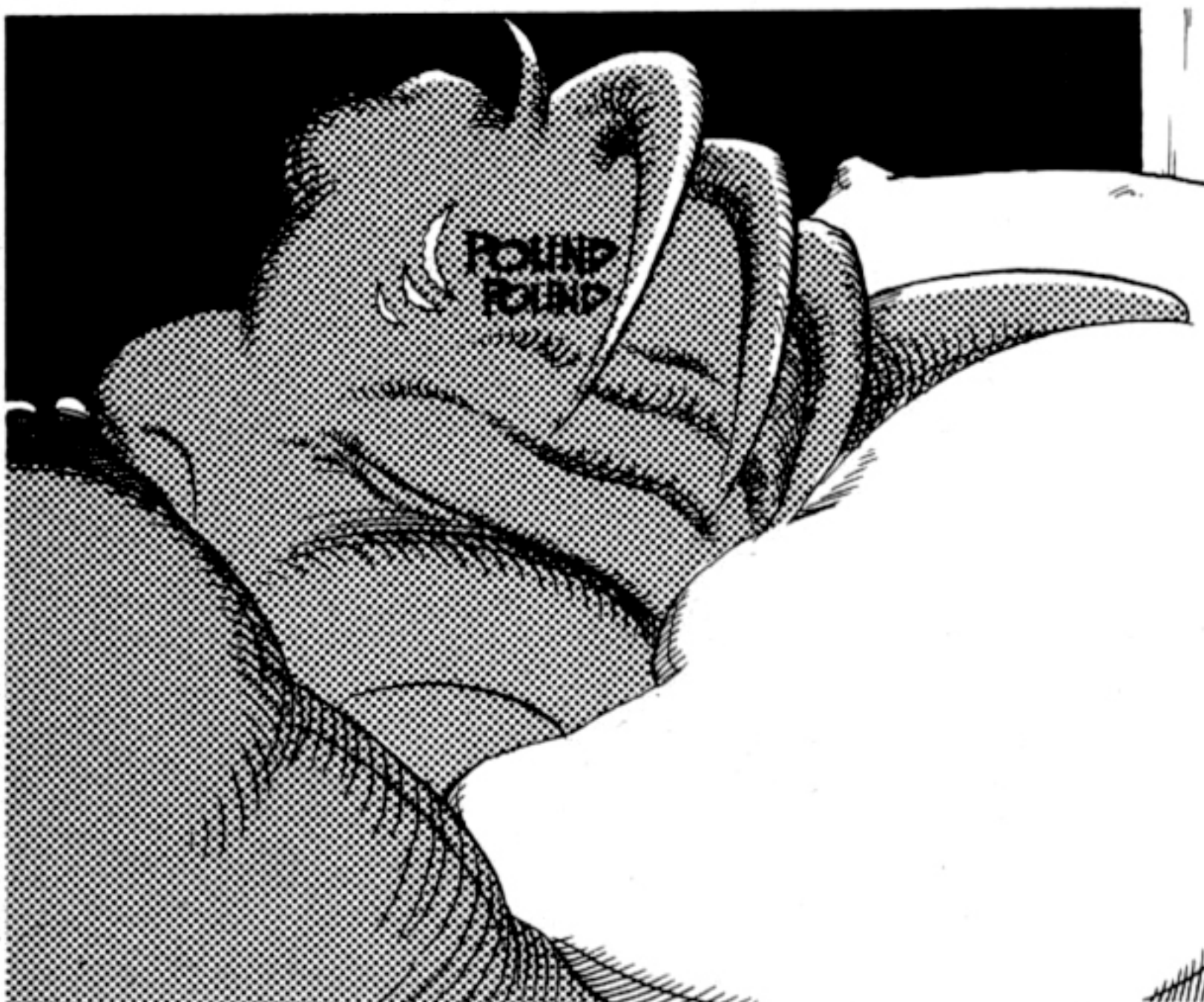
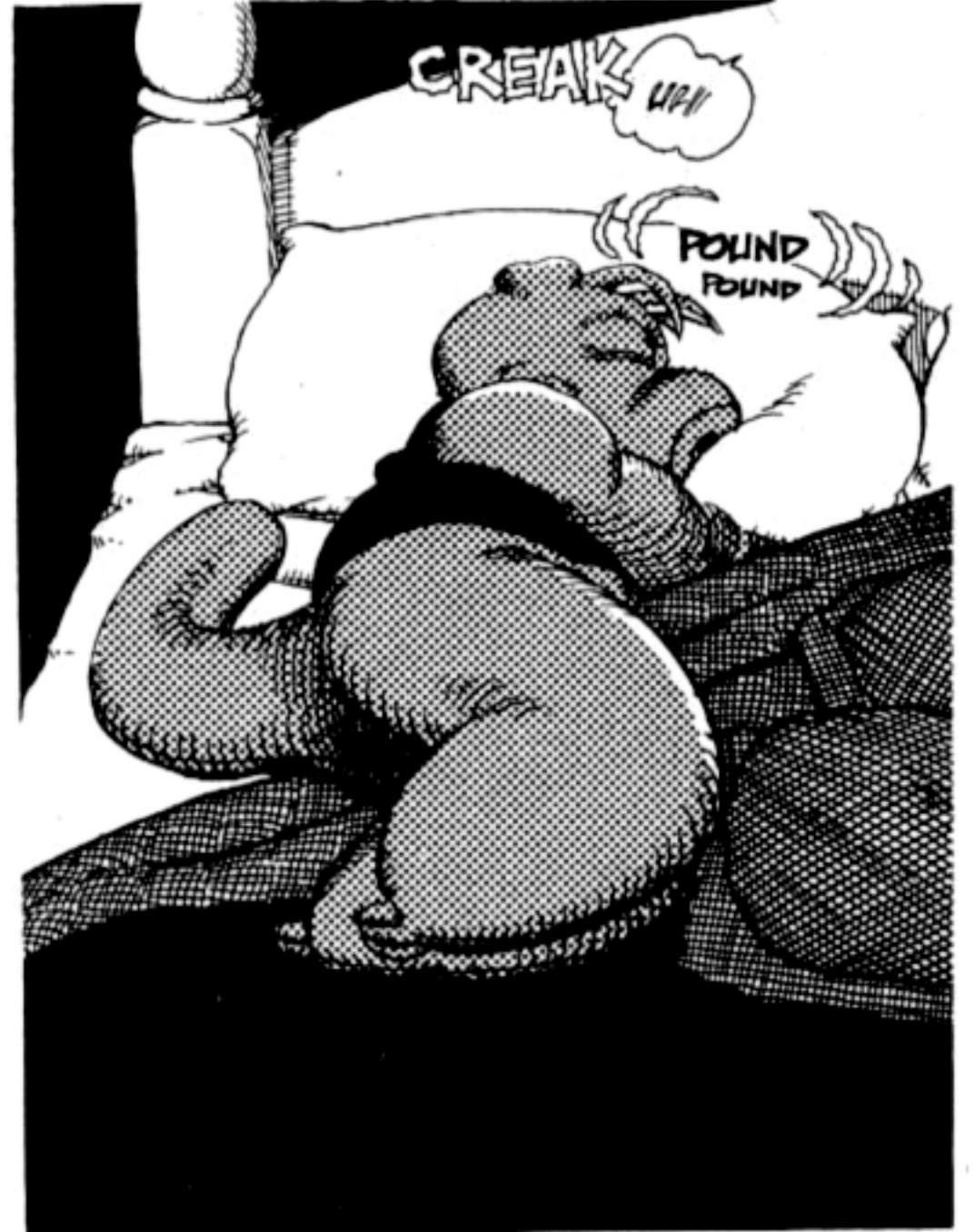
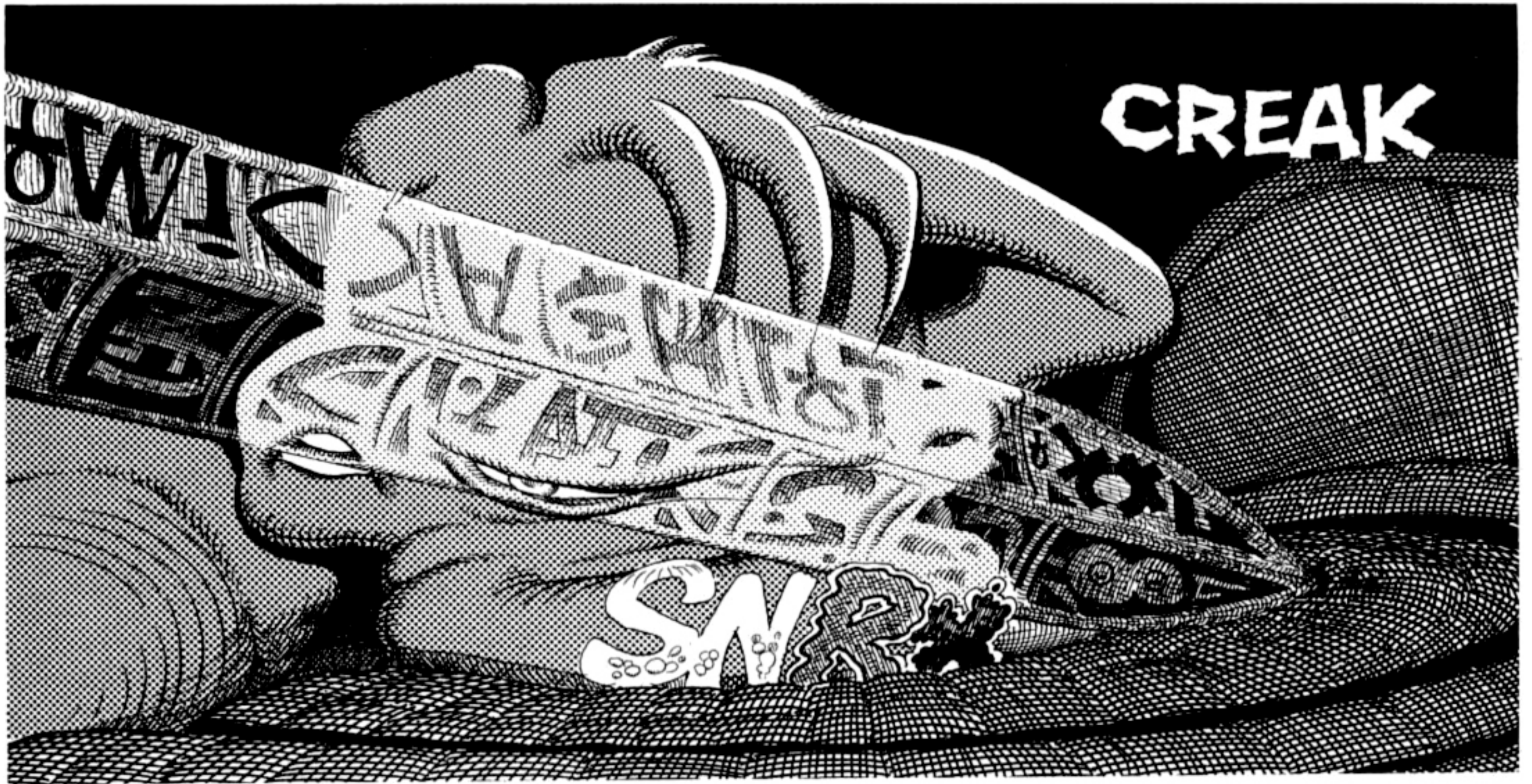




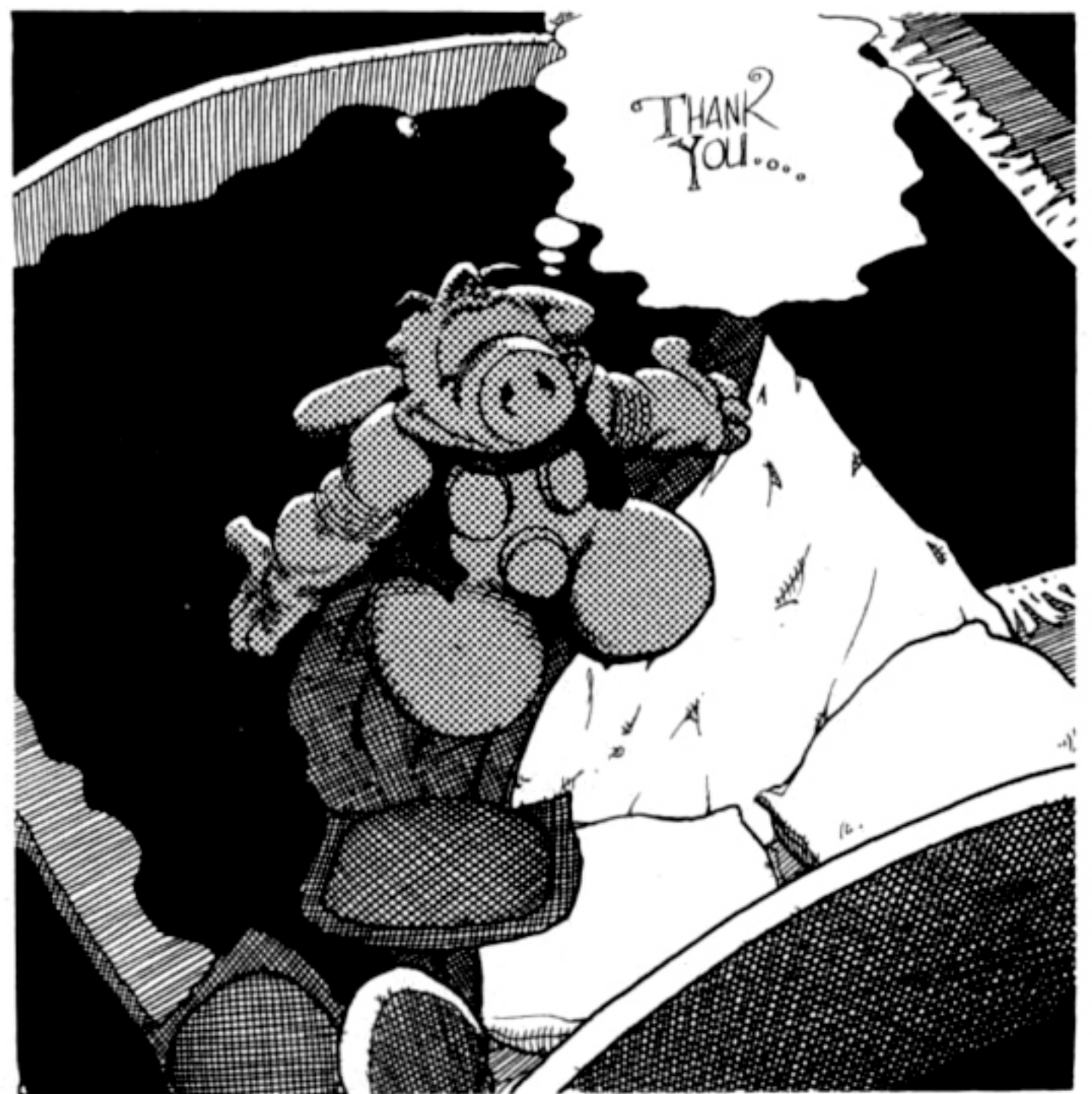
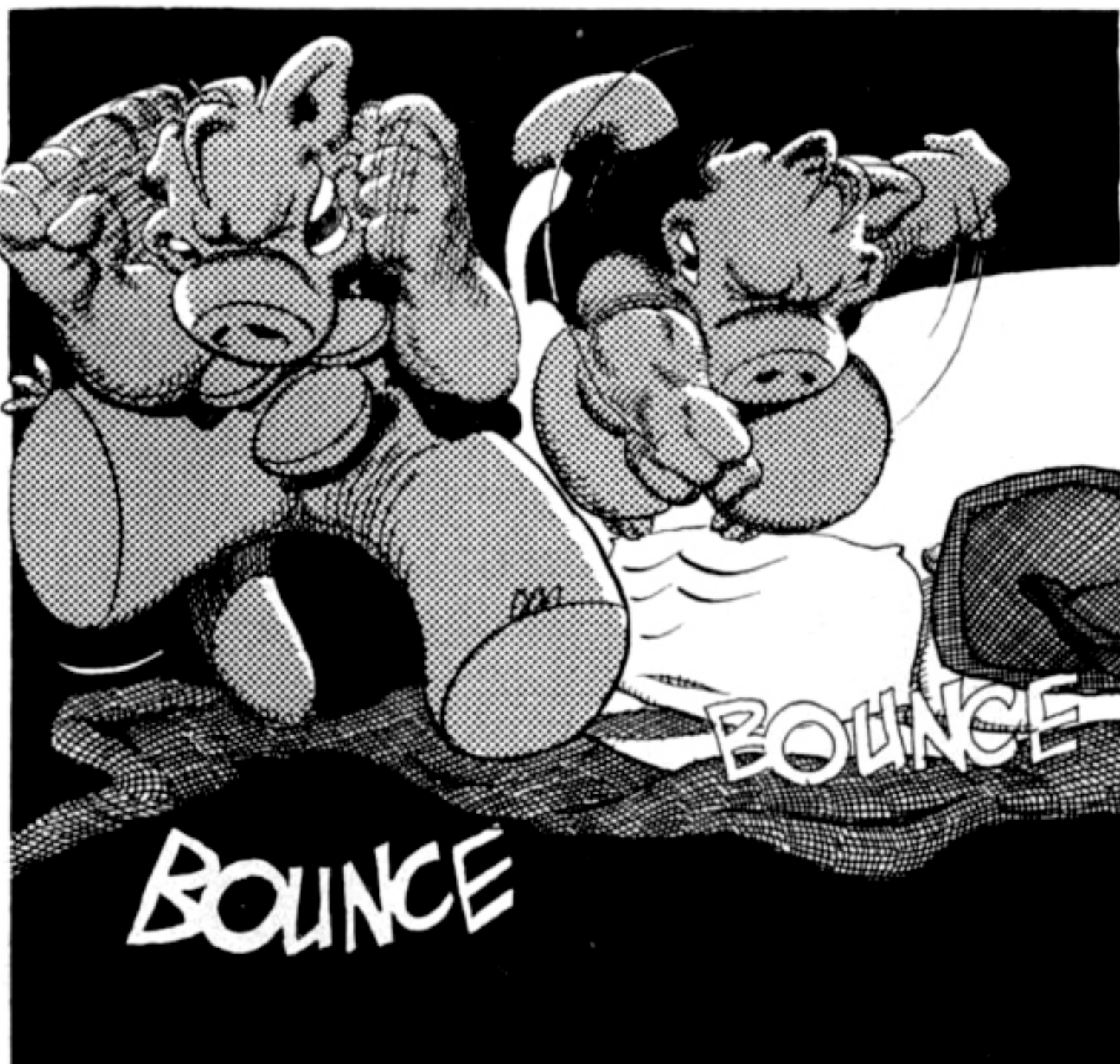
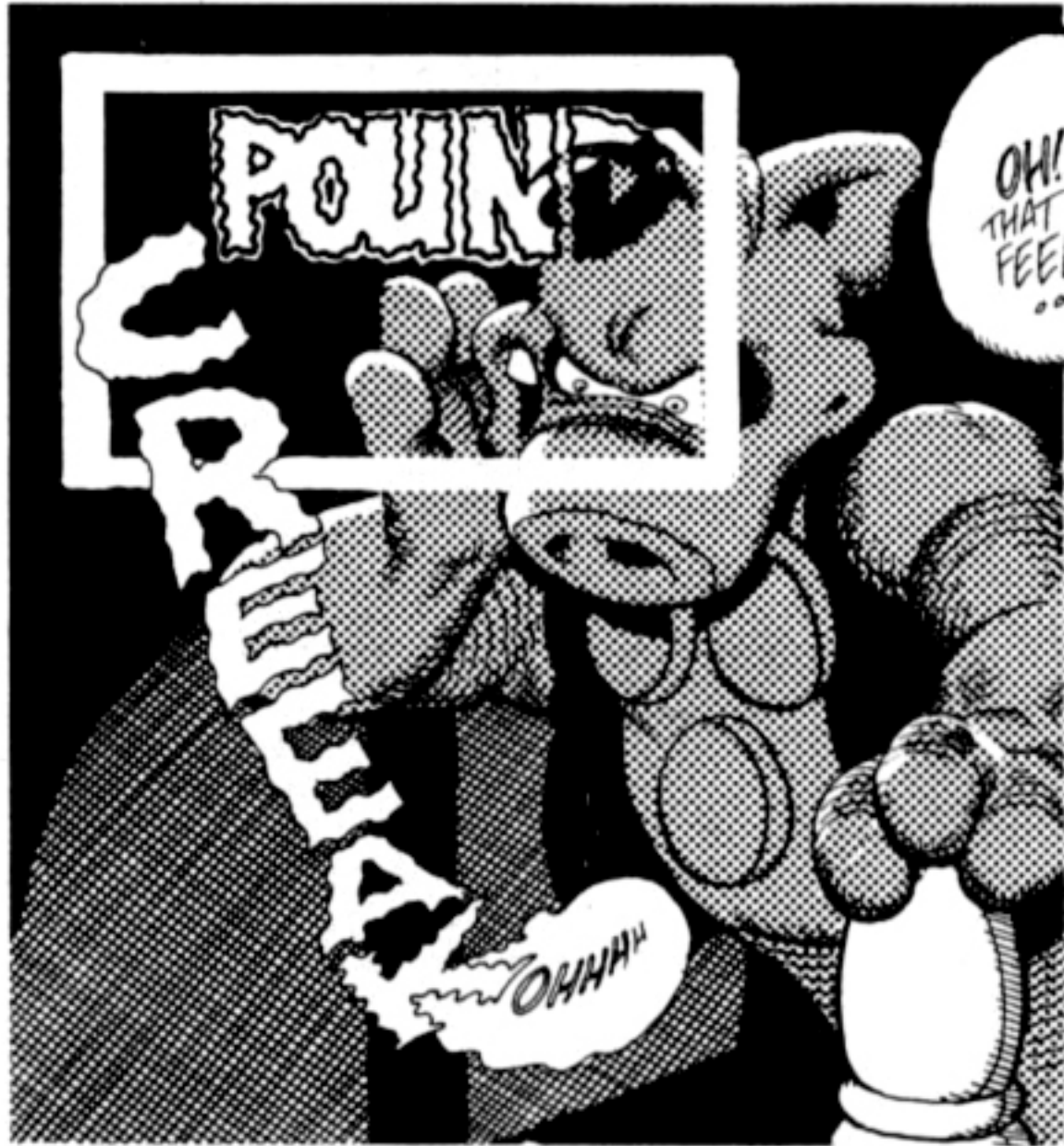
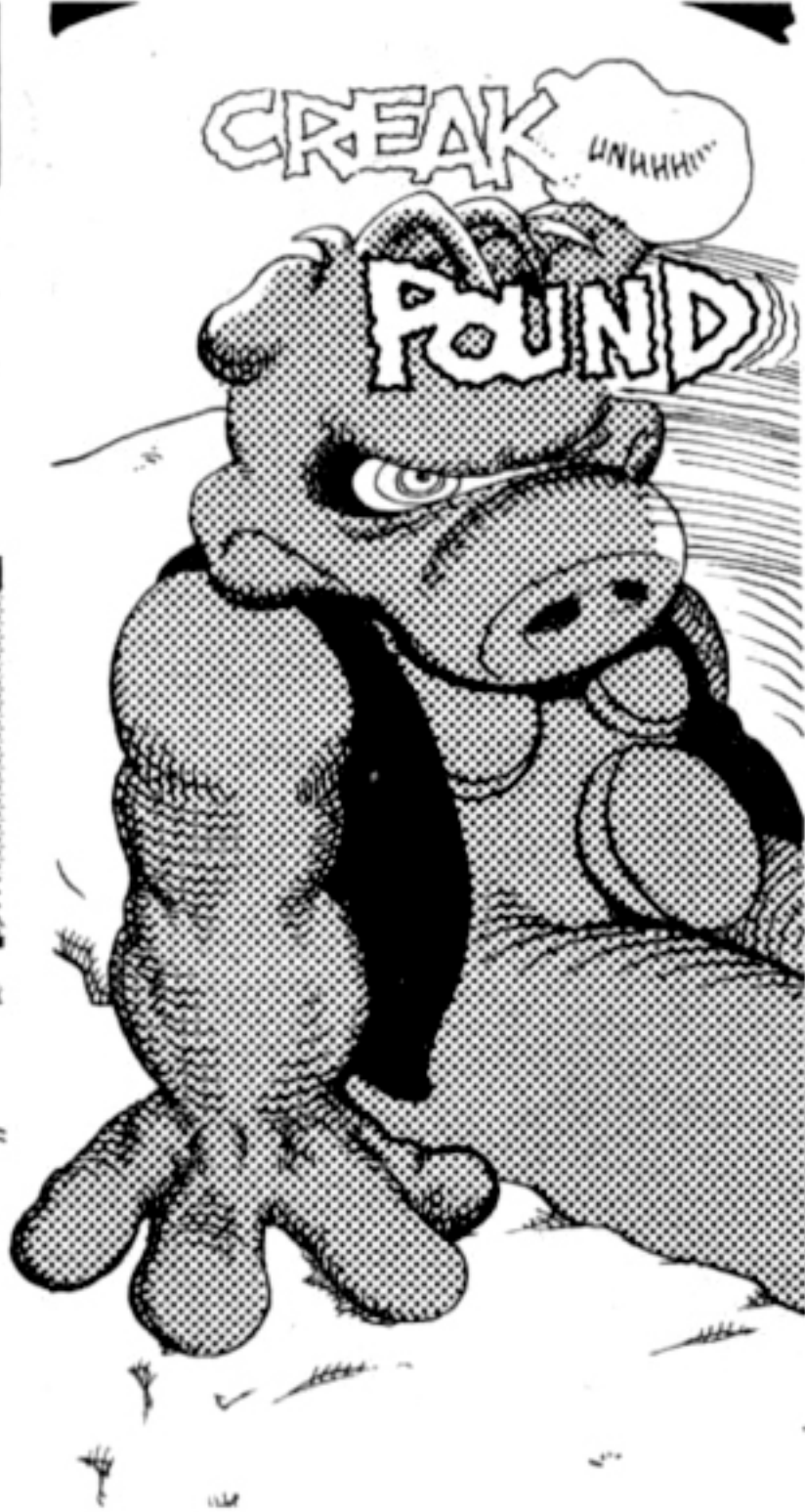
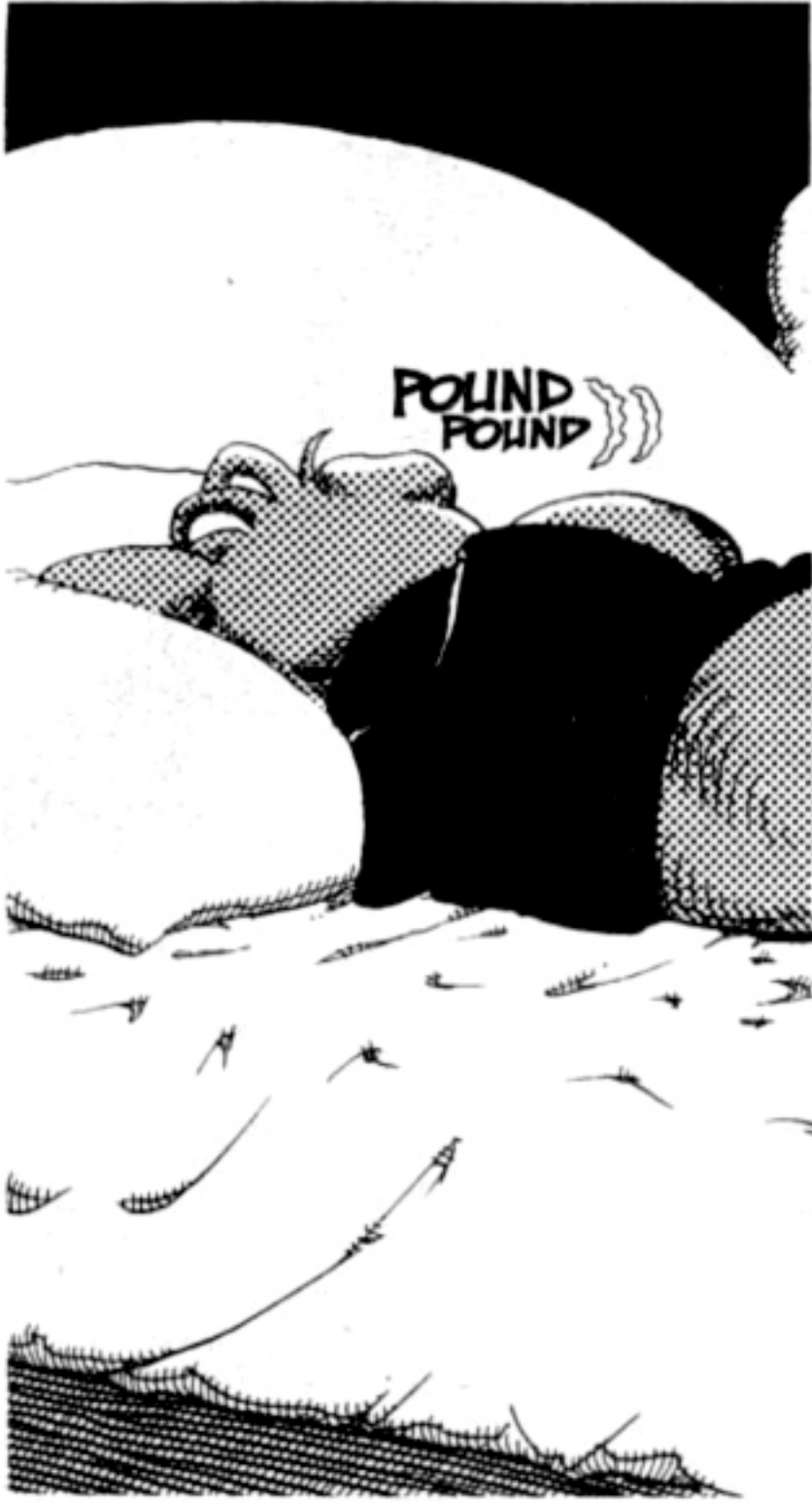








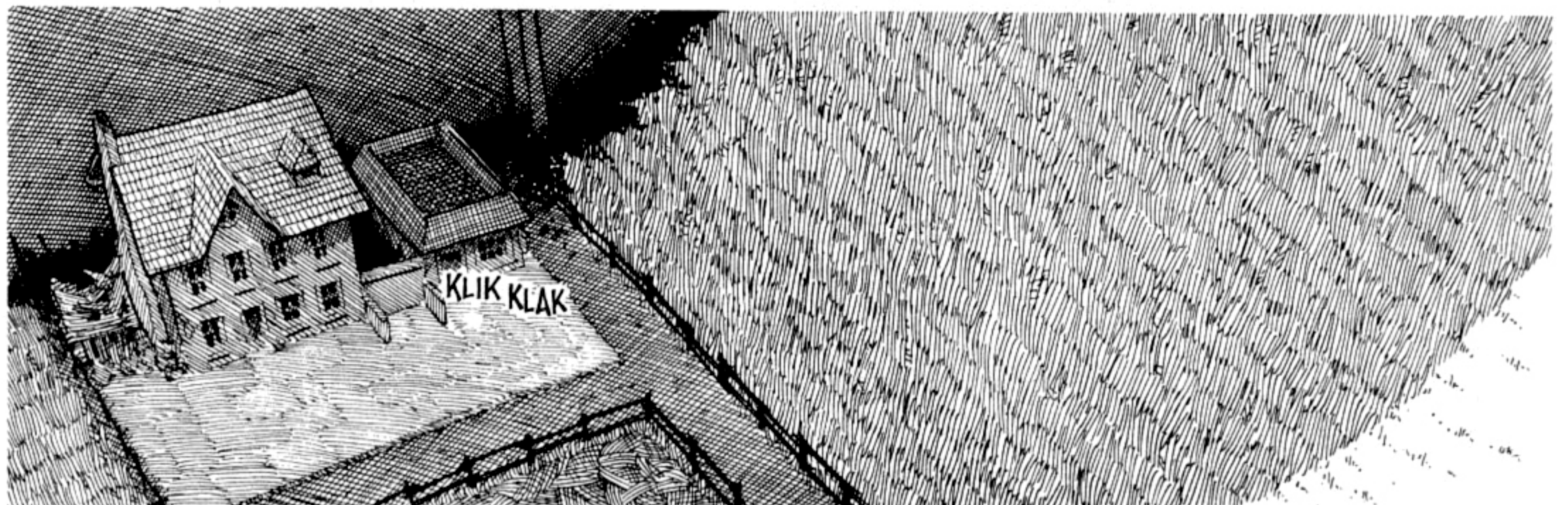
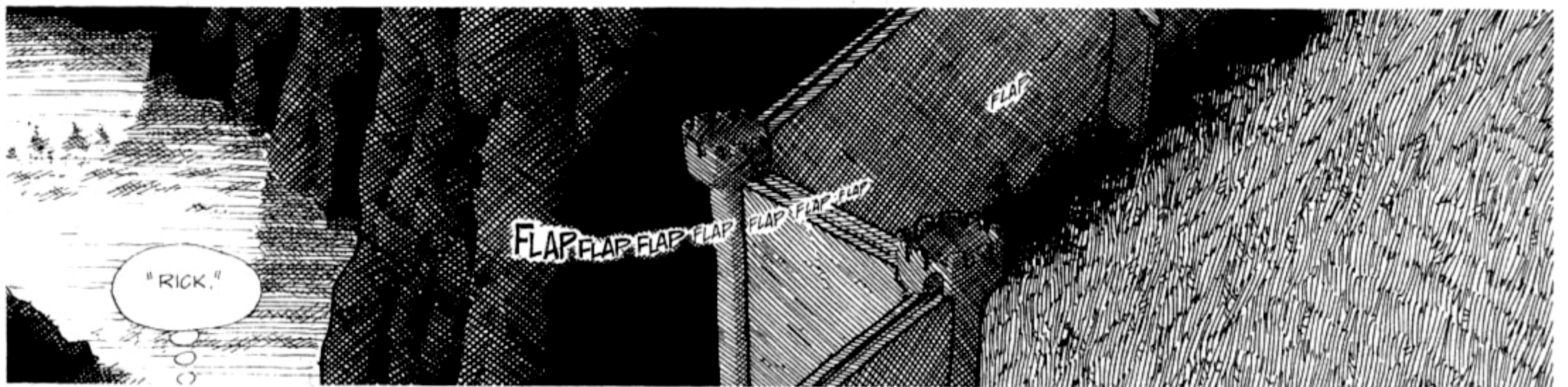
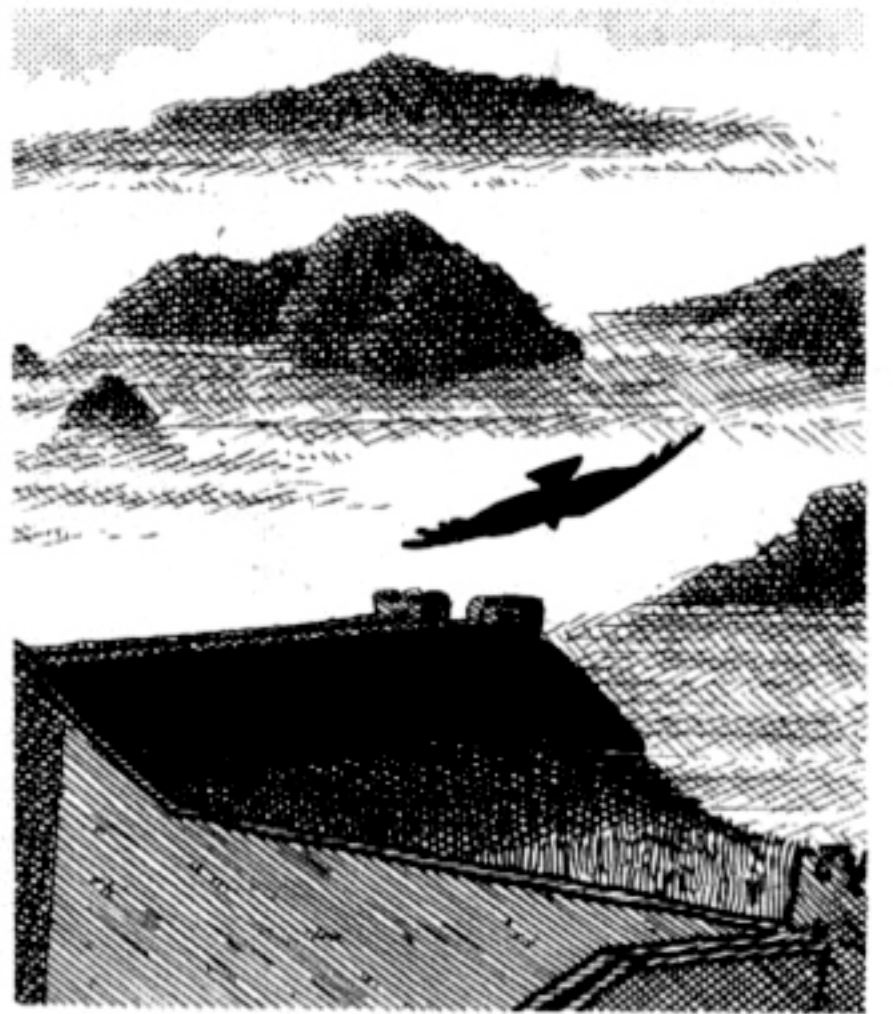
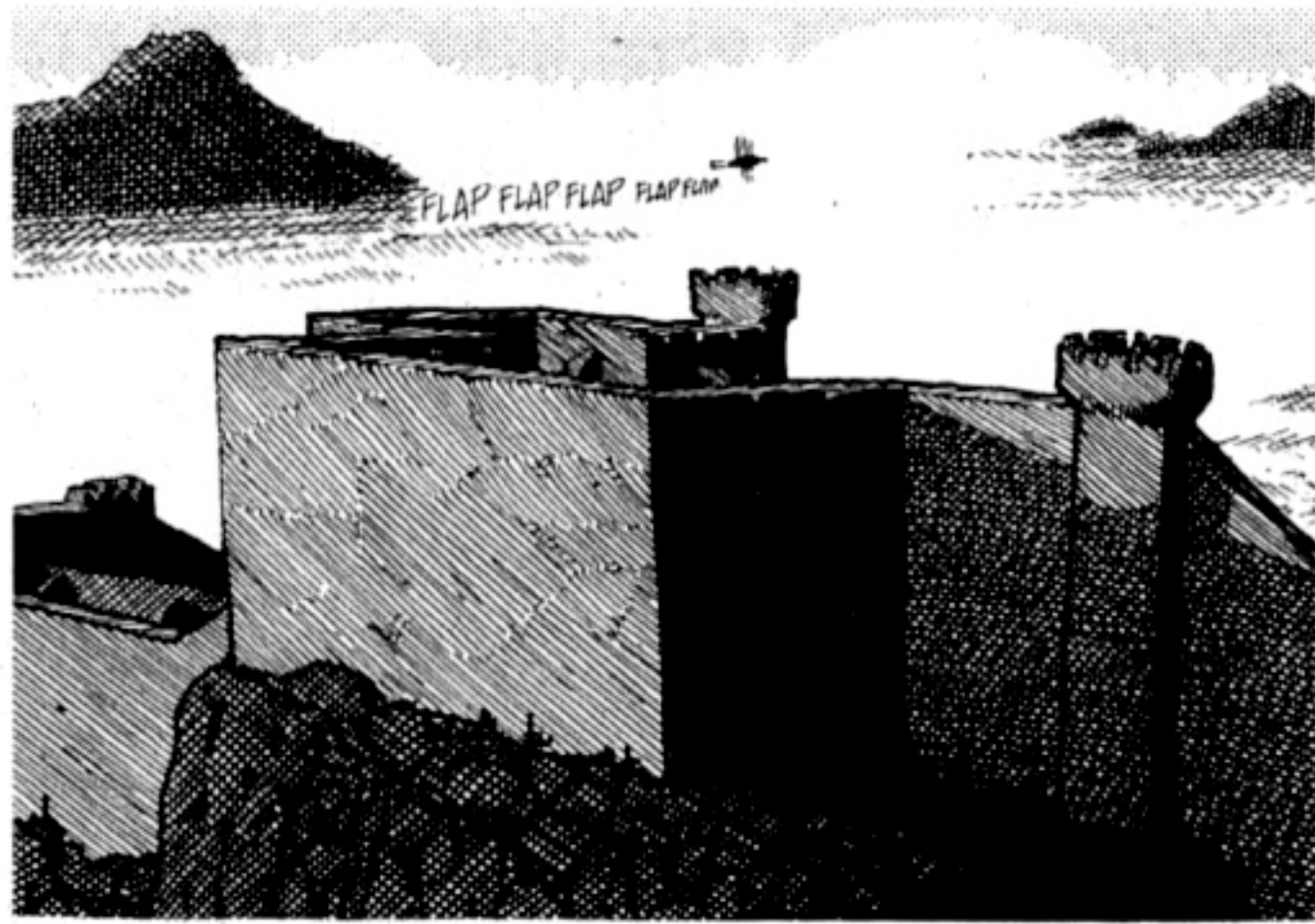




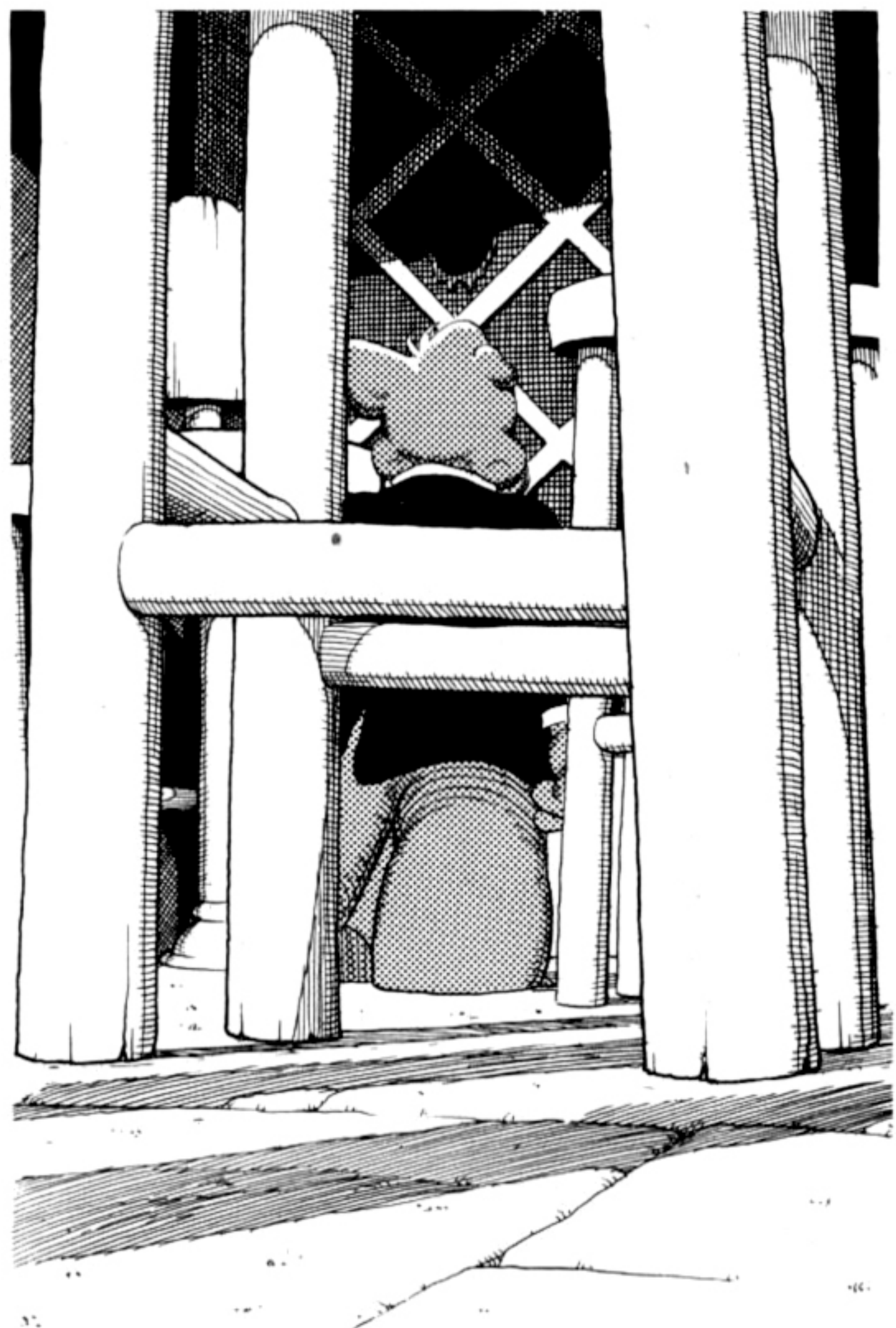
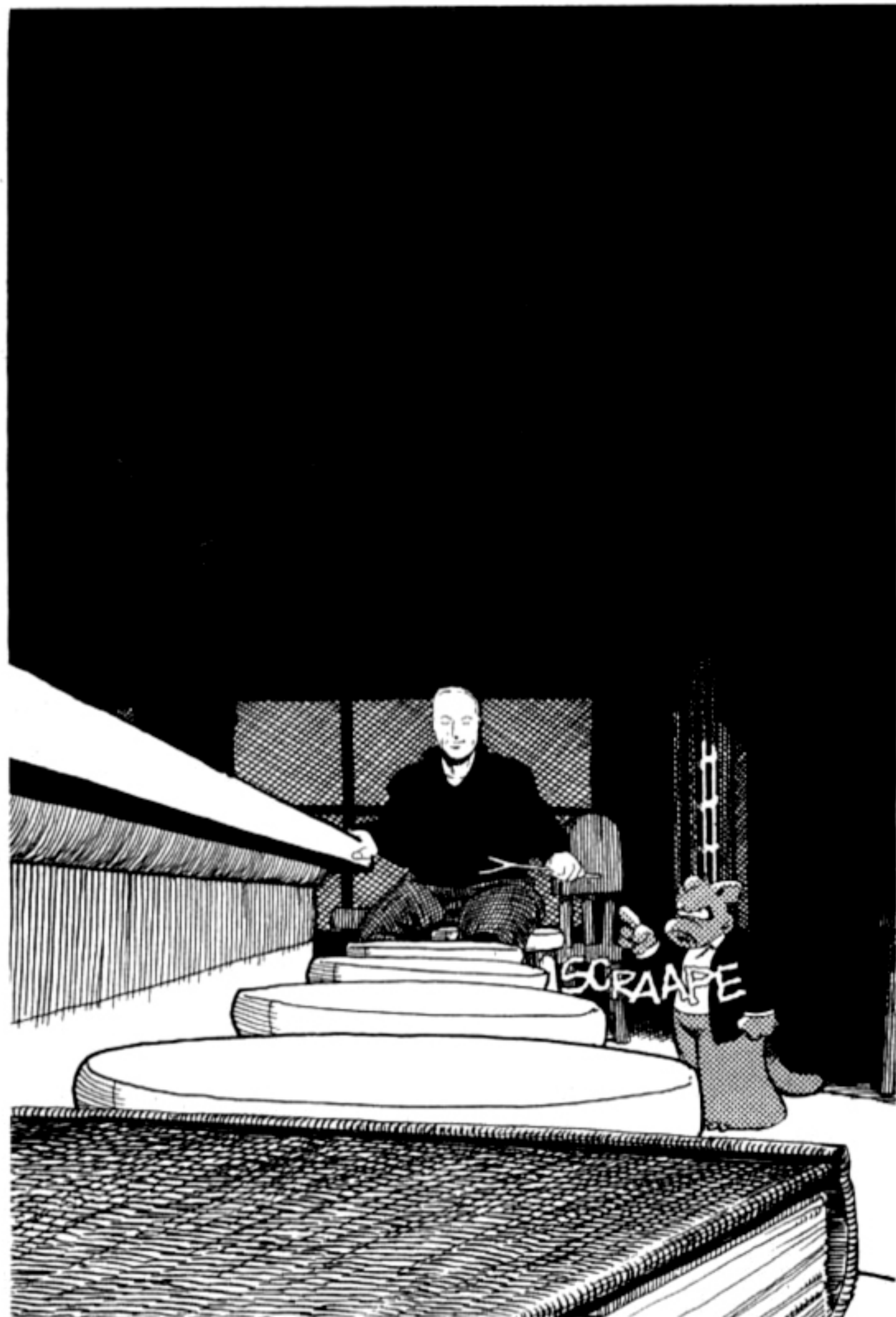




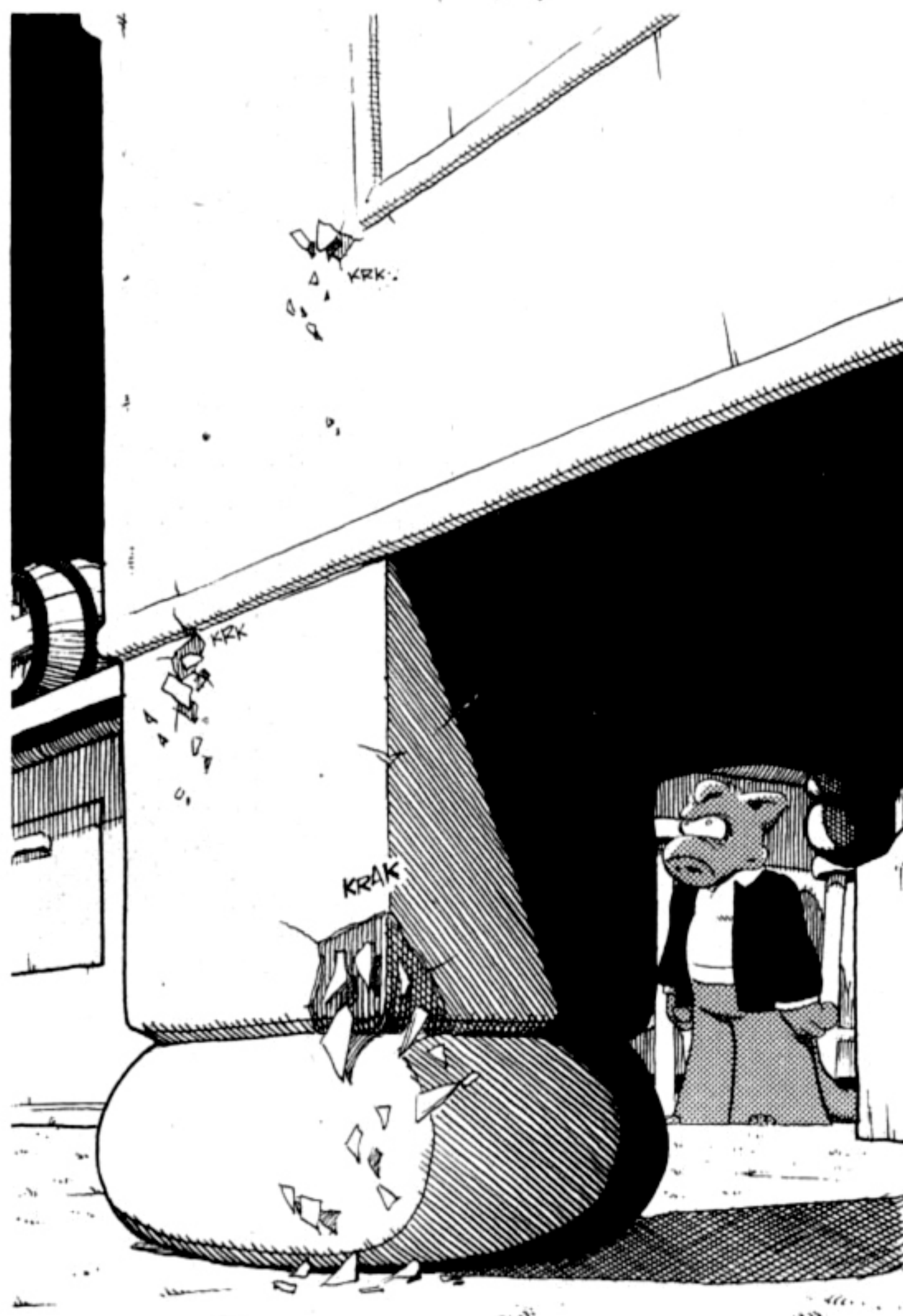
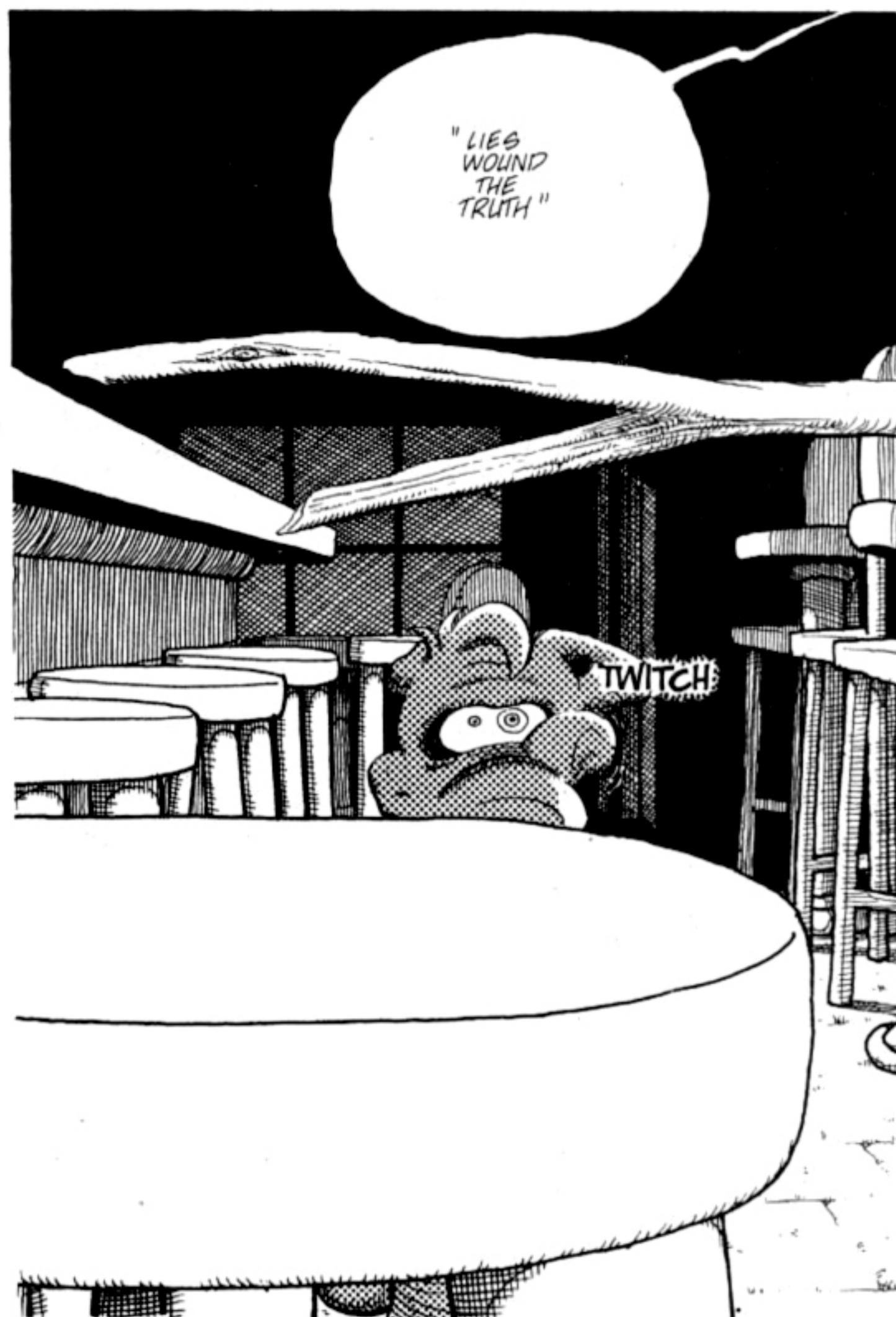
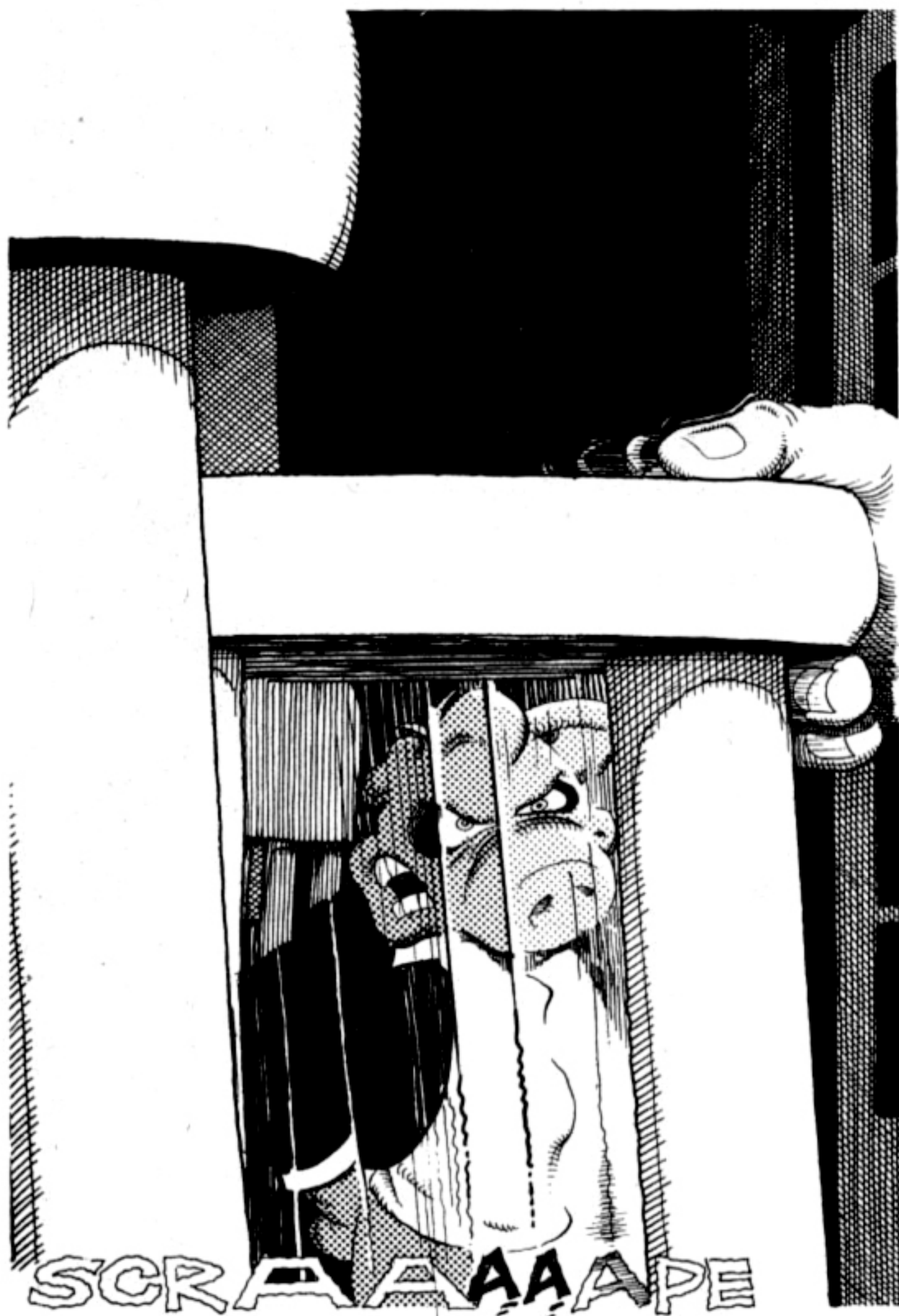




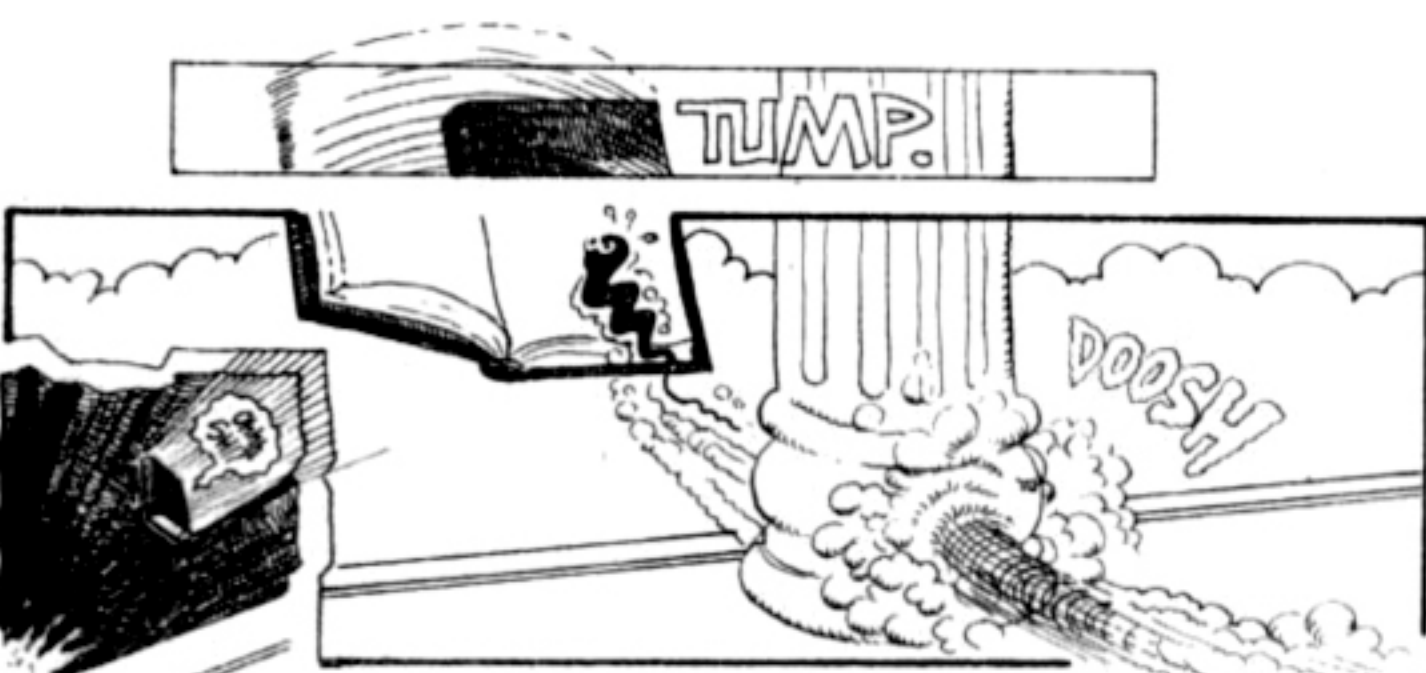
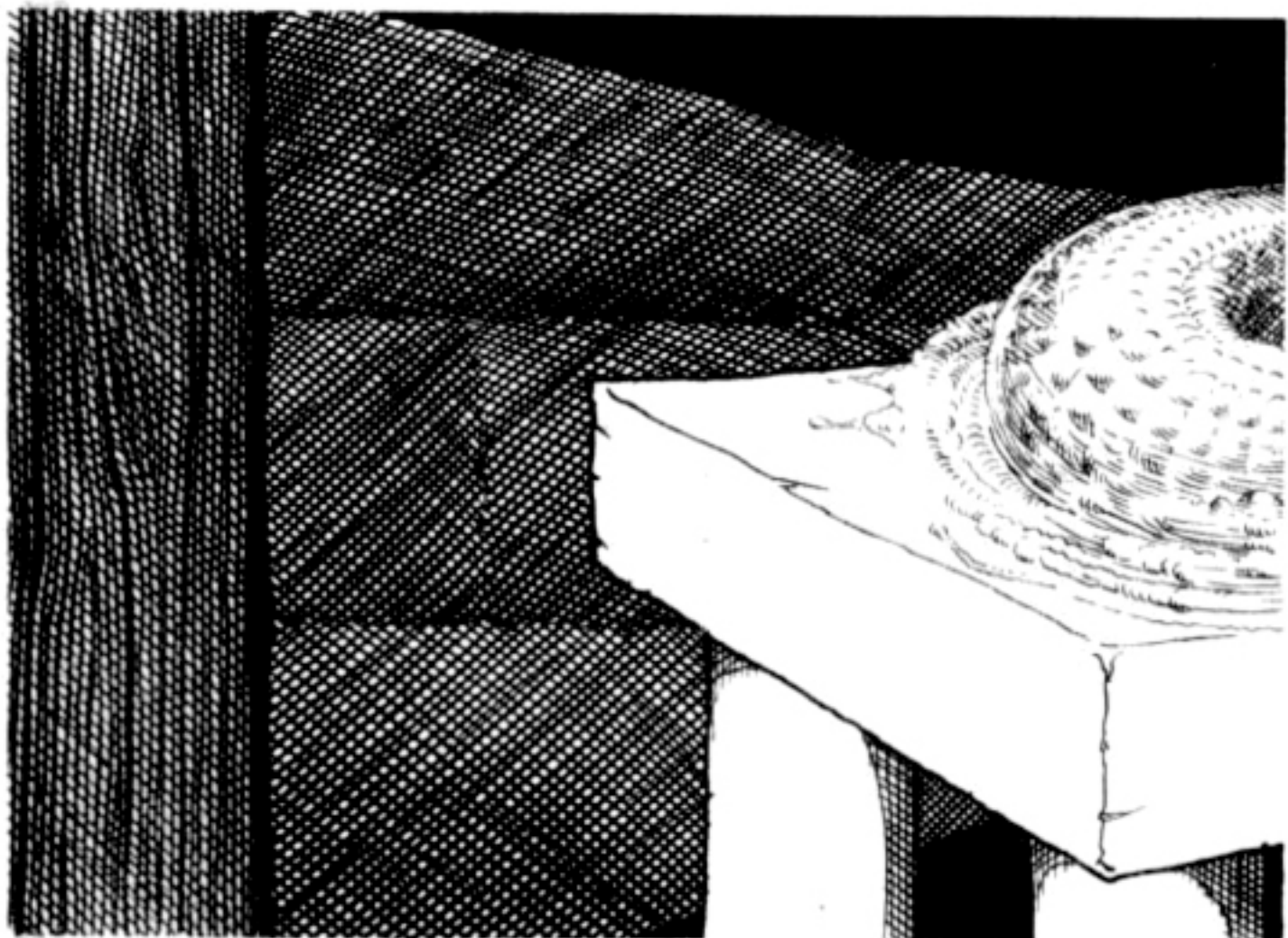
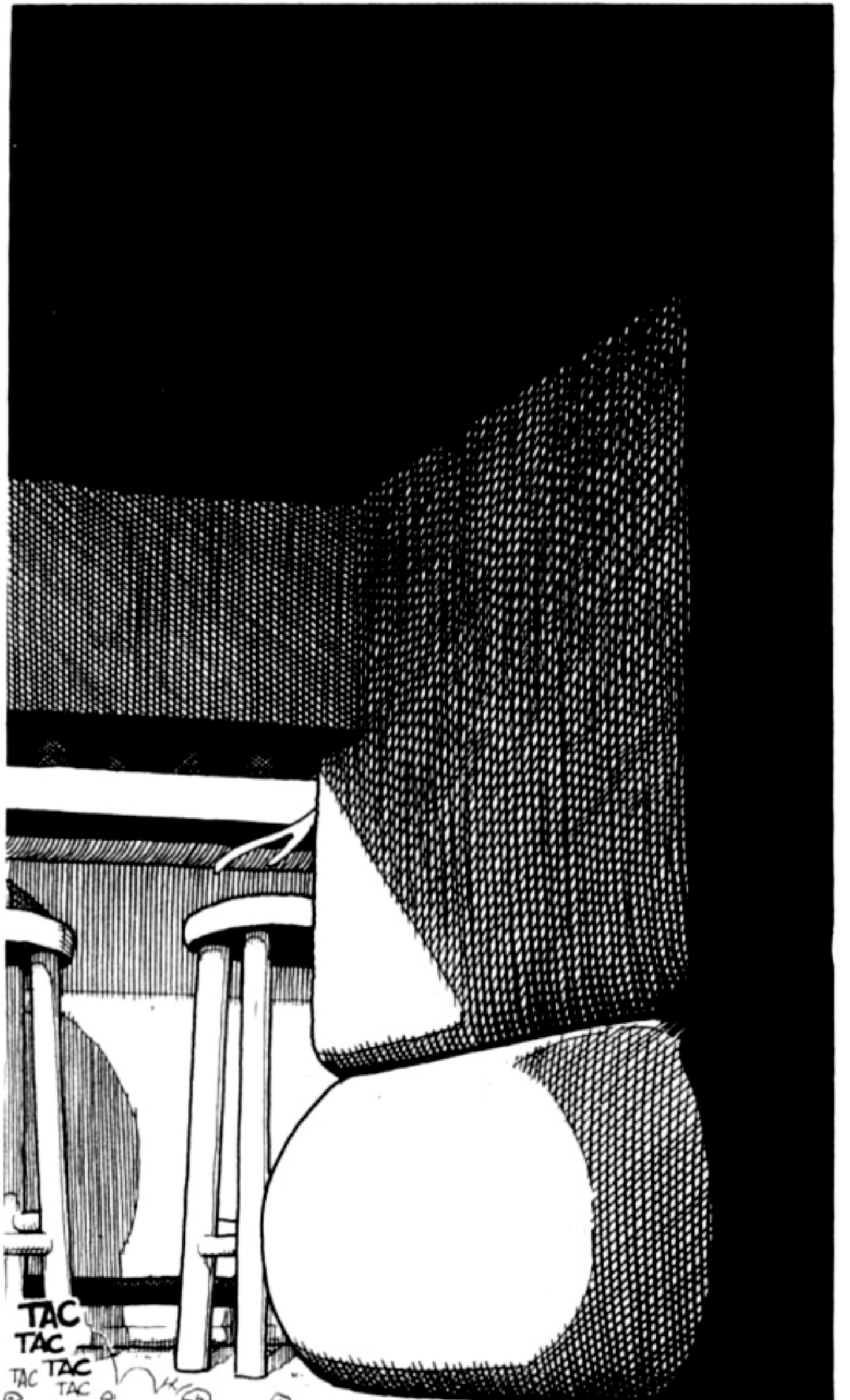
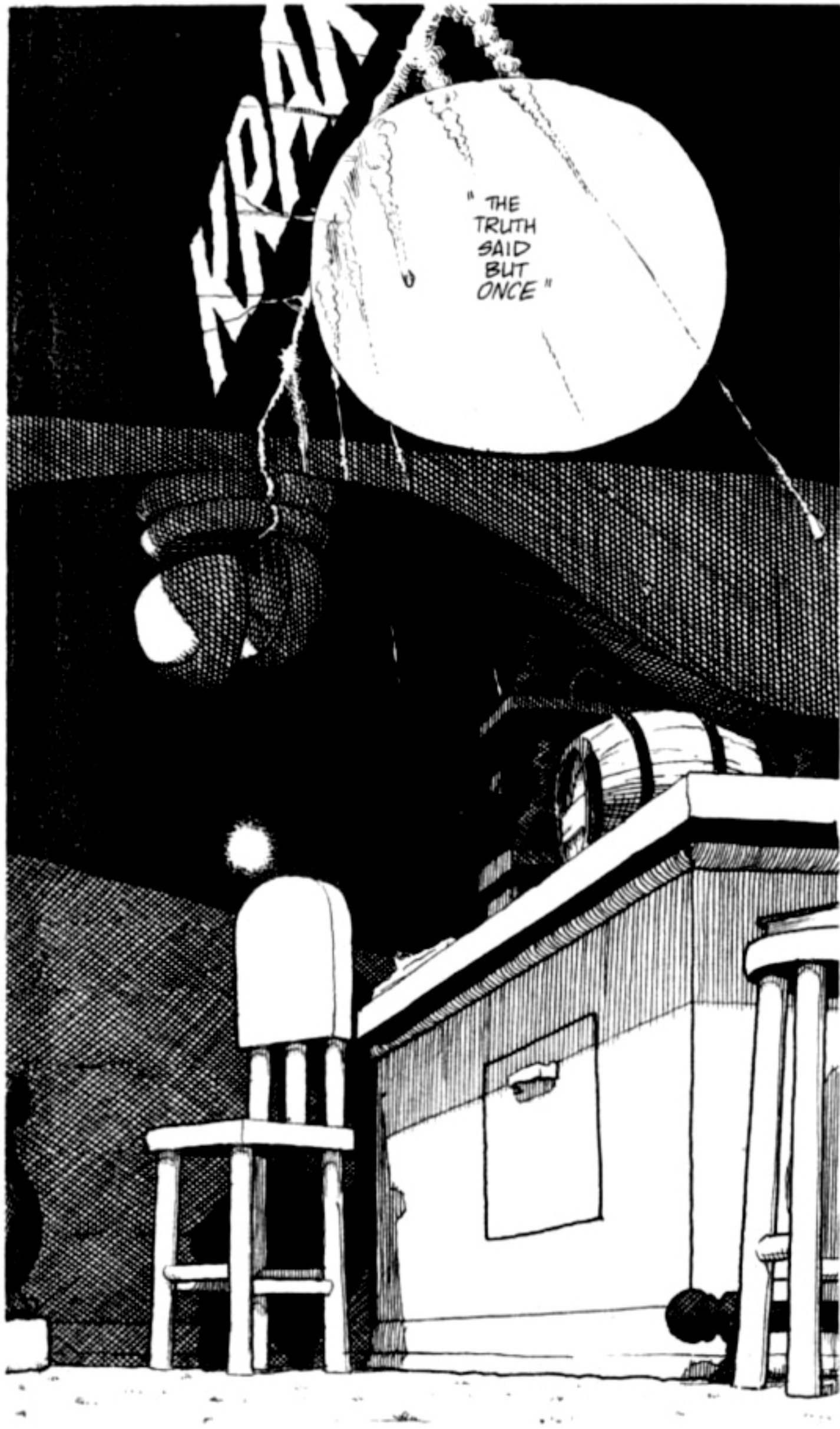




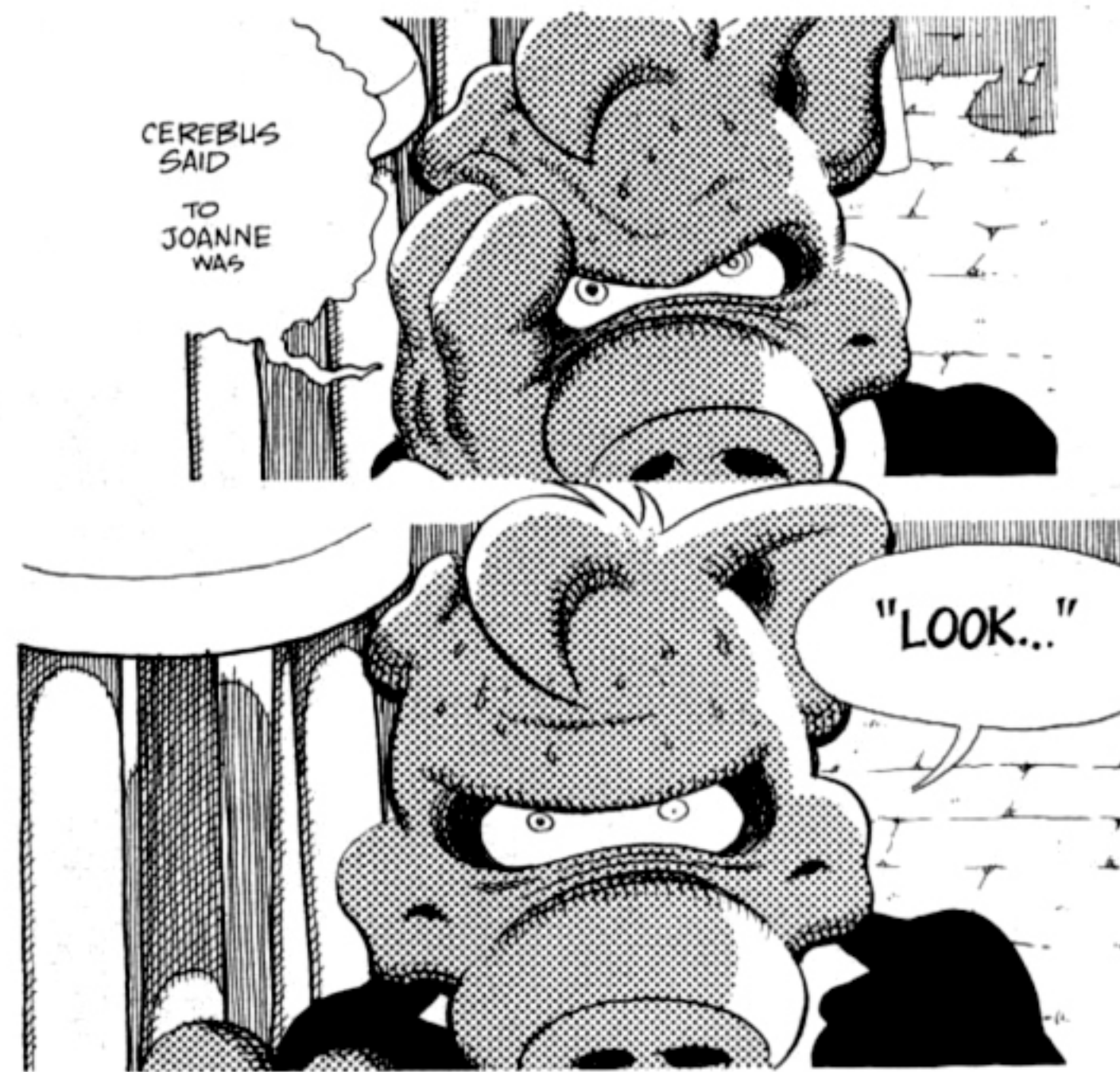
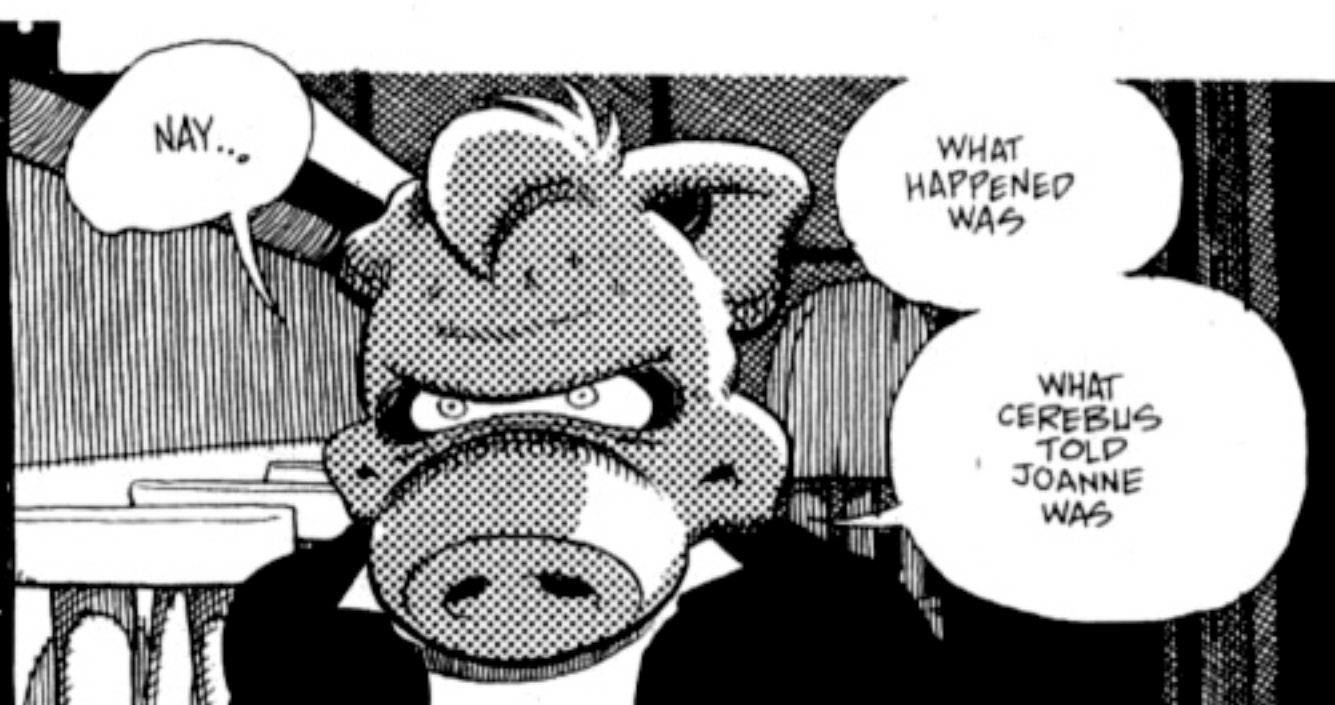
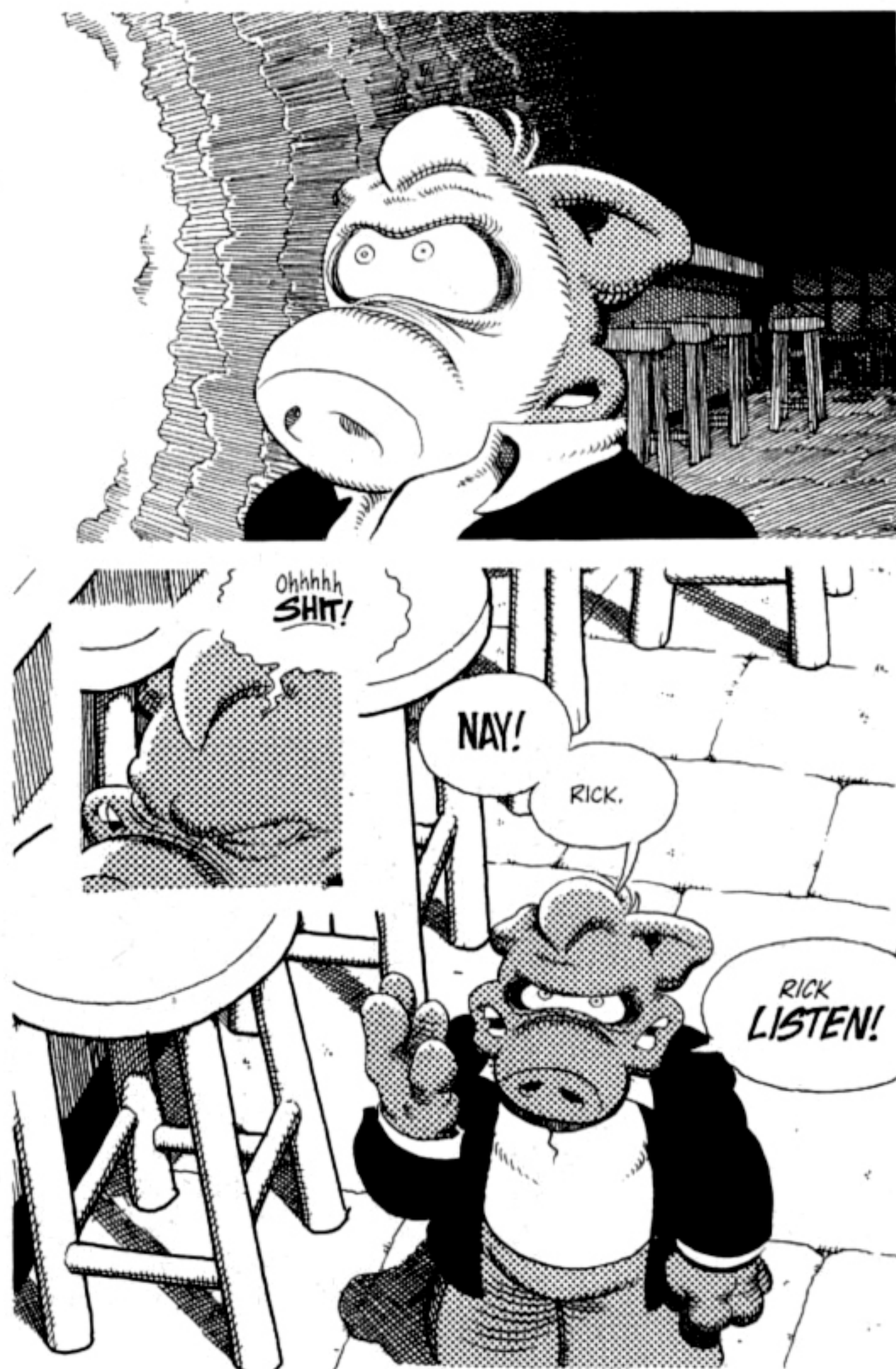
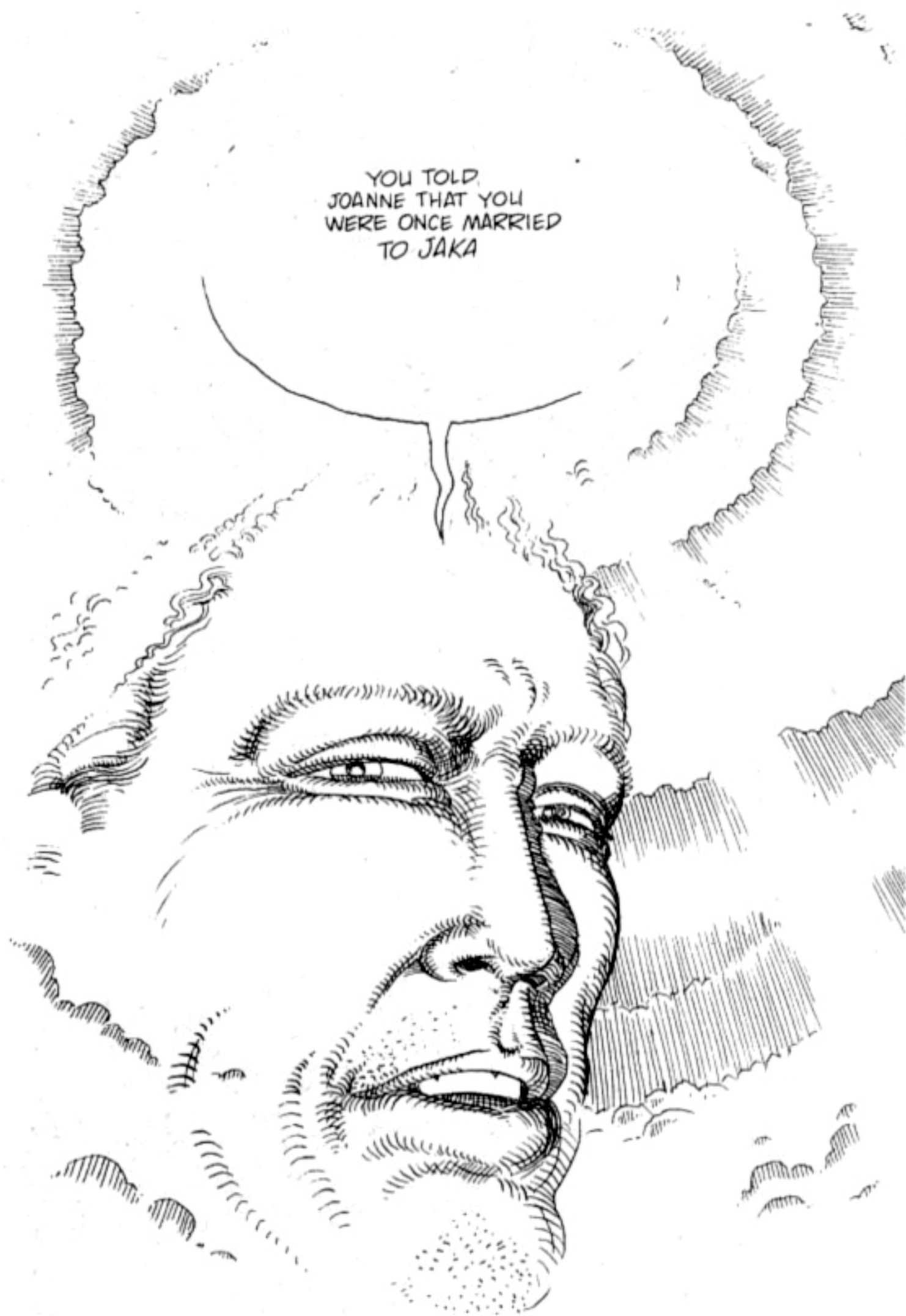




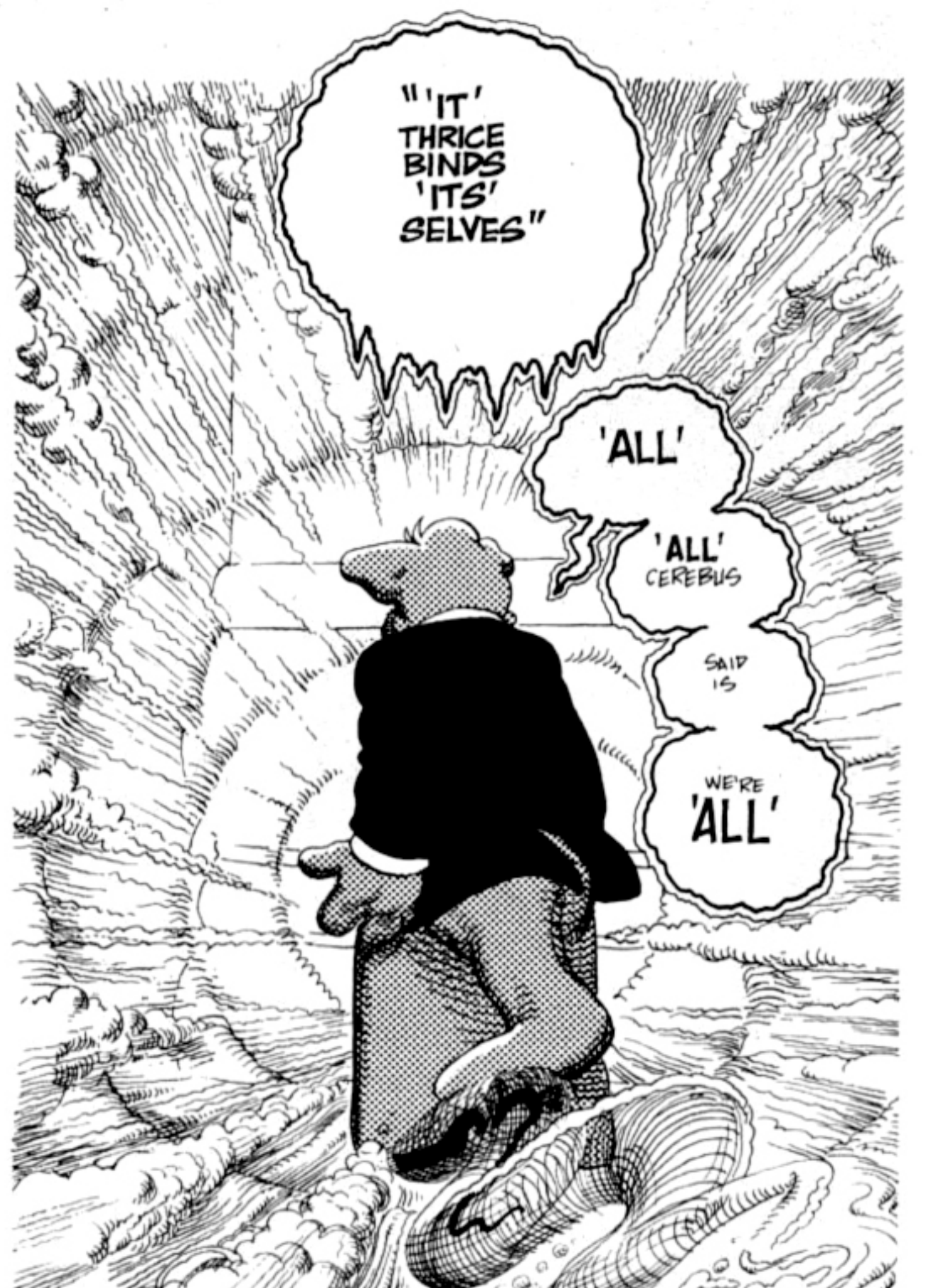
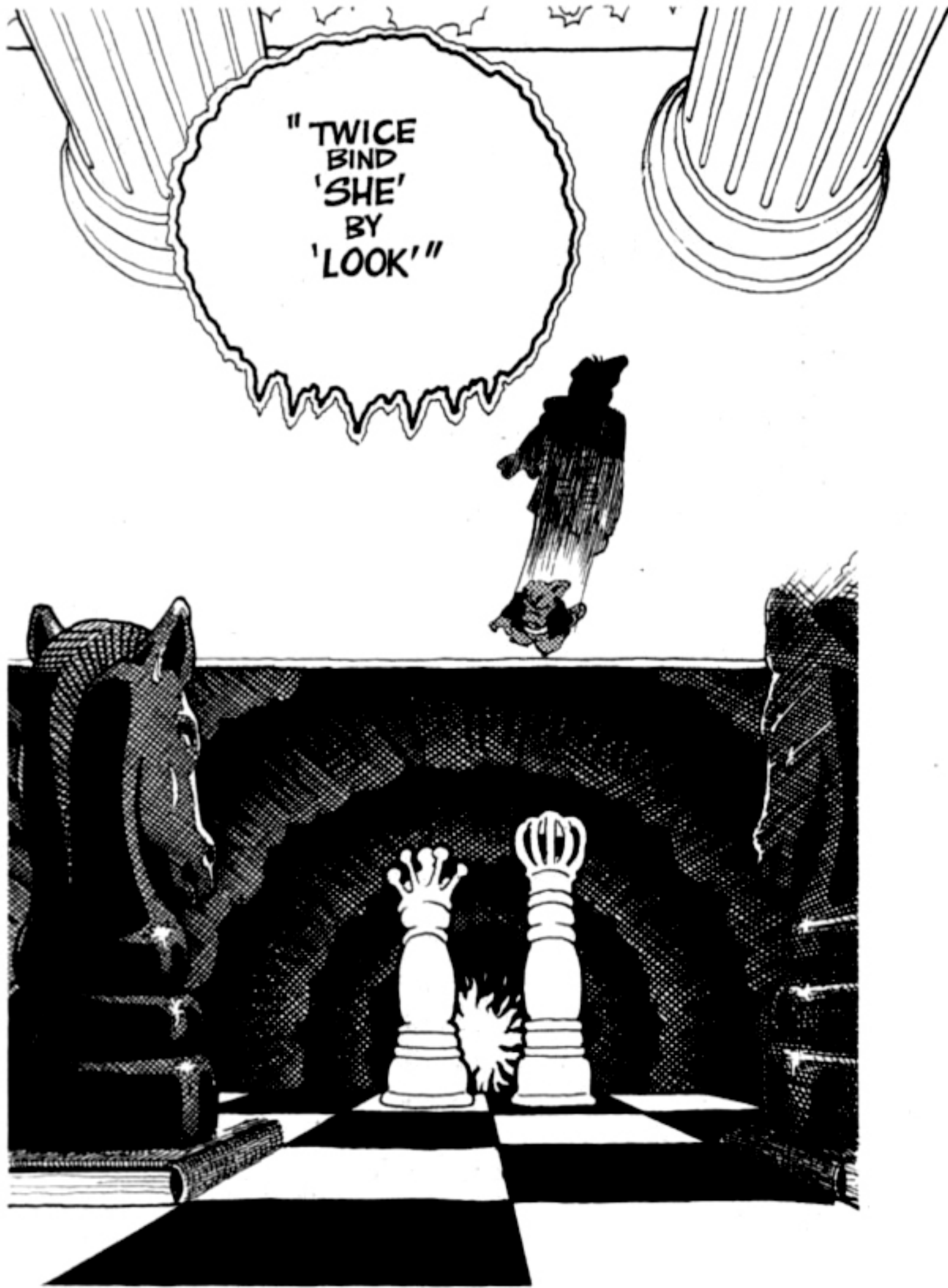




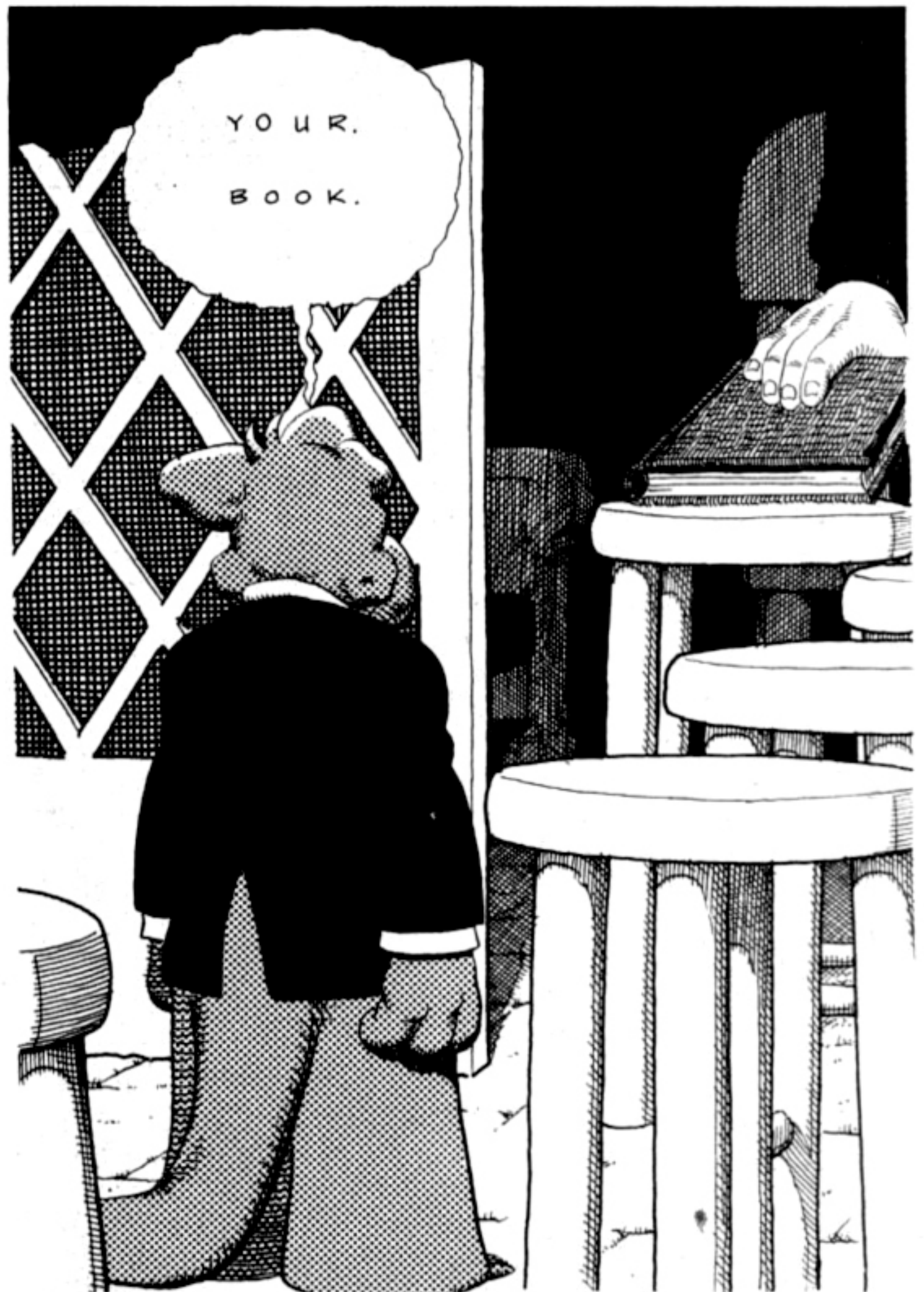
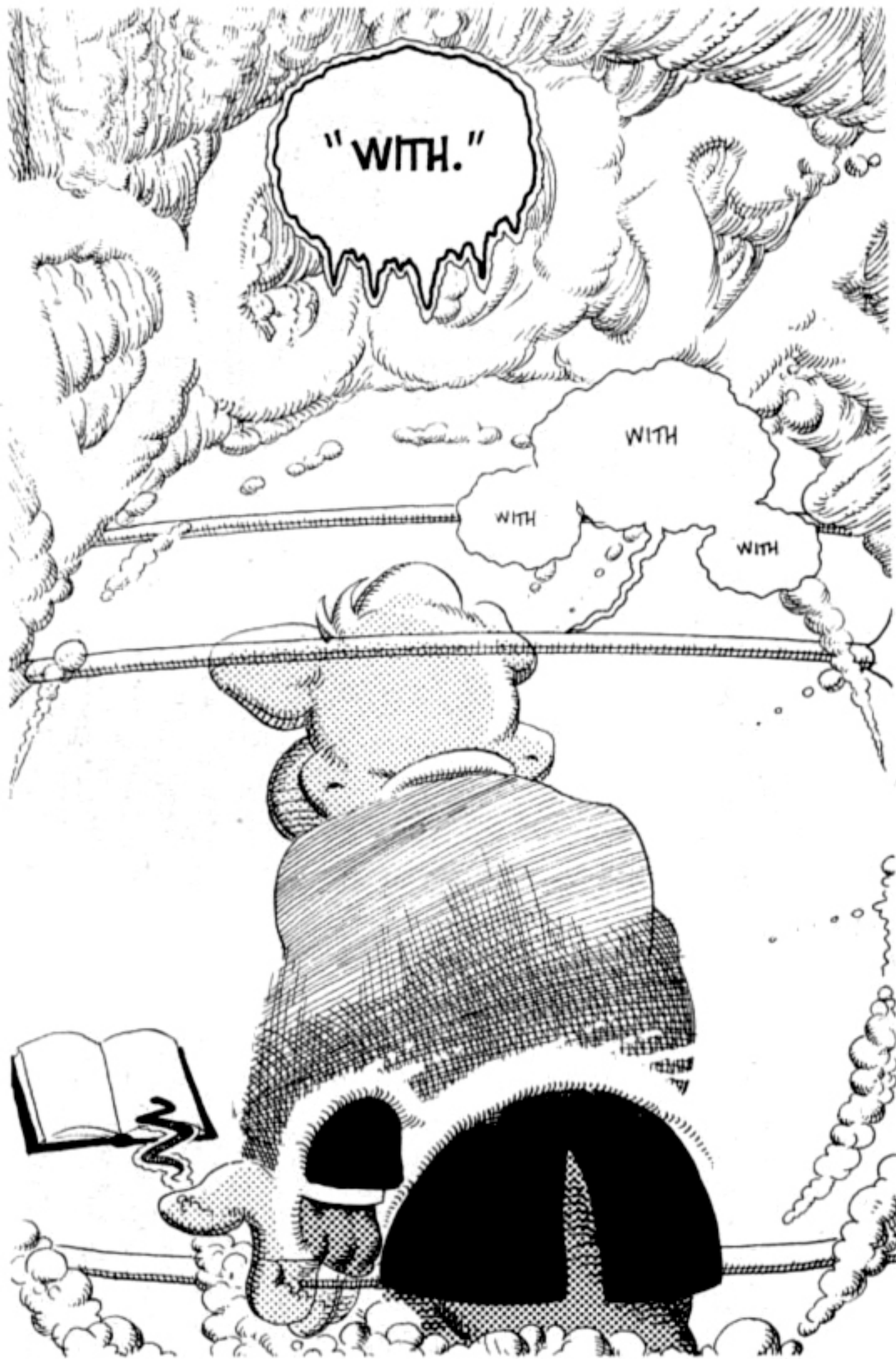




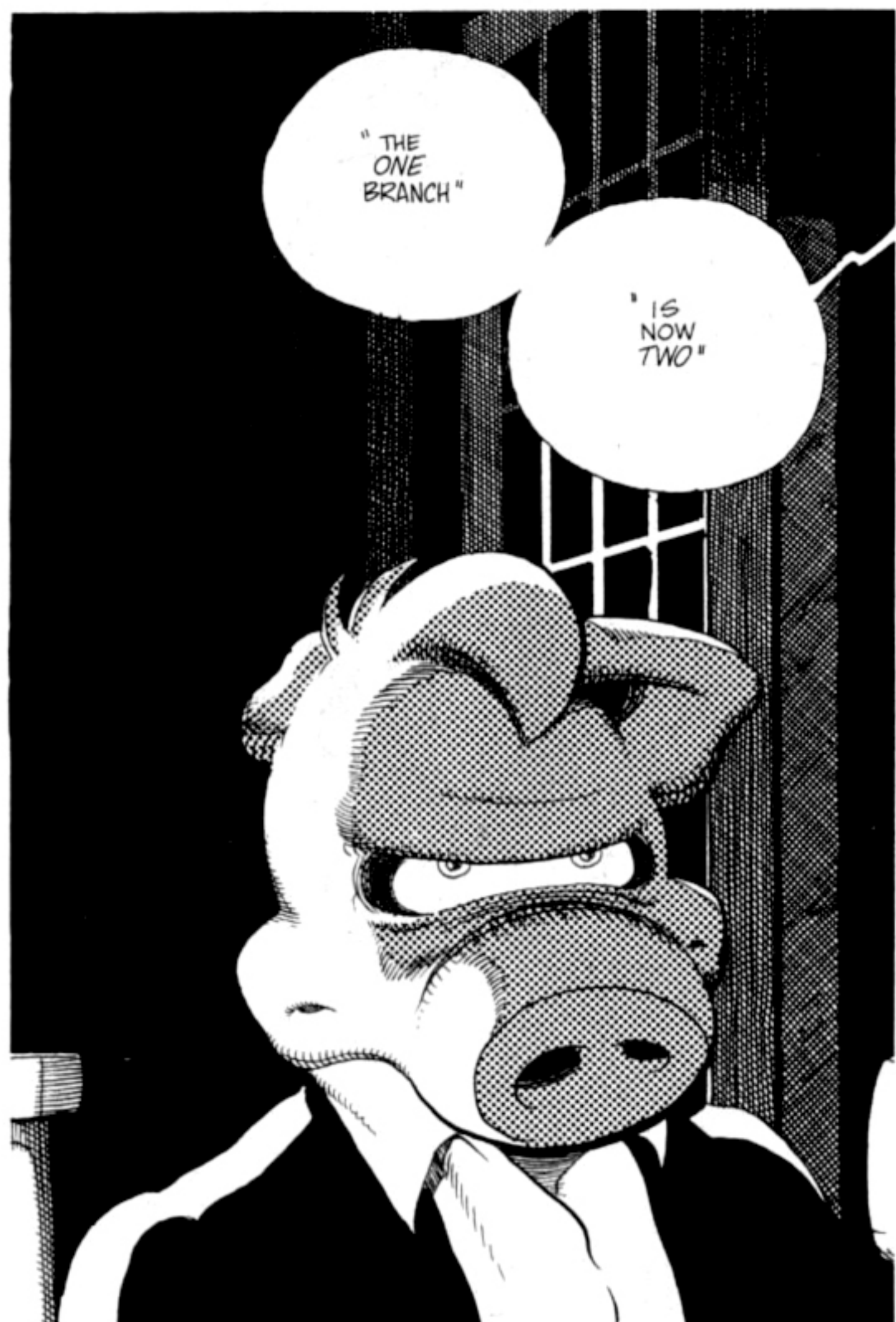
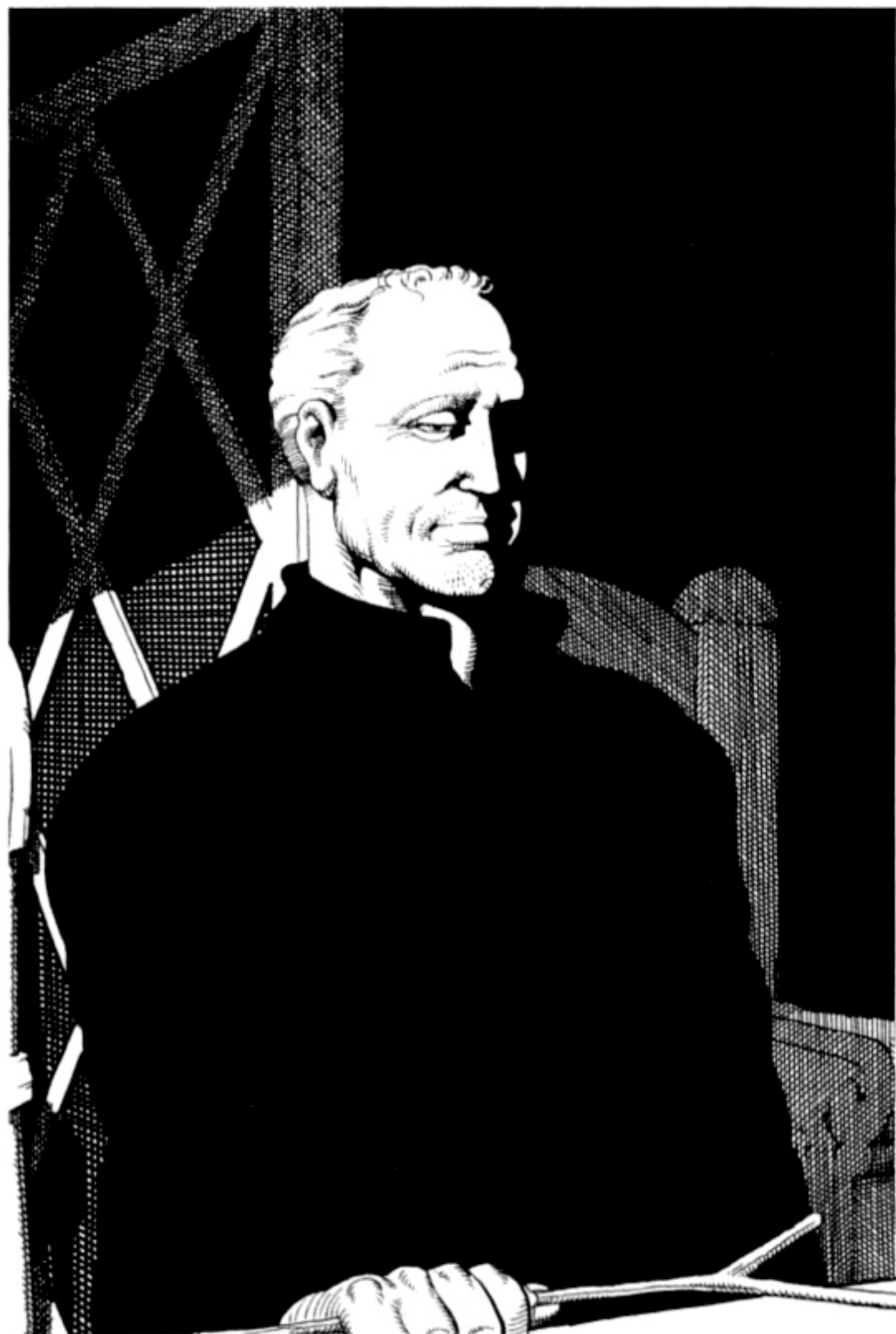




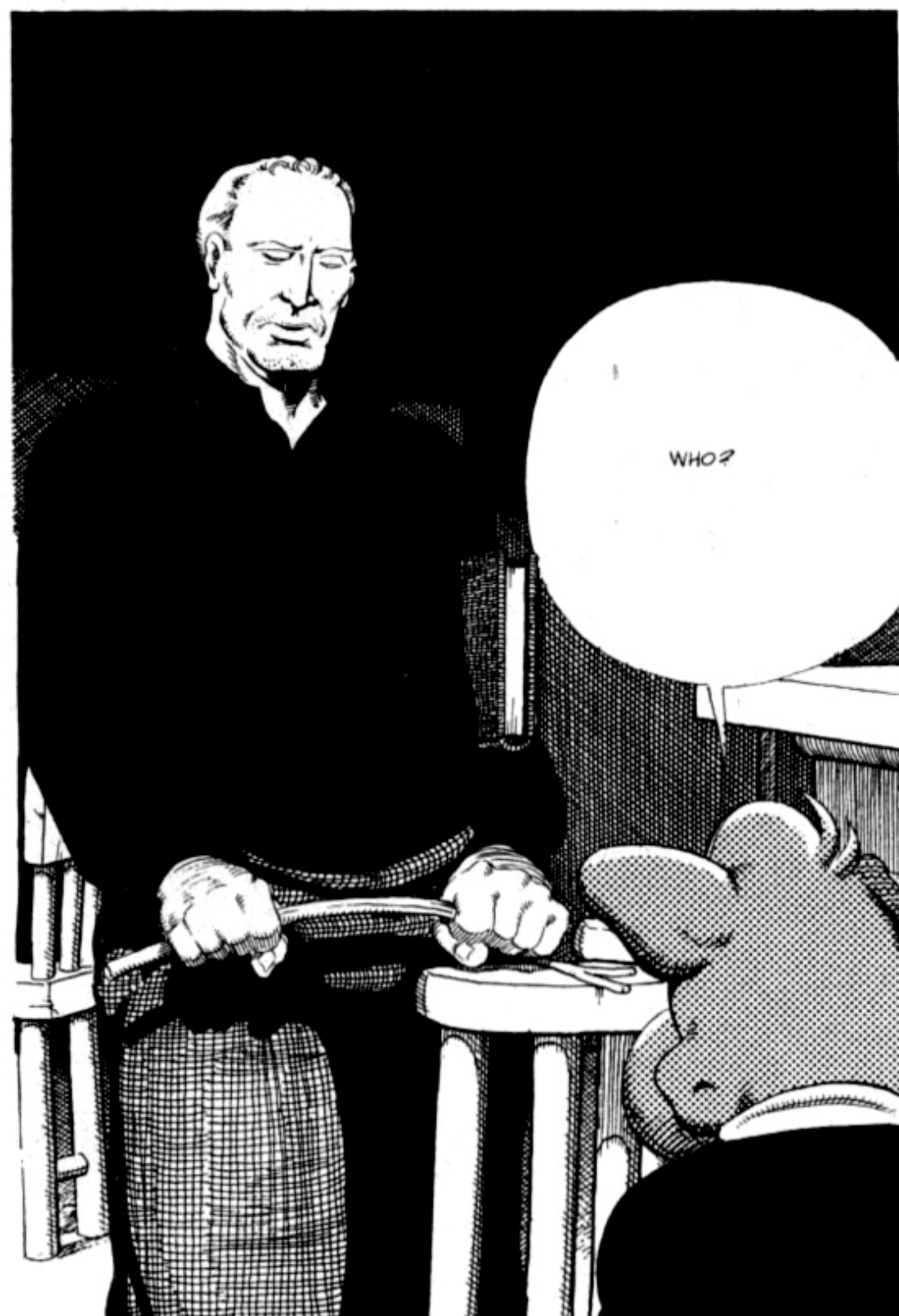




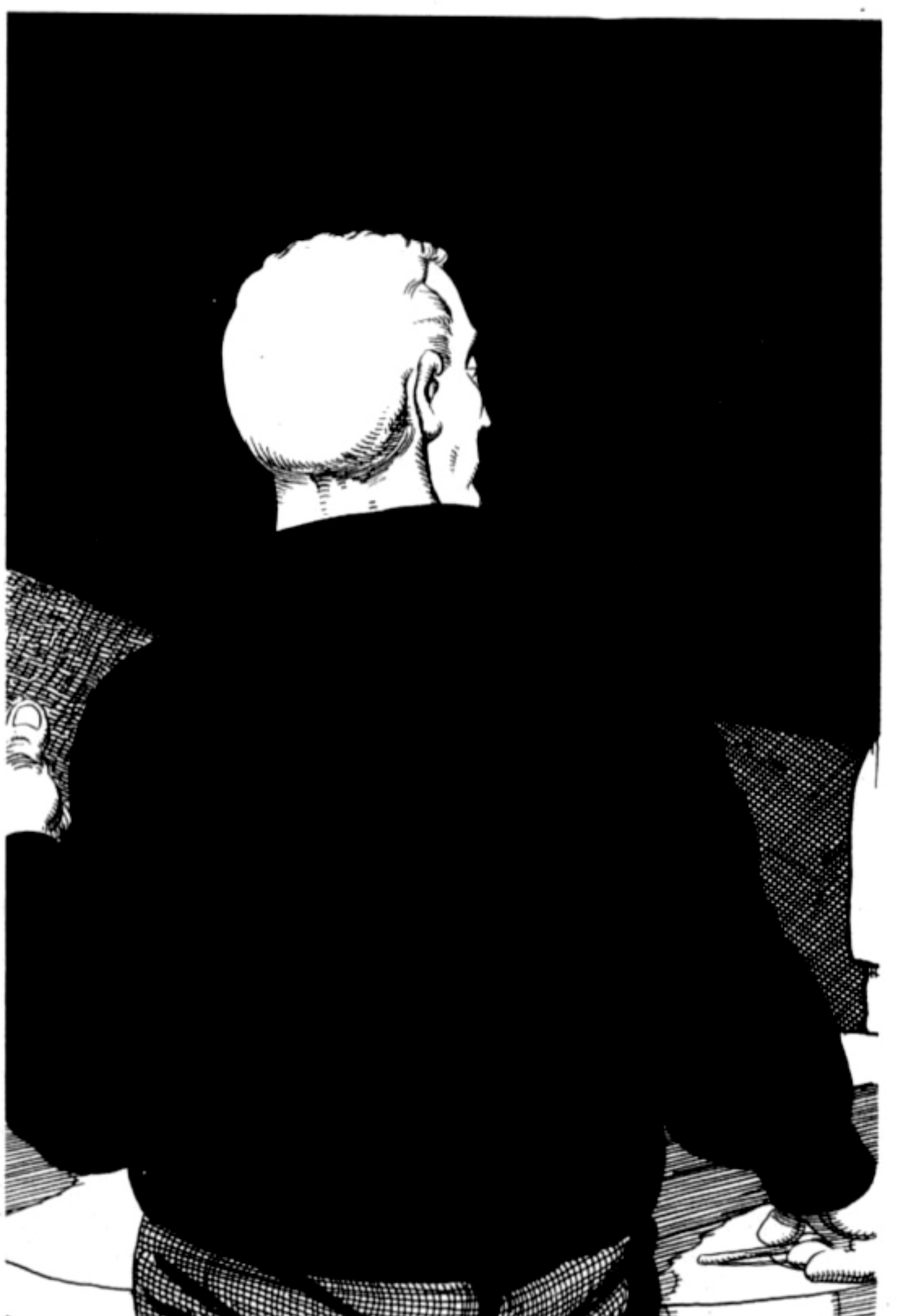
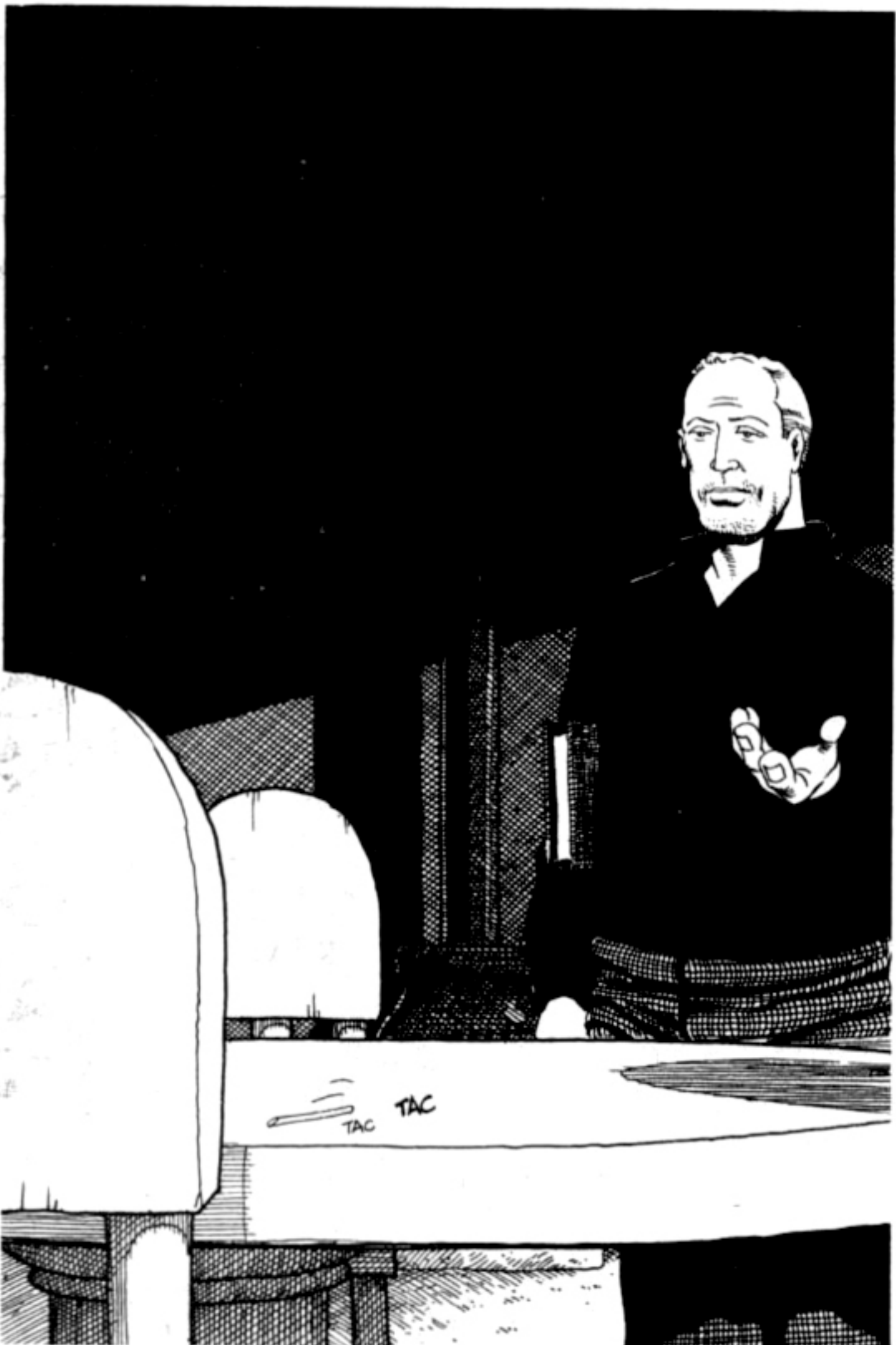
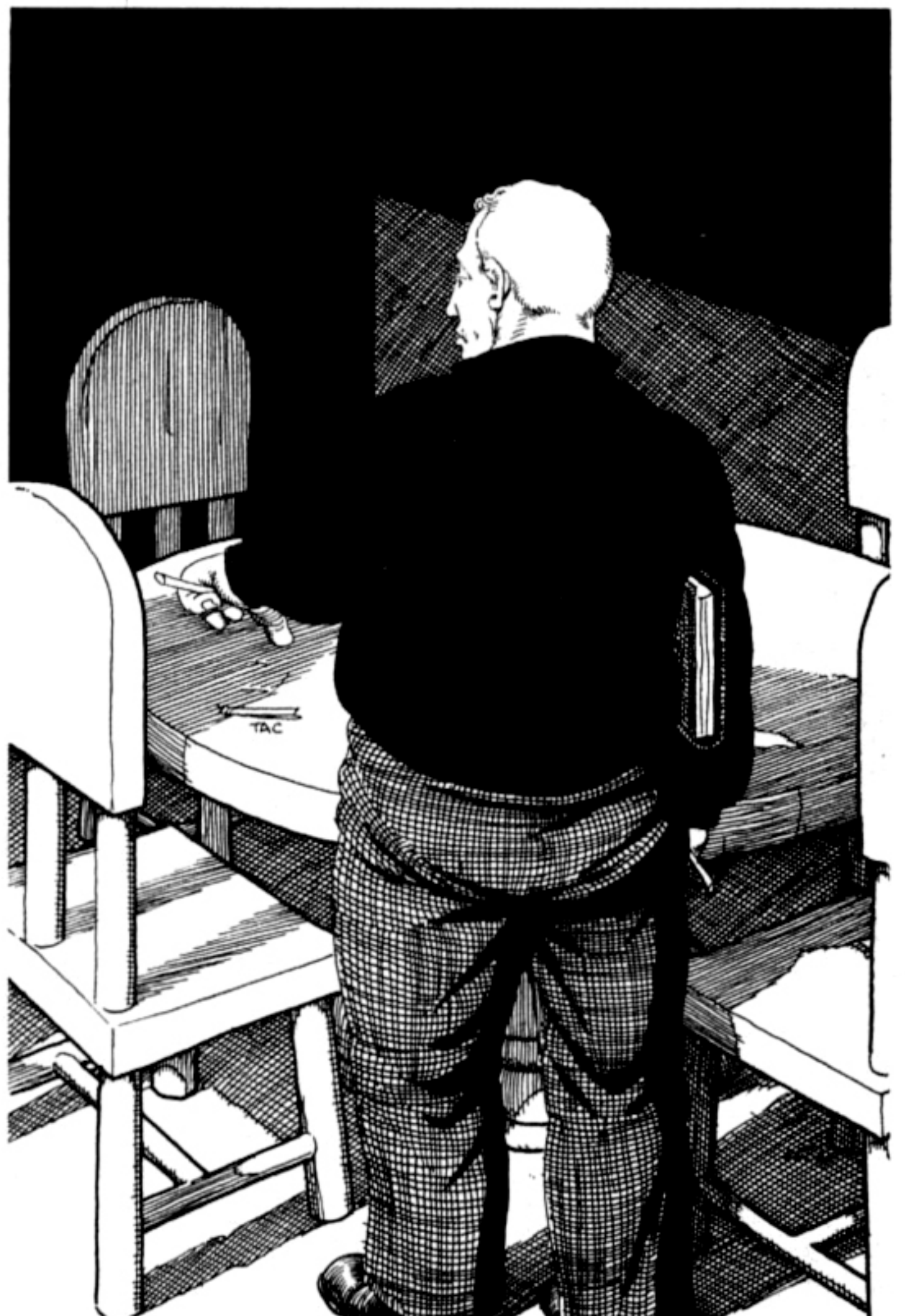




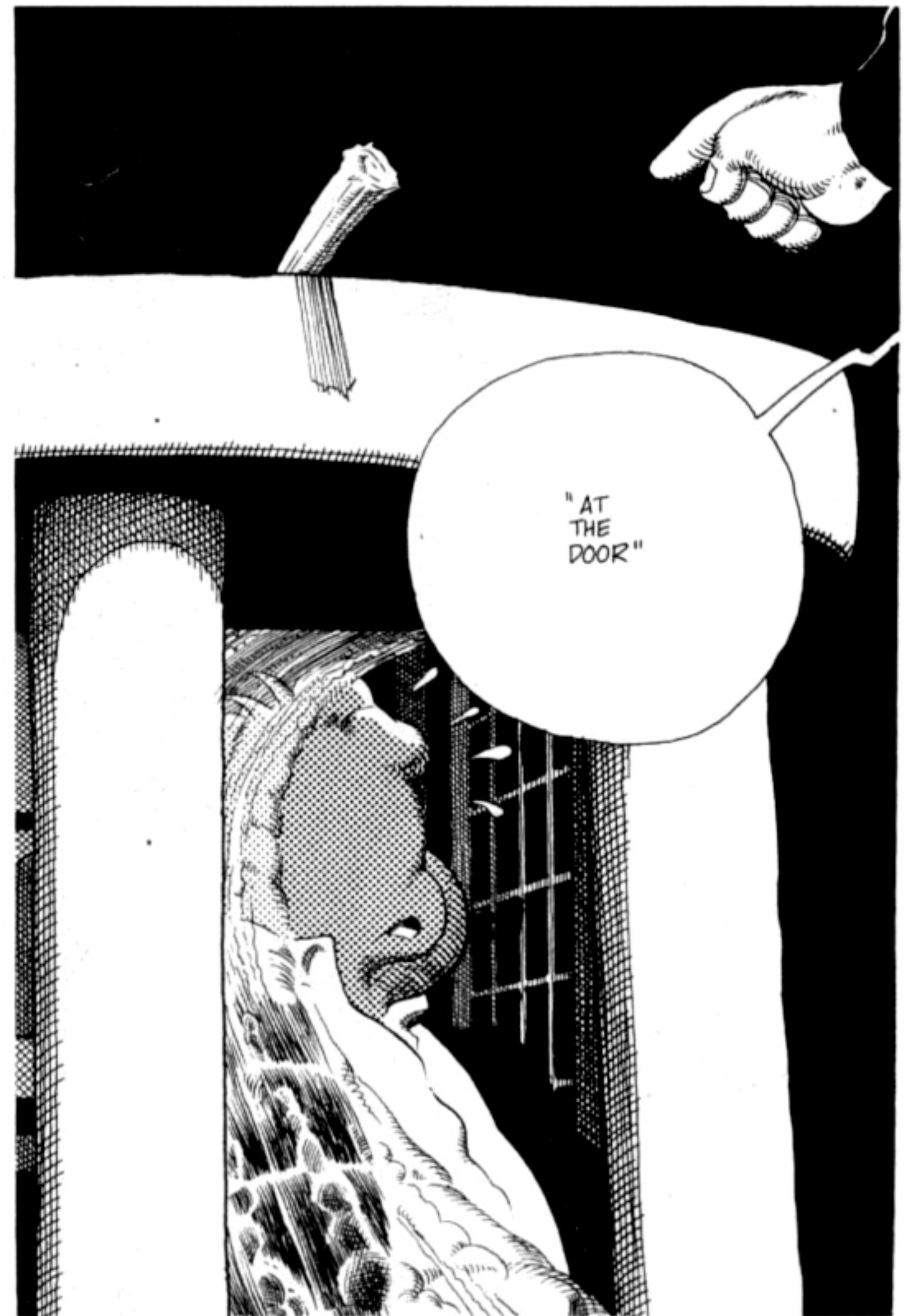
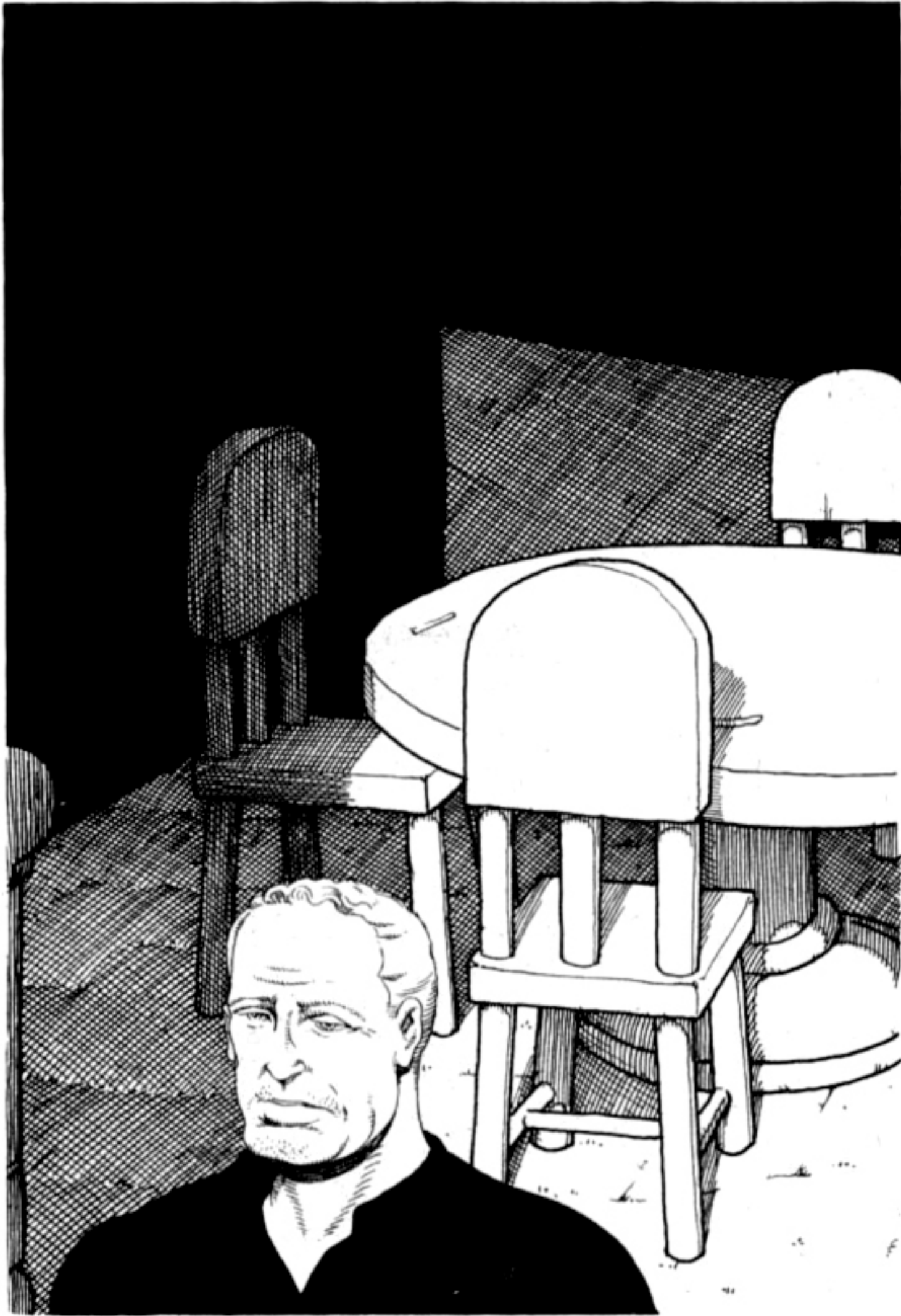




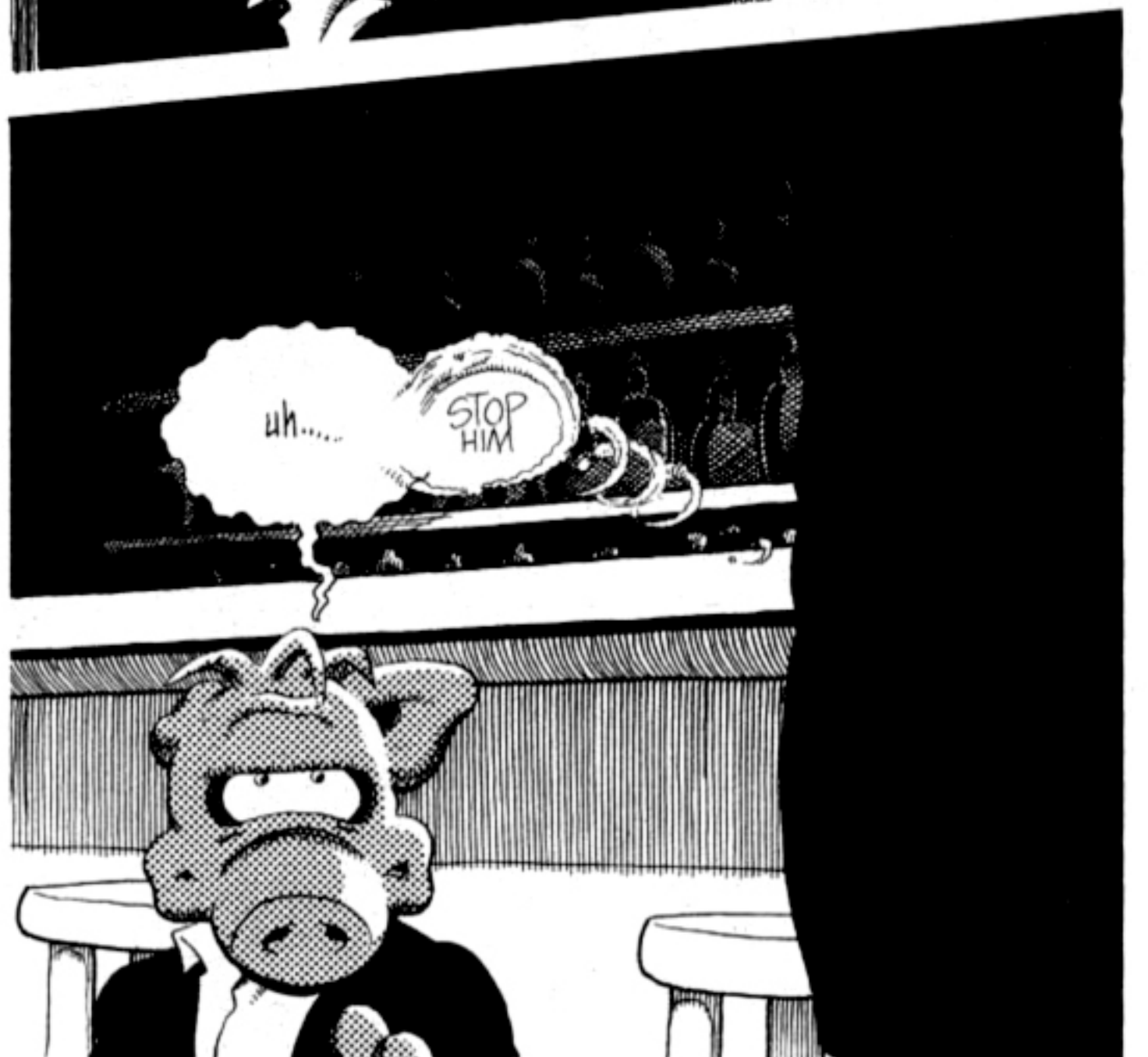
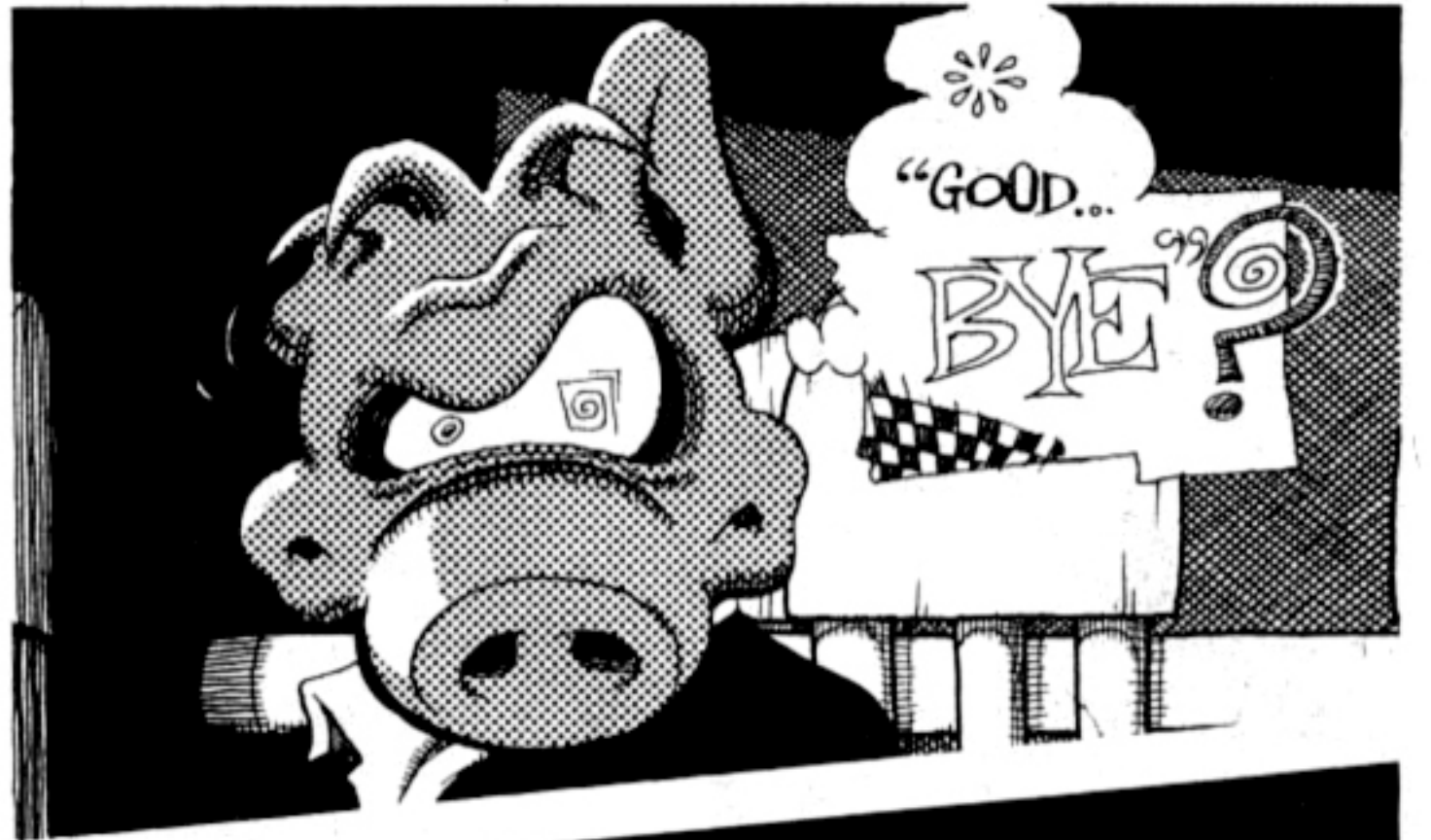




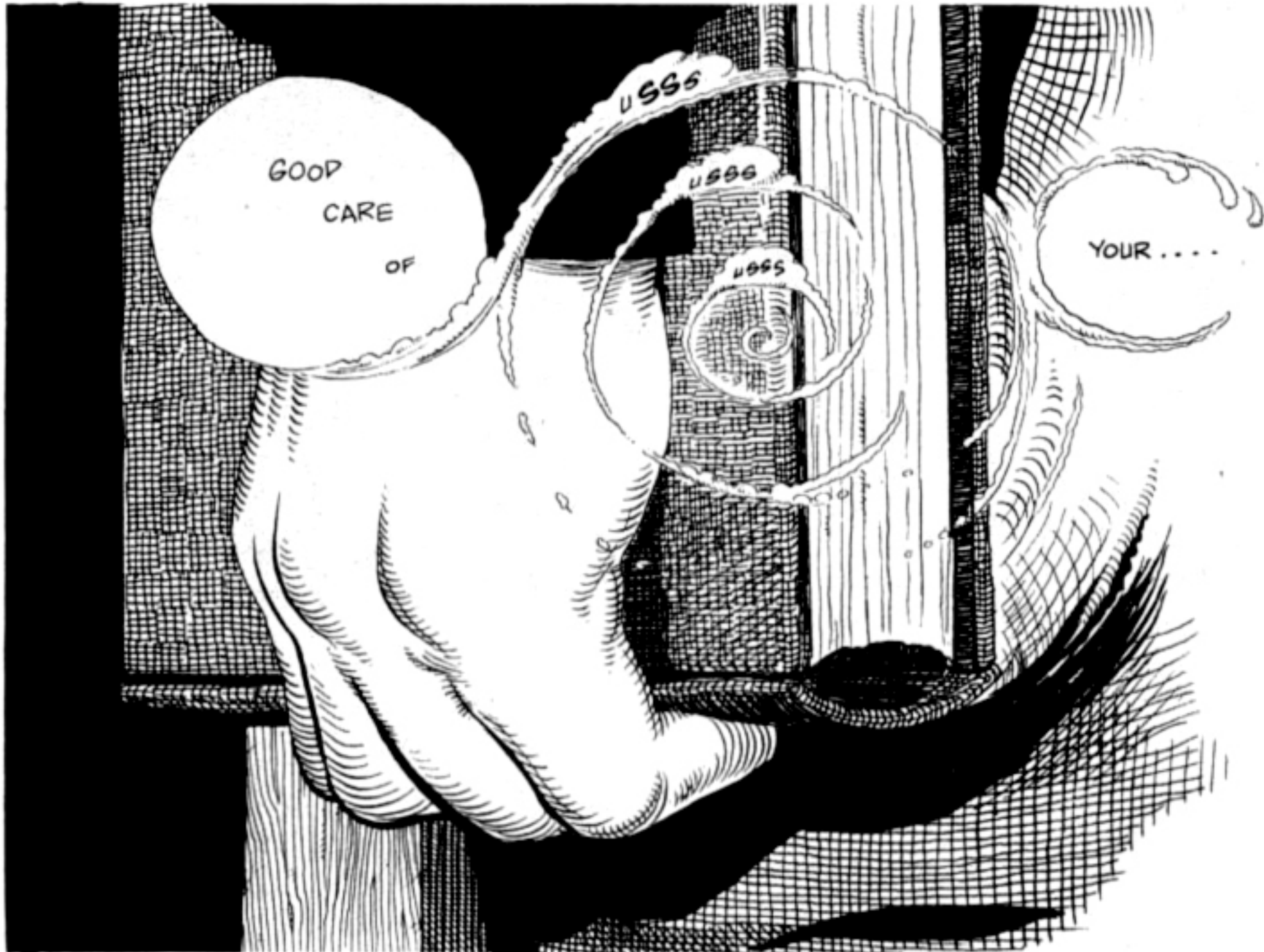
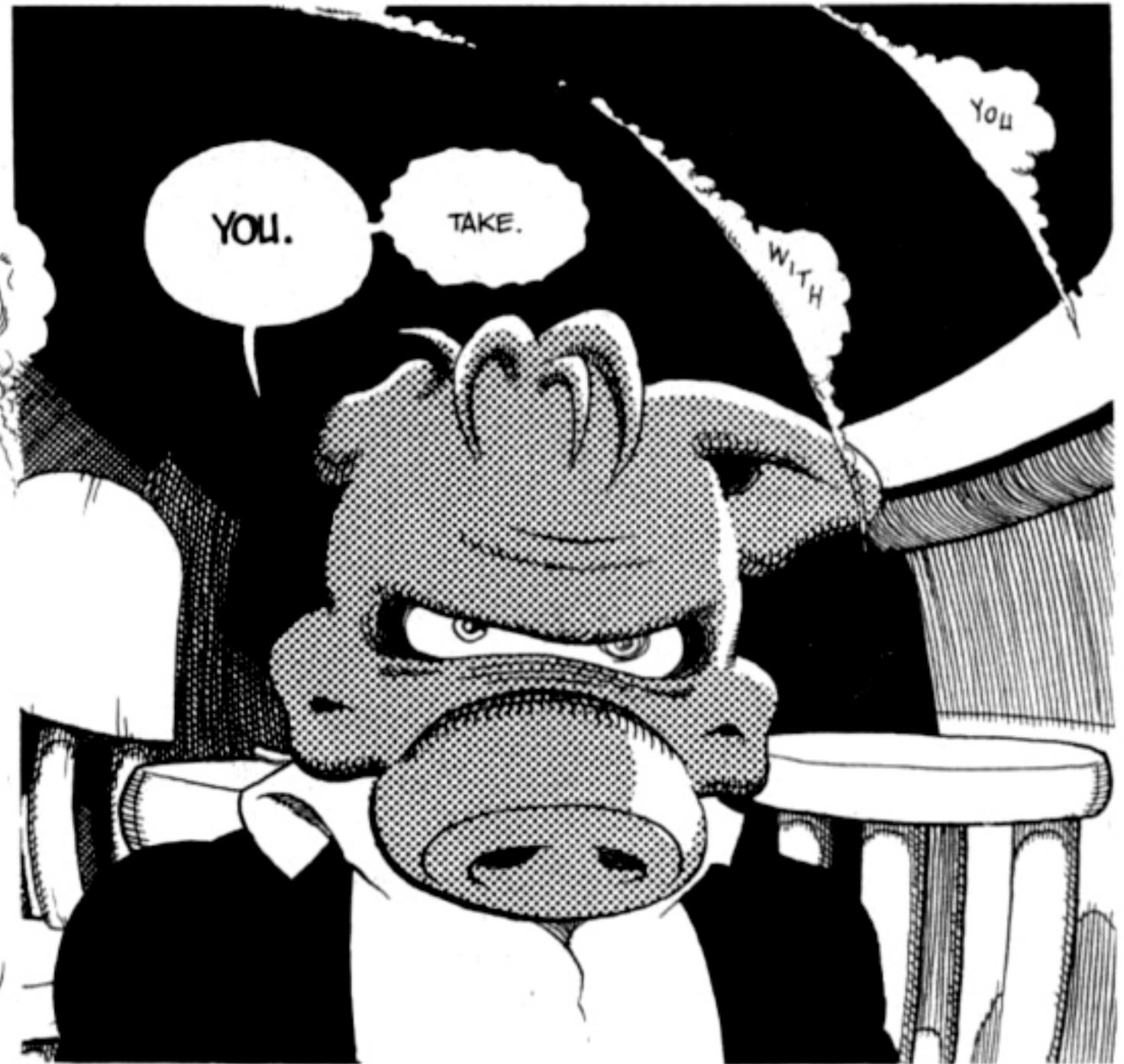
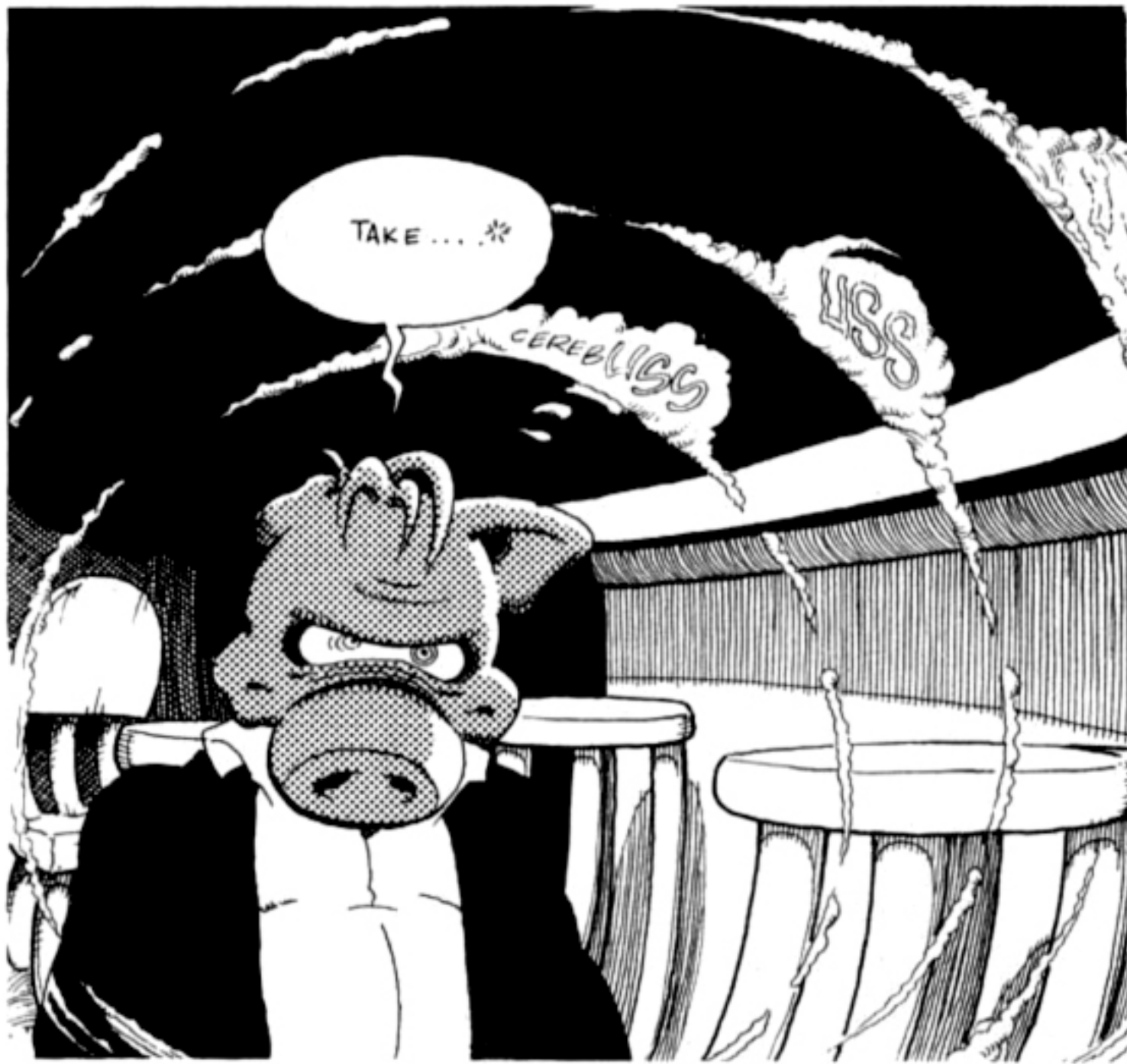




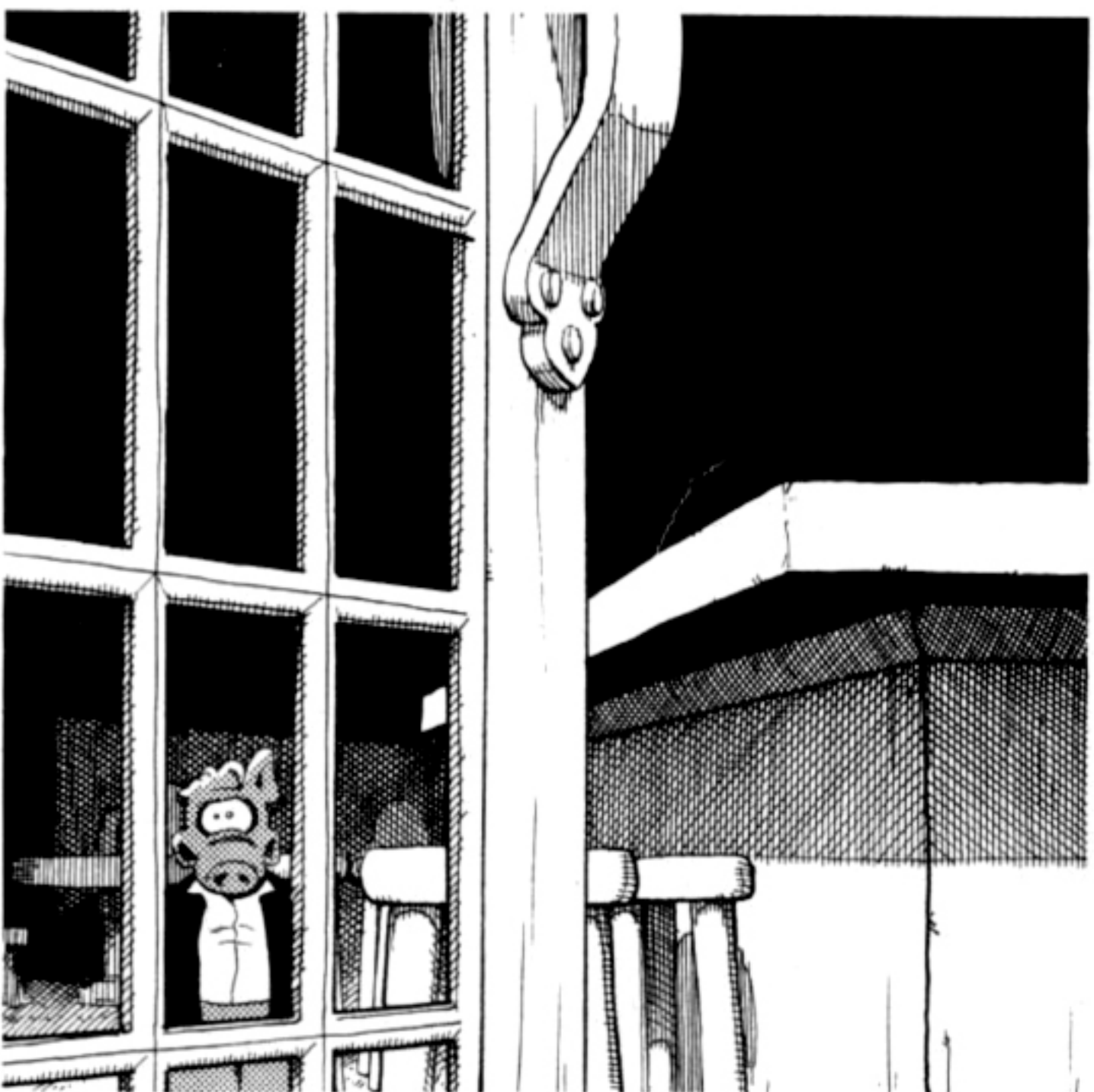
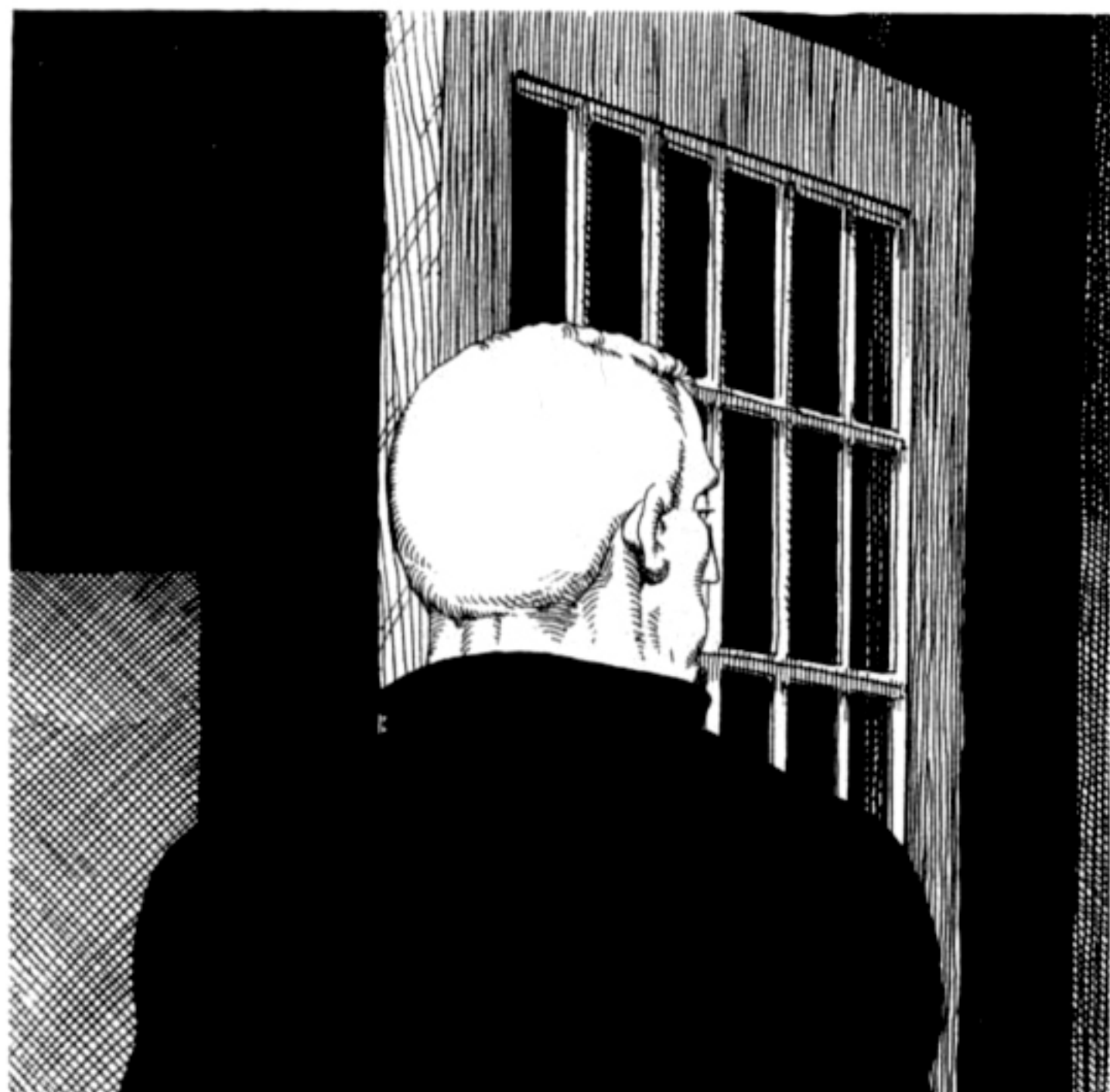




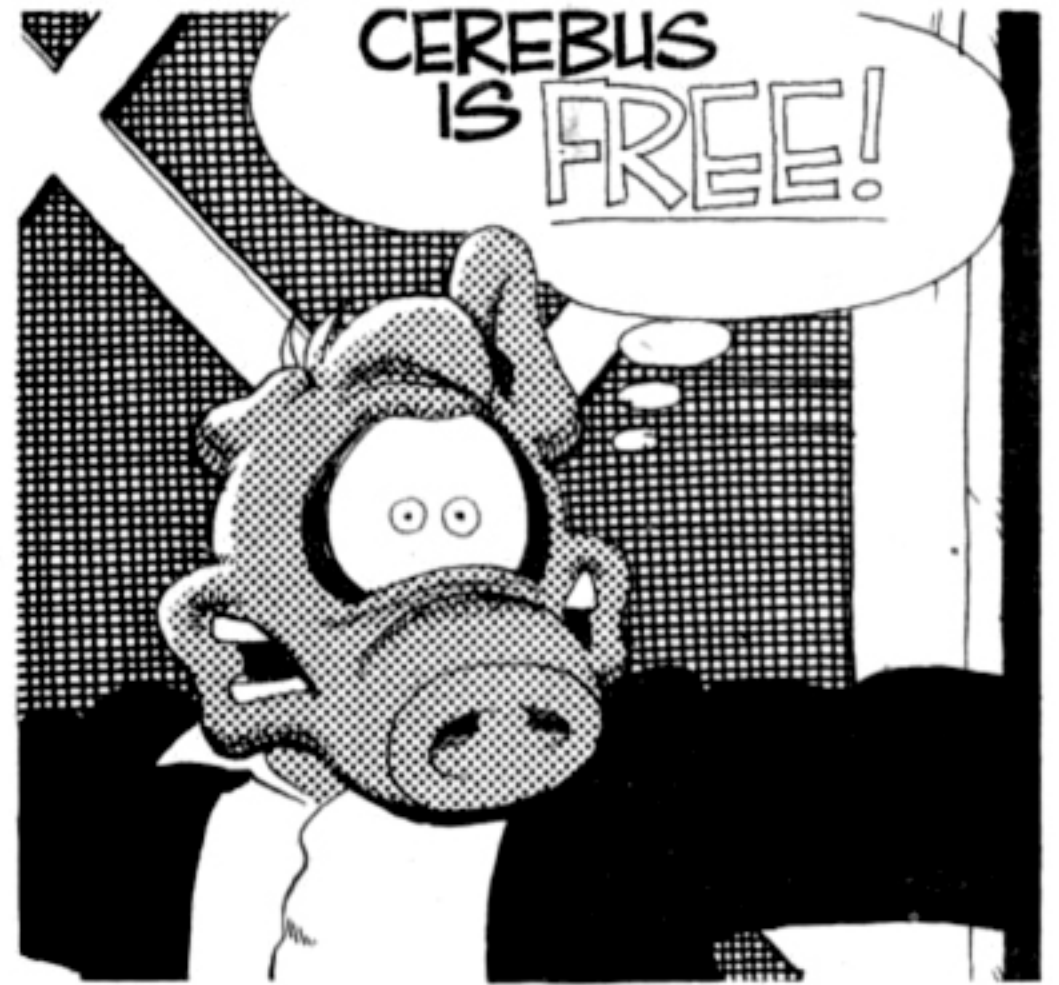
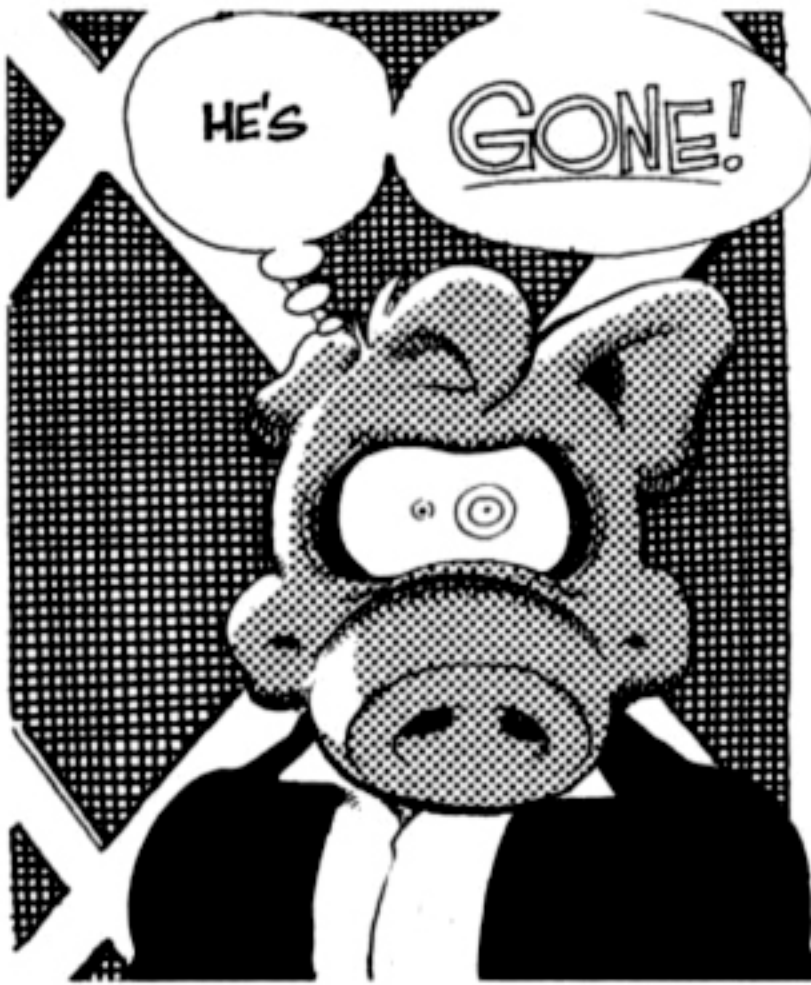




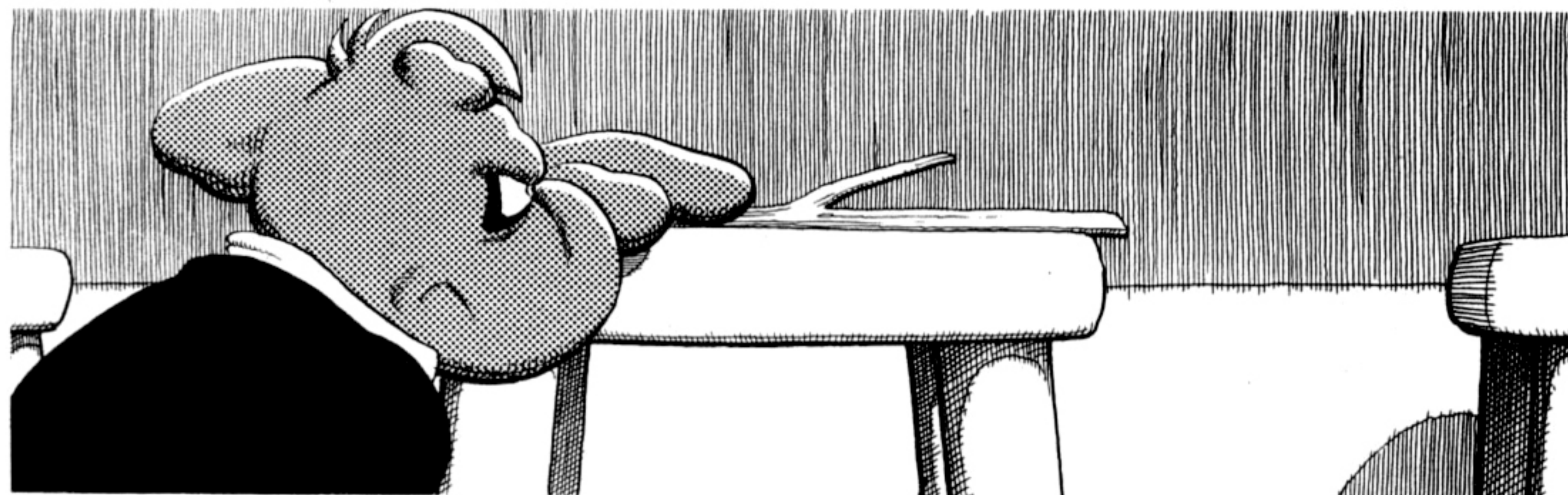
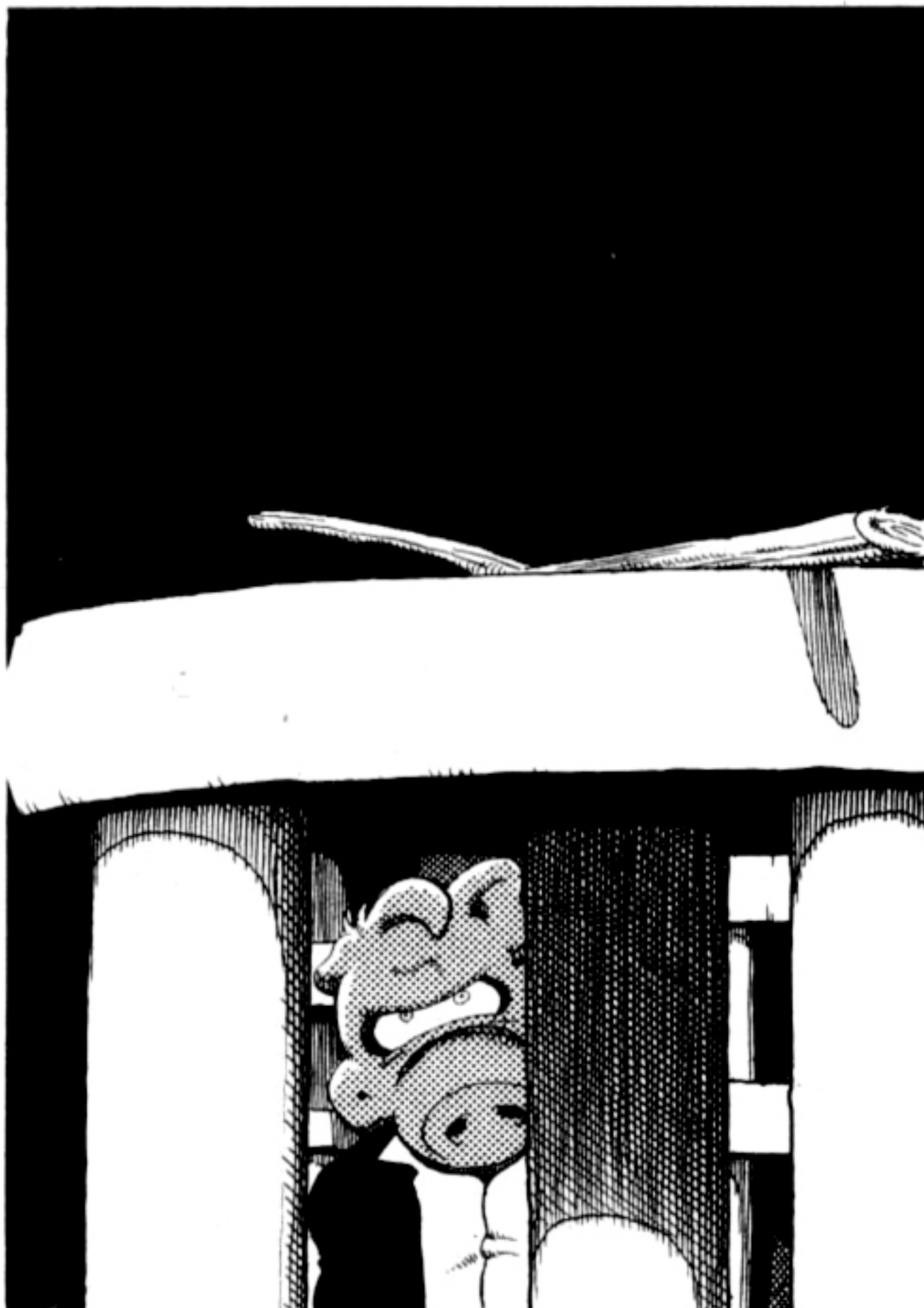
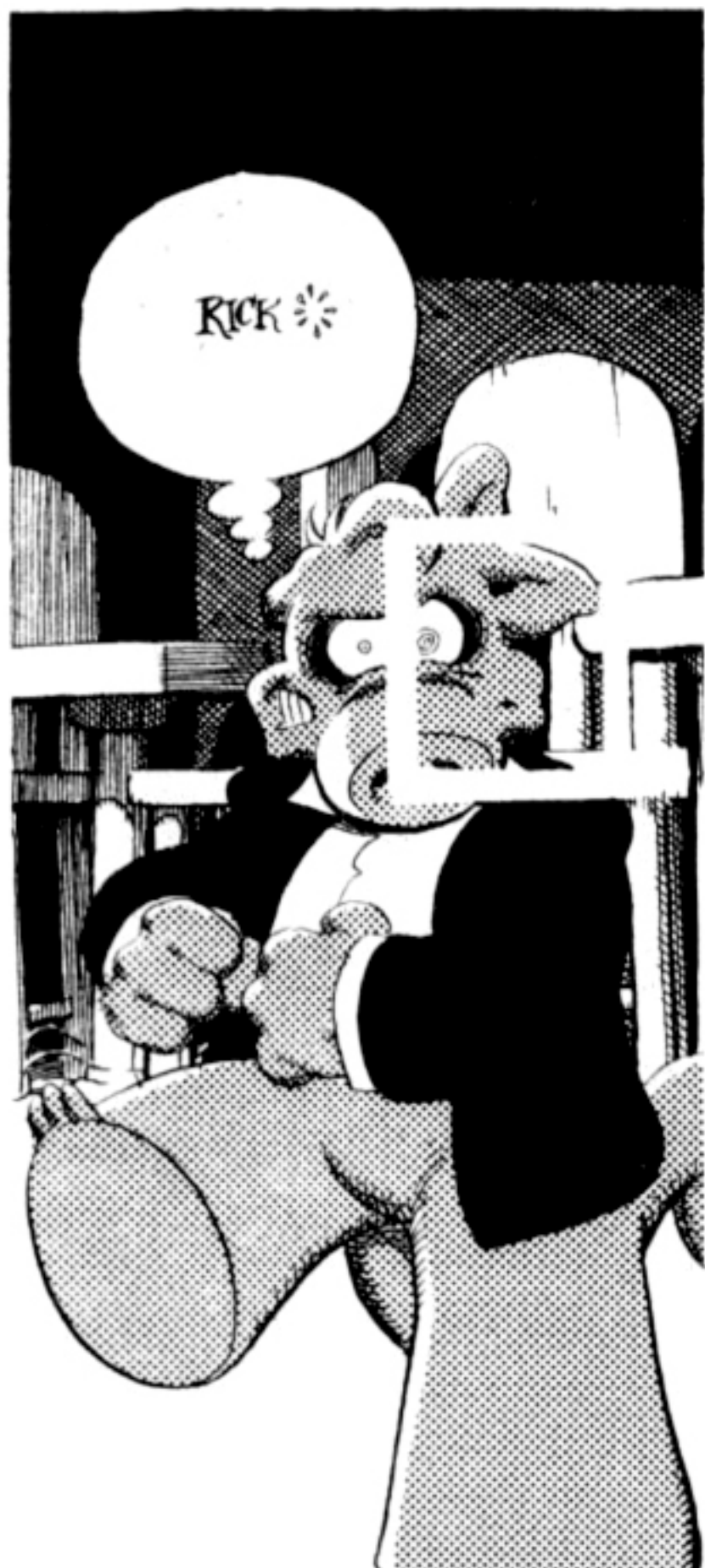




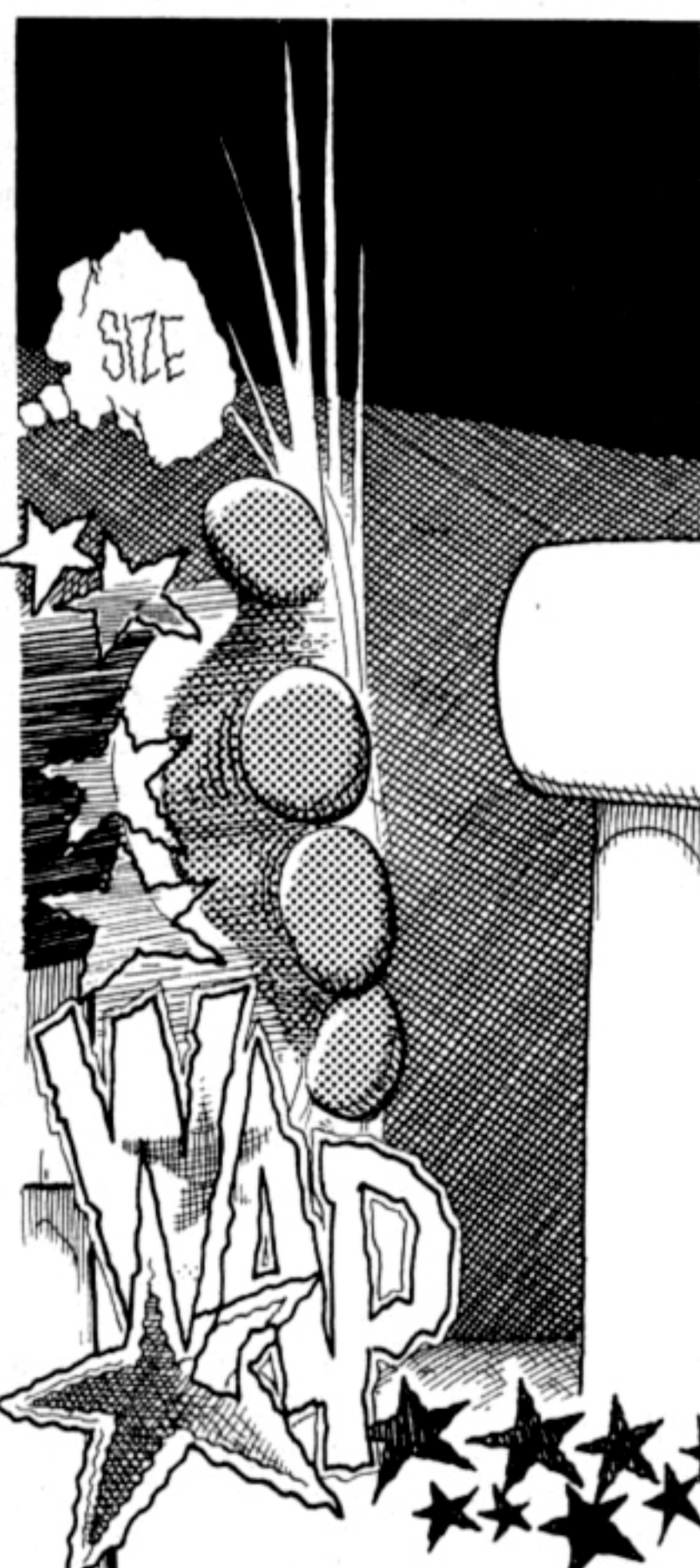
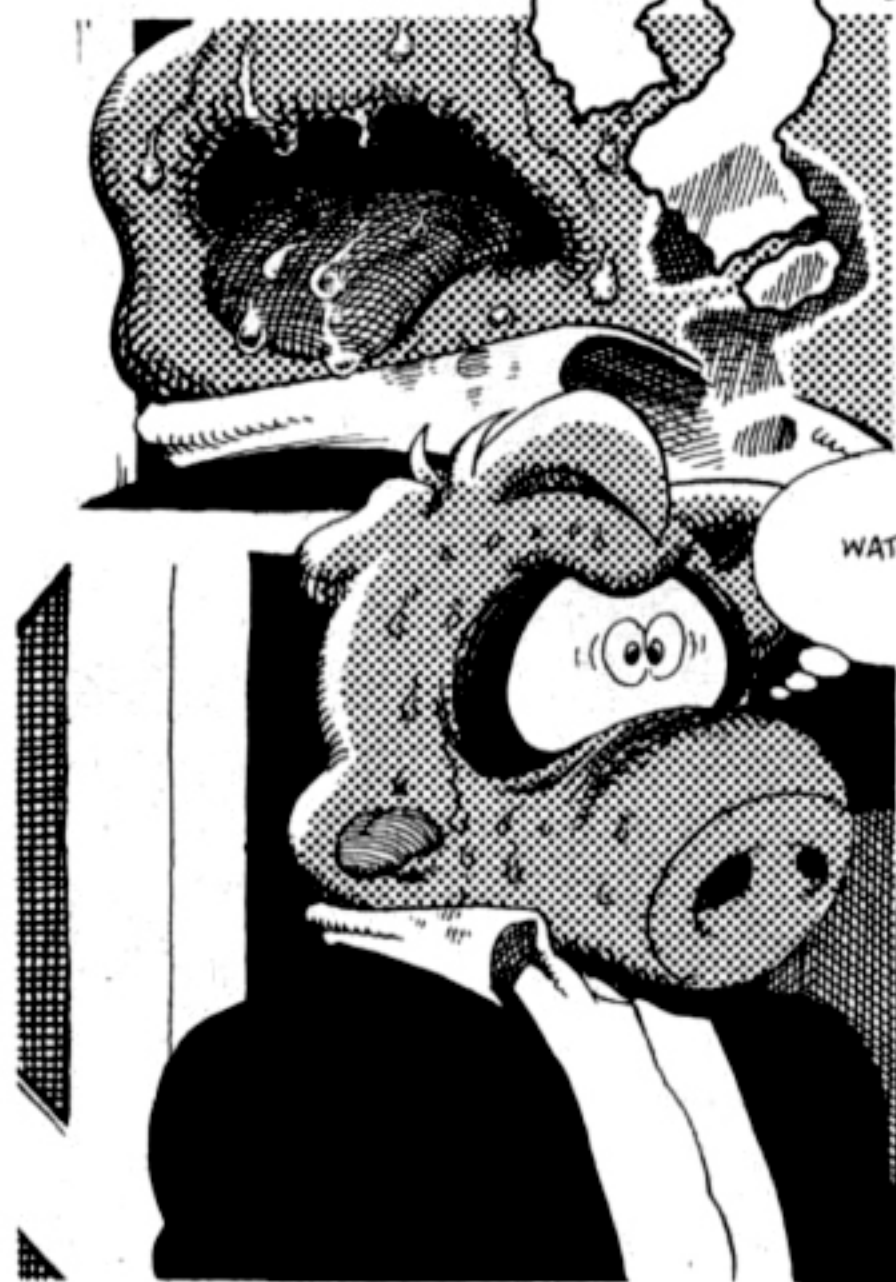
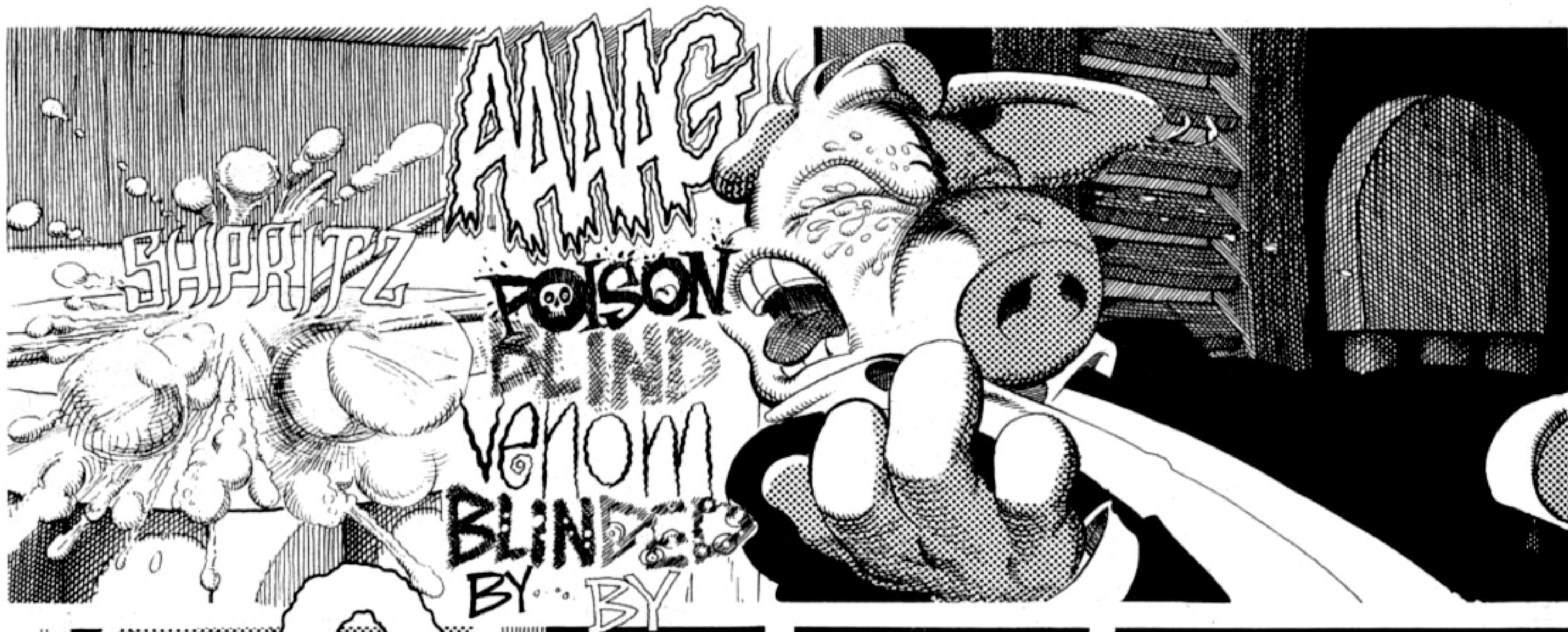




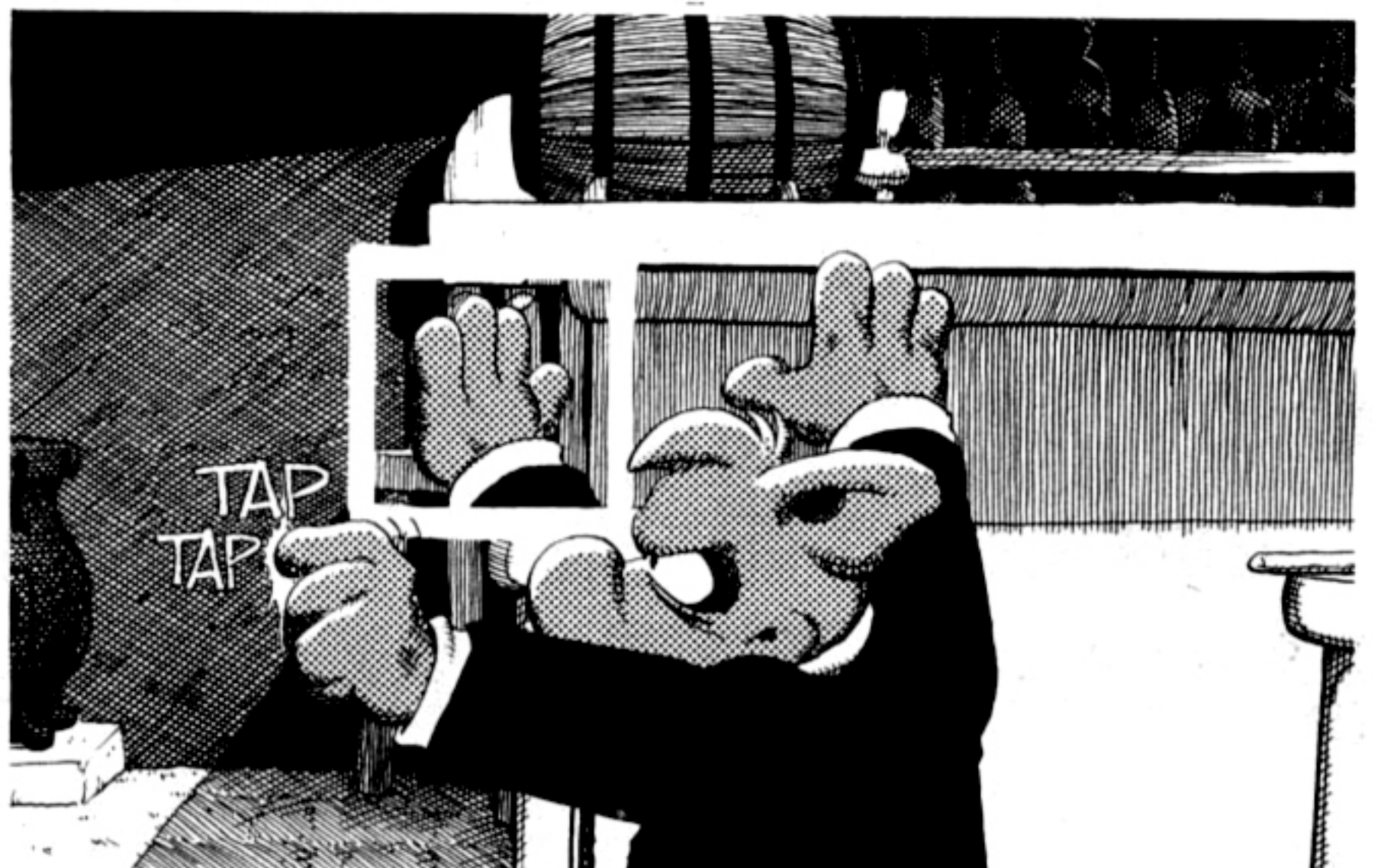
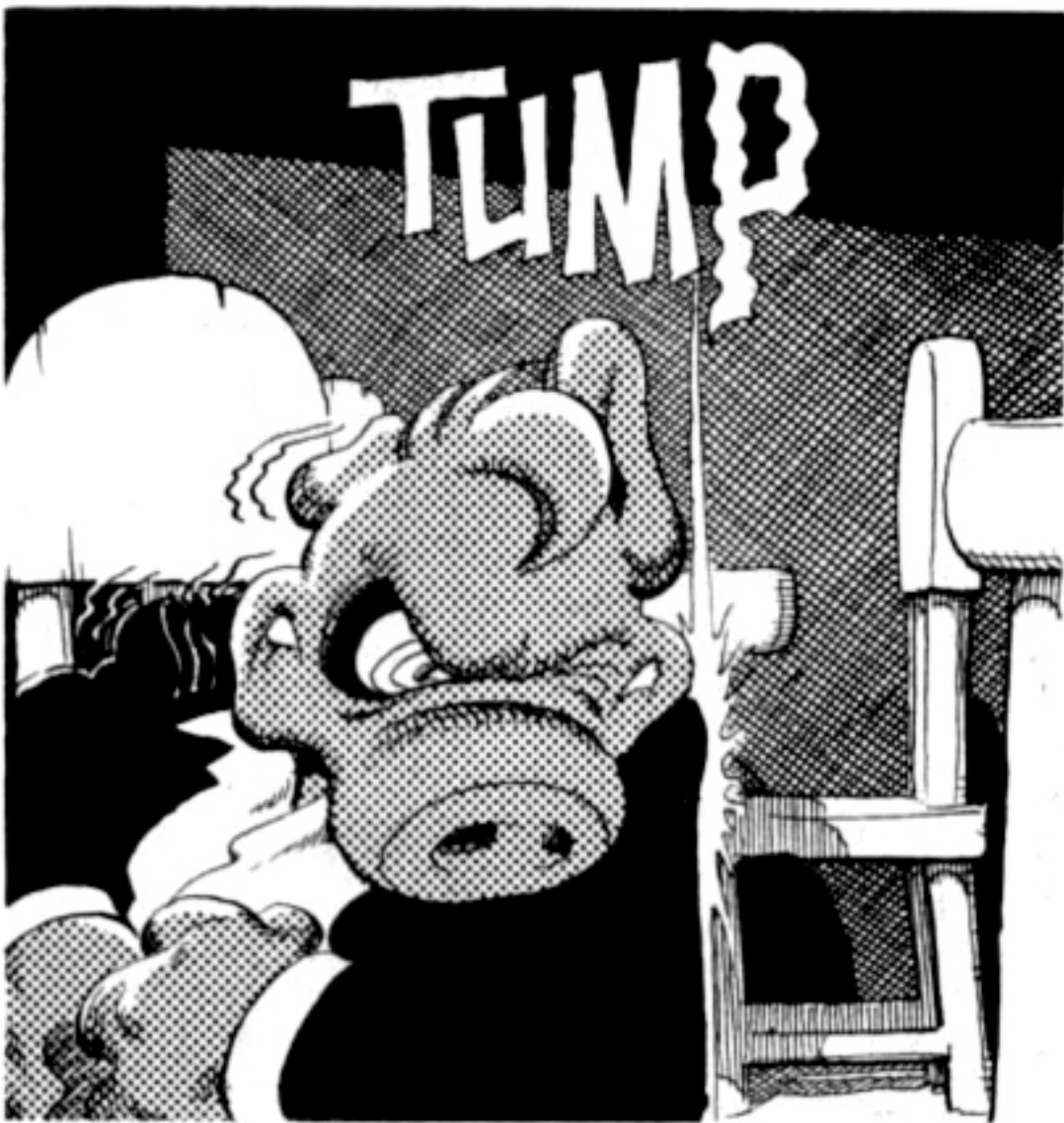
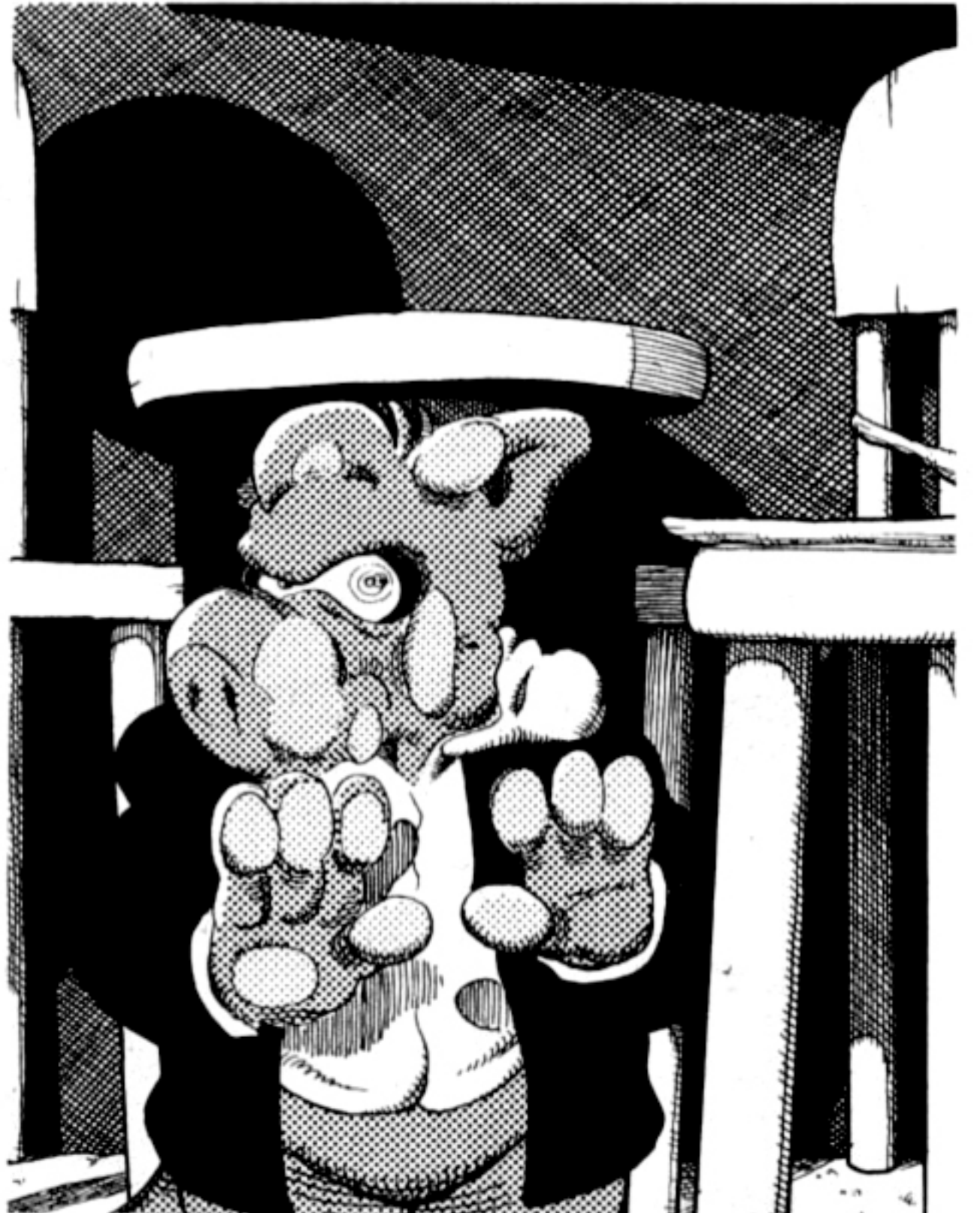
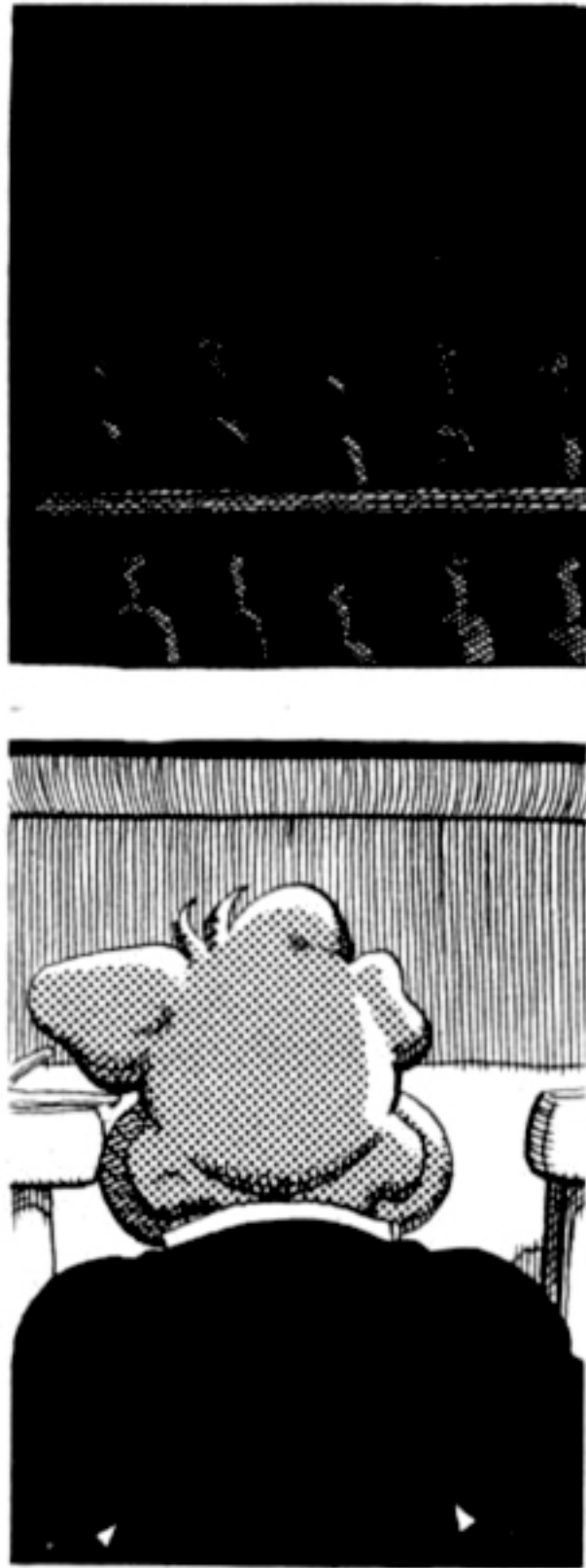




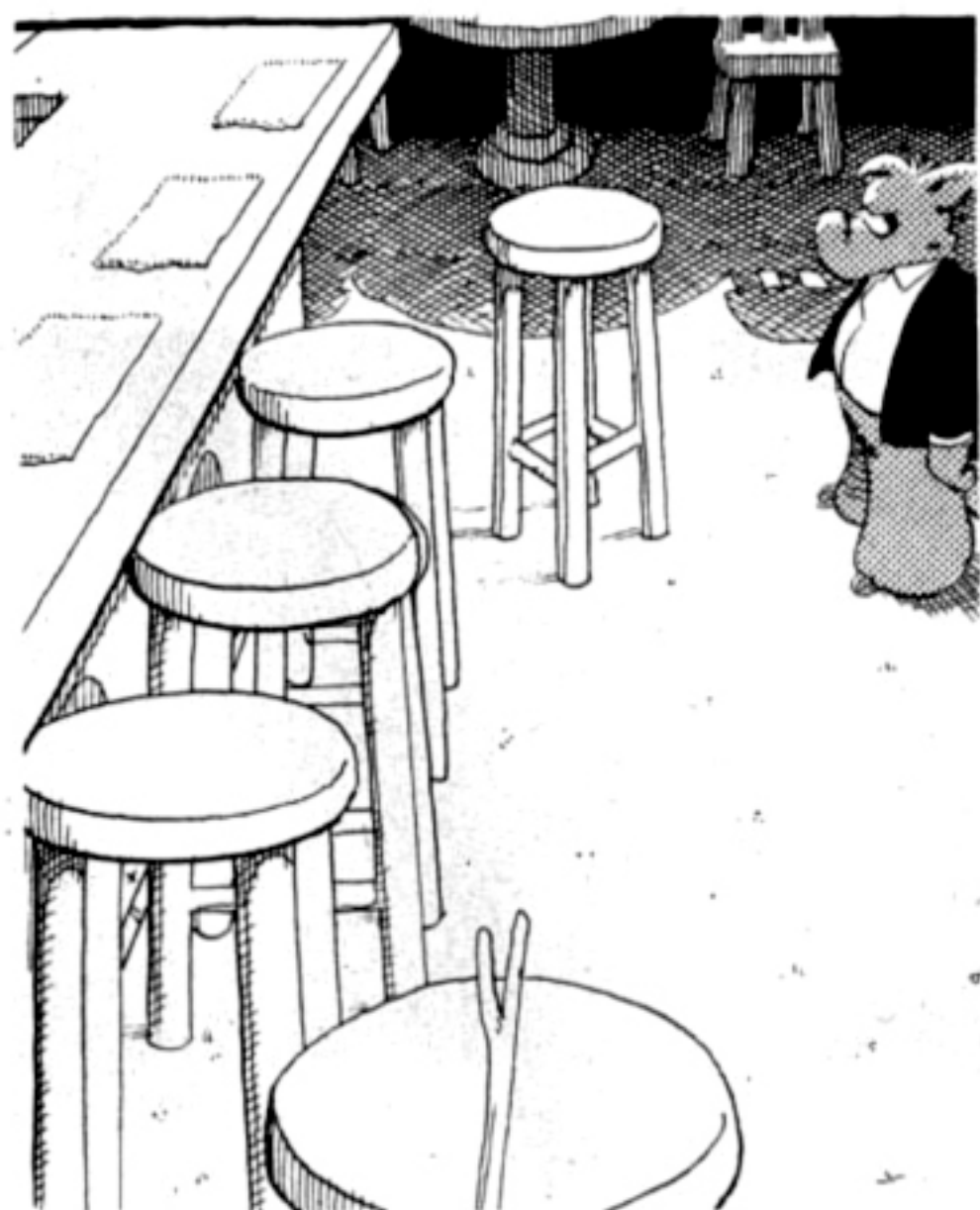
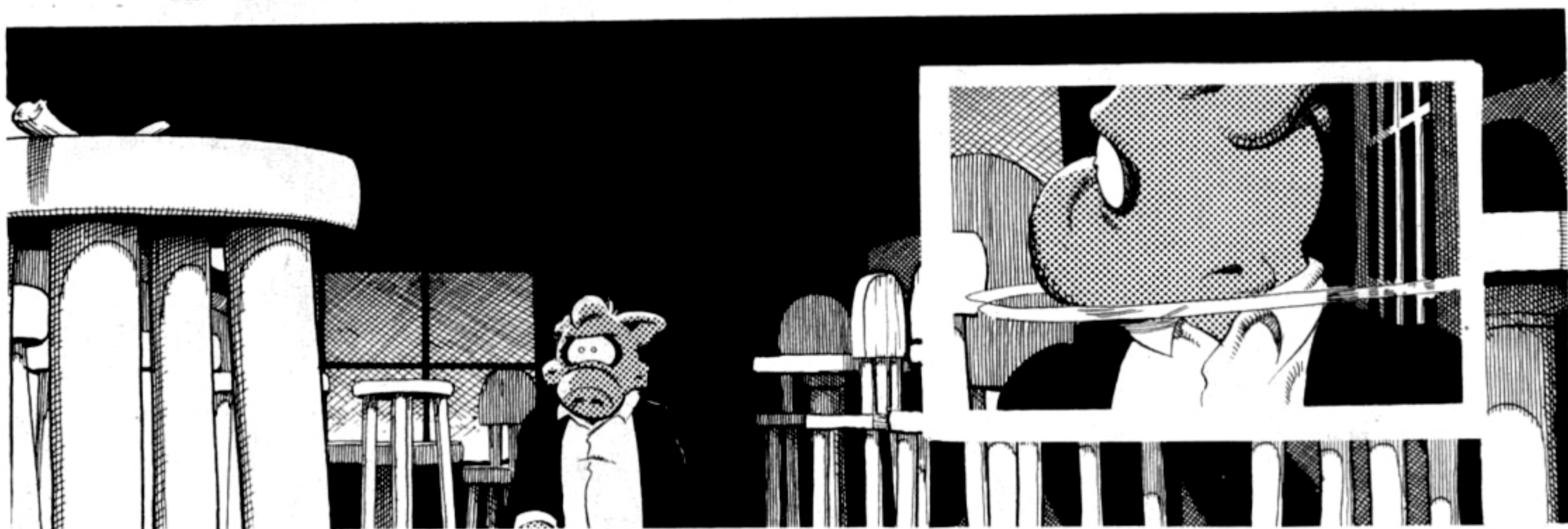
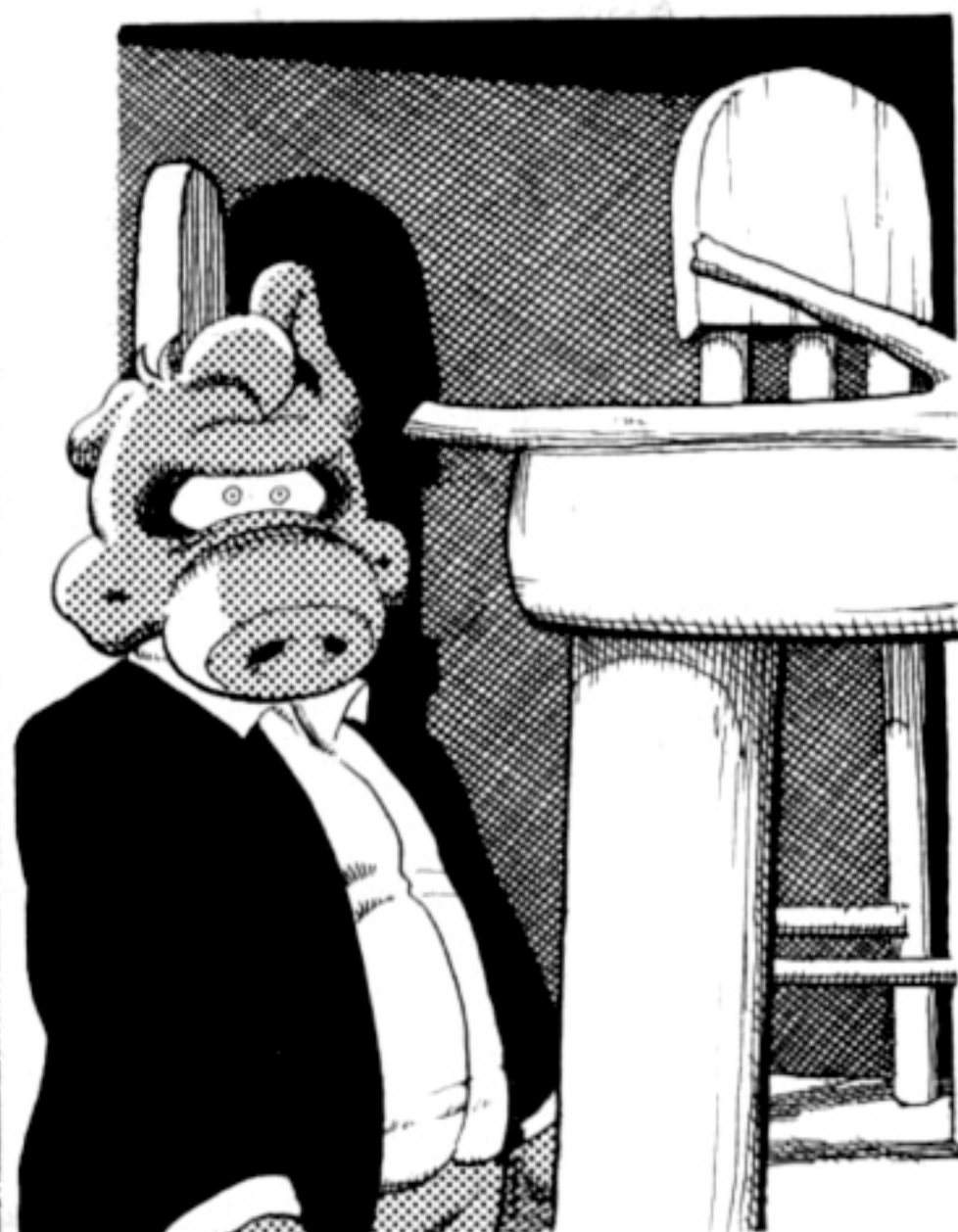




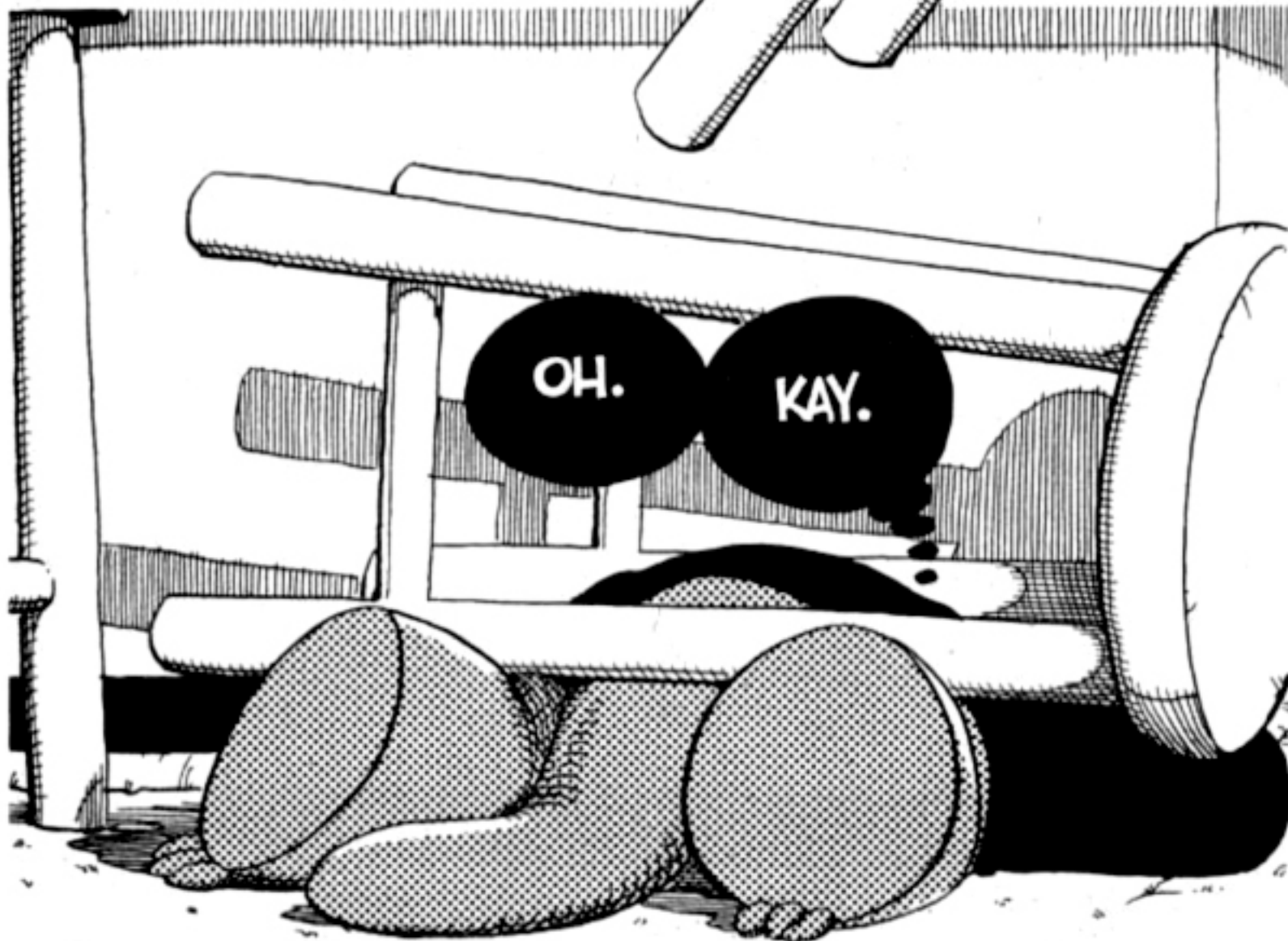
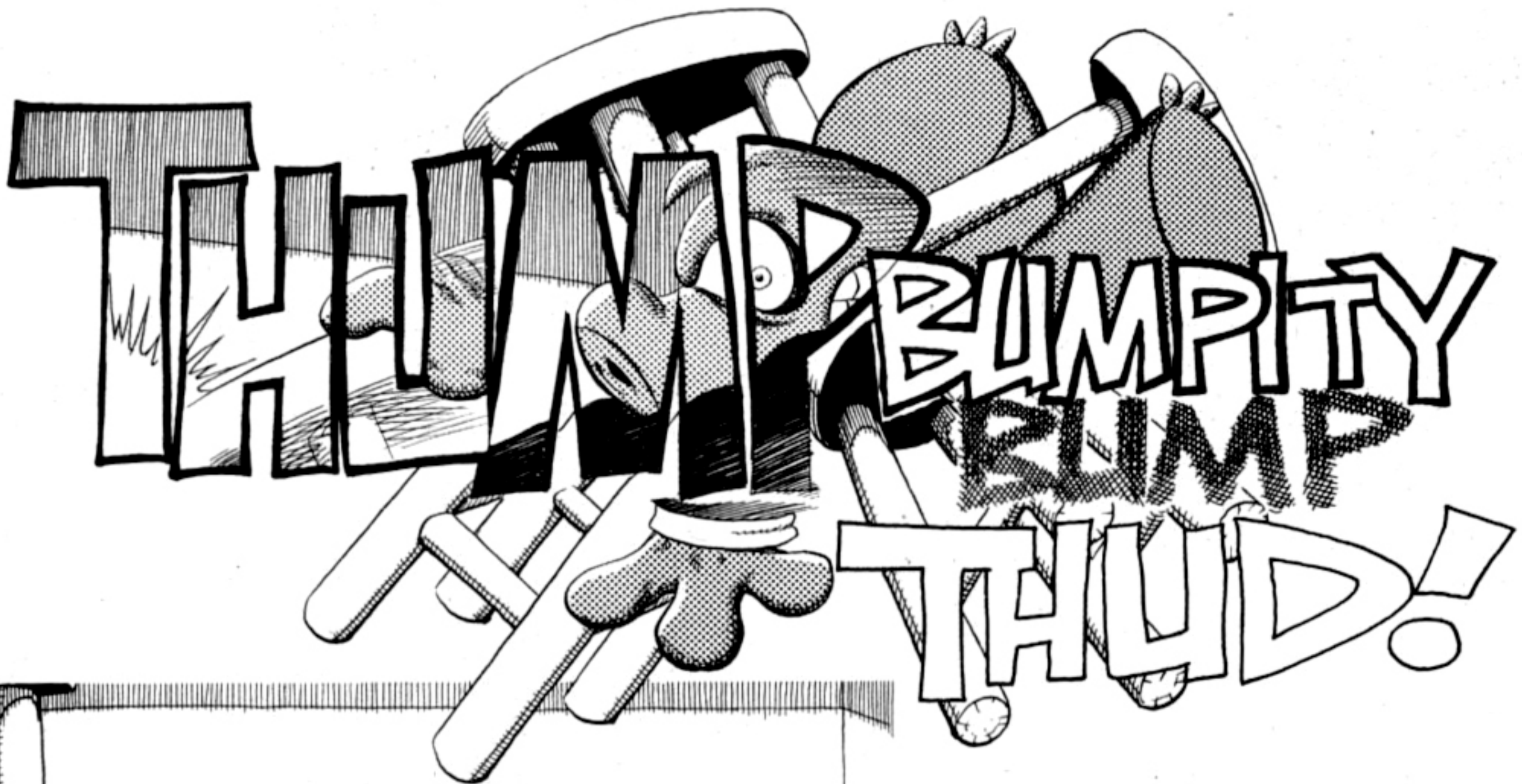




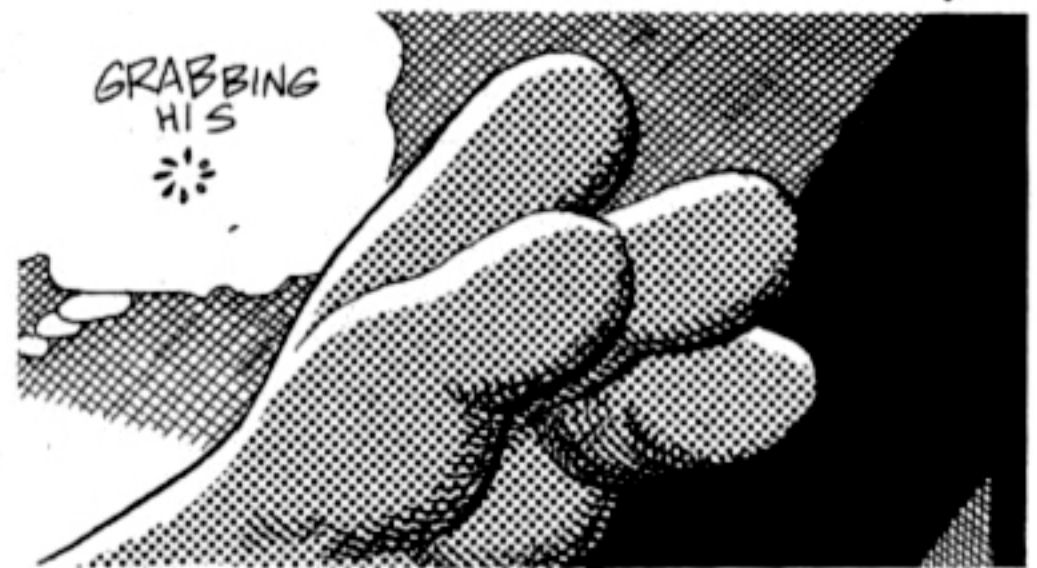
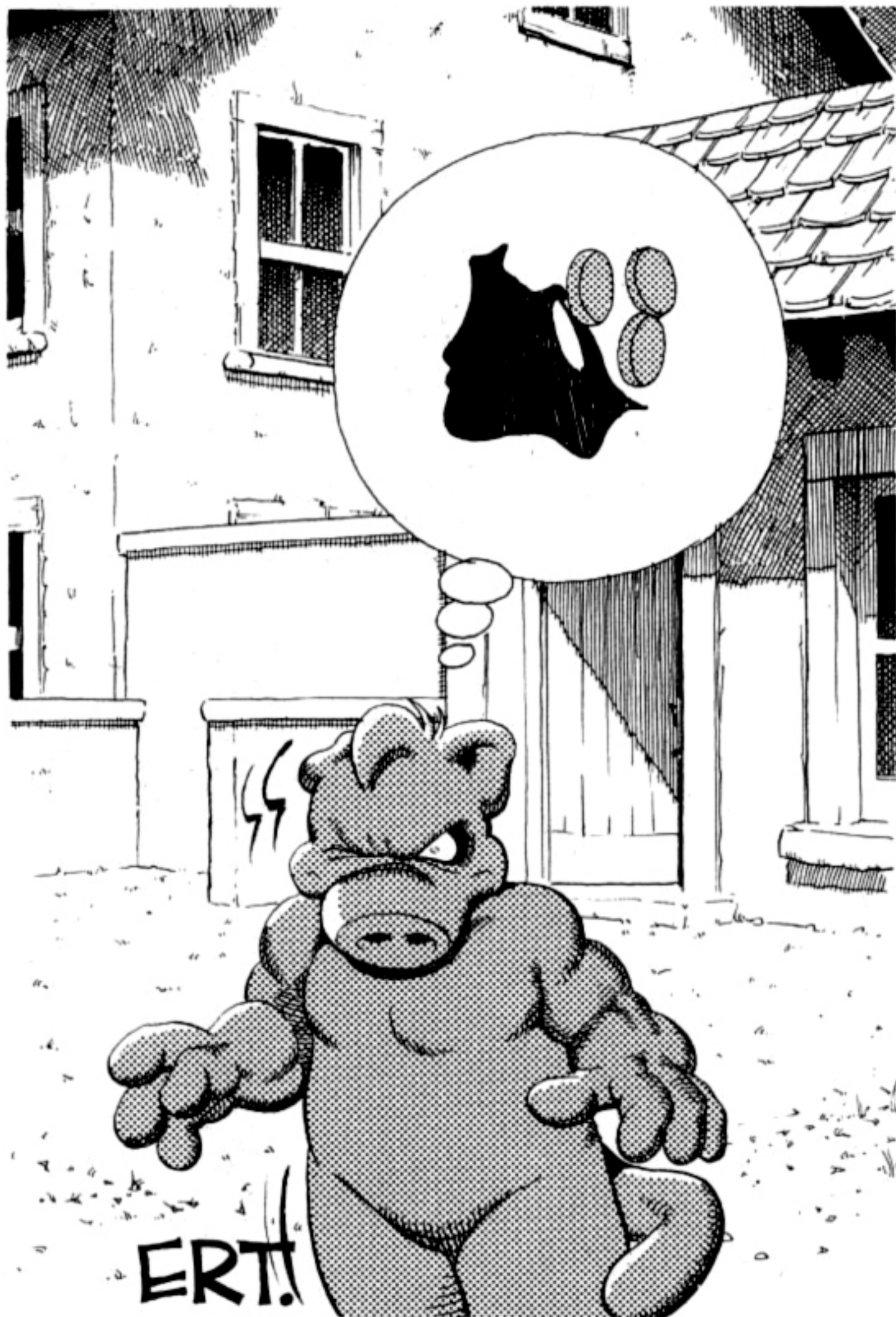
















THEN STAYING  
WOULD BE EASY  
AND LEAVING WOULD  
BE HARD.

OF COURSE!  
JUST LOOK HOW  
EASY LEAVING IS...  
IF IT WAS A CONTAINER  
SPELL

HE IS?

SURE.  
RICK IS  
TRYING  
TO GET  
CEREBUS  
TO LEAVE

AN...  
EXPELLER  
SPELL.

IT COULD BE AN  
EXPELLER  
SPELL

HAH.. WHAT ELSE  
COULD IT BE?

UNLESS IT  
ISN'T A  
CONTAINER  
SPELL

UNLESS  
WHAT?

UNLESS

BEFORE RICK'S  
CONTAINER SPELL  
GETS A HOLD OF  
CEREBUS...

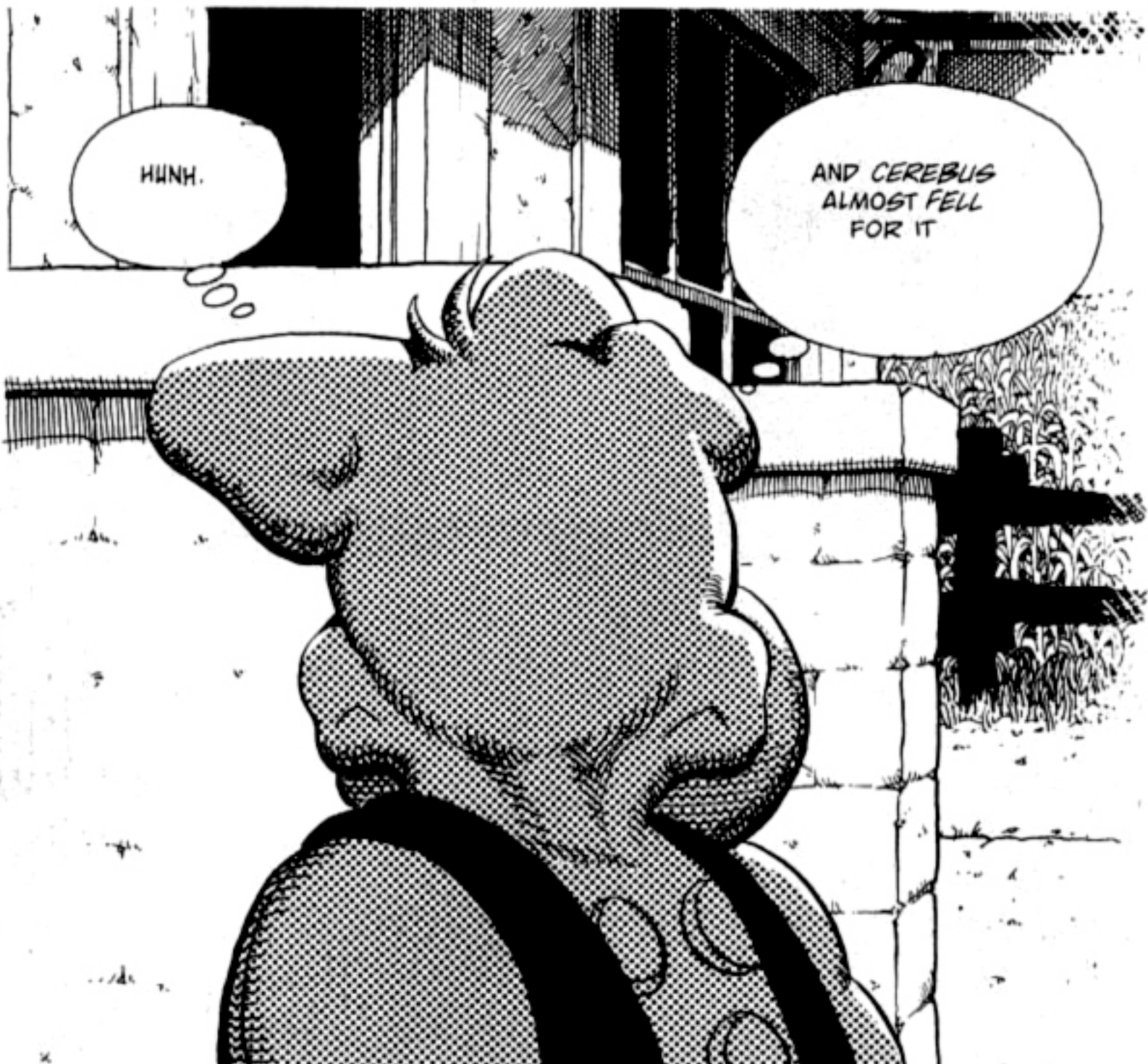
ACTUALLY CEREBUS  
HASN'T GOT TIME TO  
"NAME ONE" CEREBUS  
HAS TO LEAVE

NAME  
ONE.

THERE ARE A  
HUNDRED PERFECTLY  
REASONABLE  
EXPLANATIONS

DOESN'T MEAN  
A THING

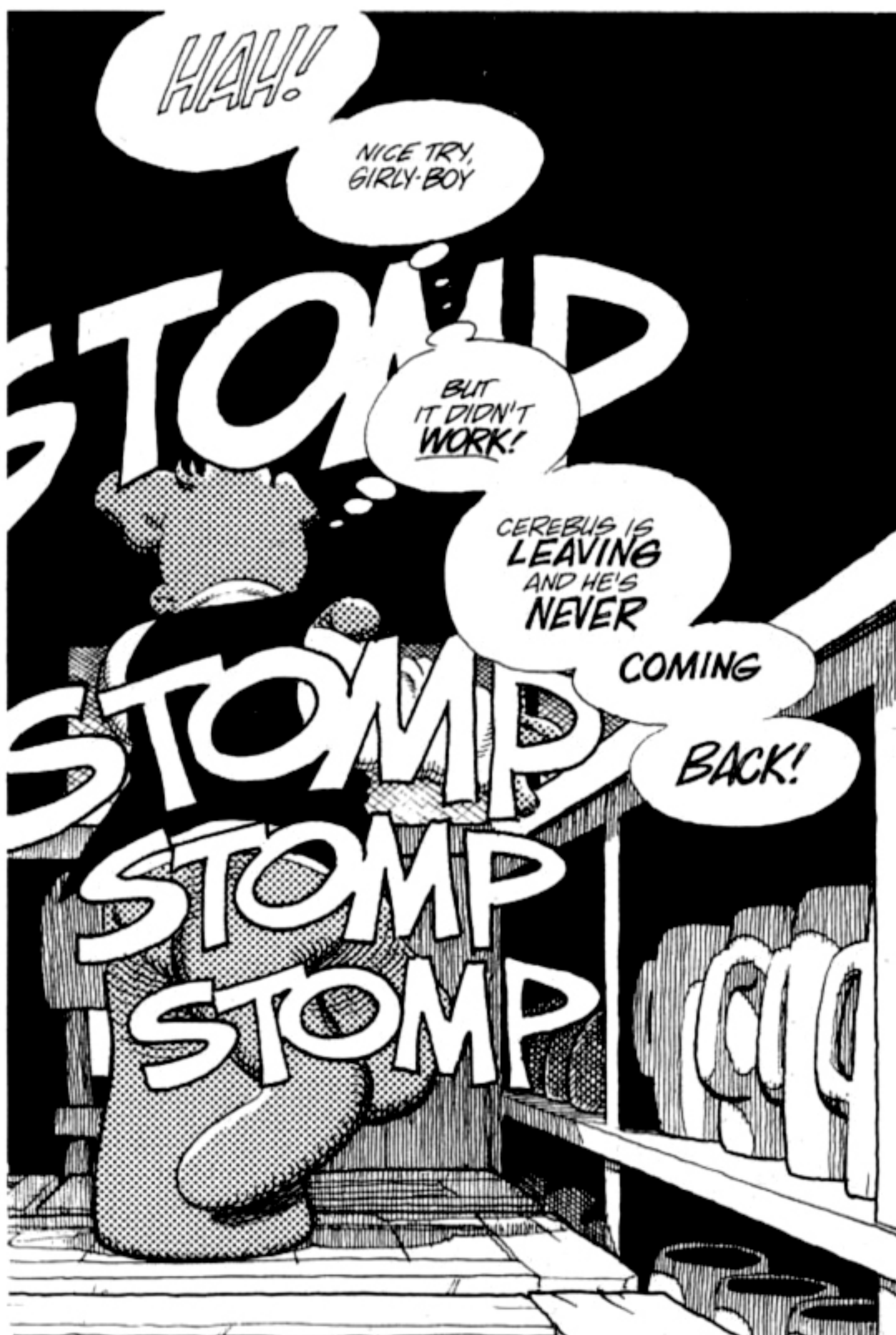
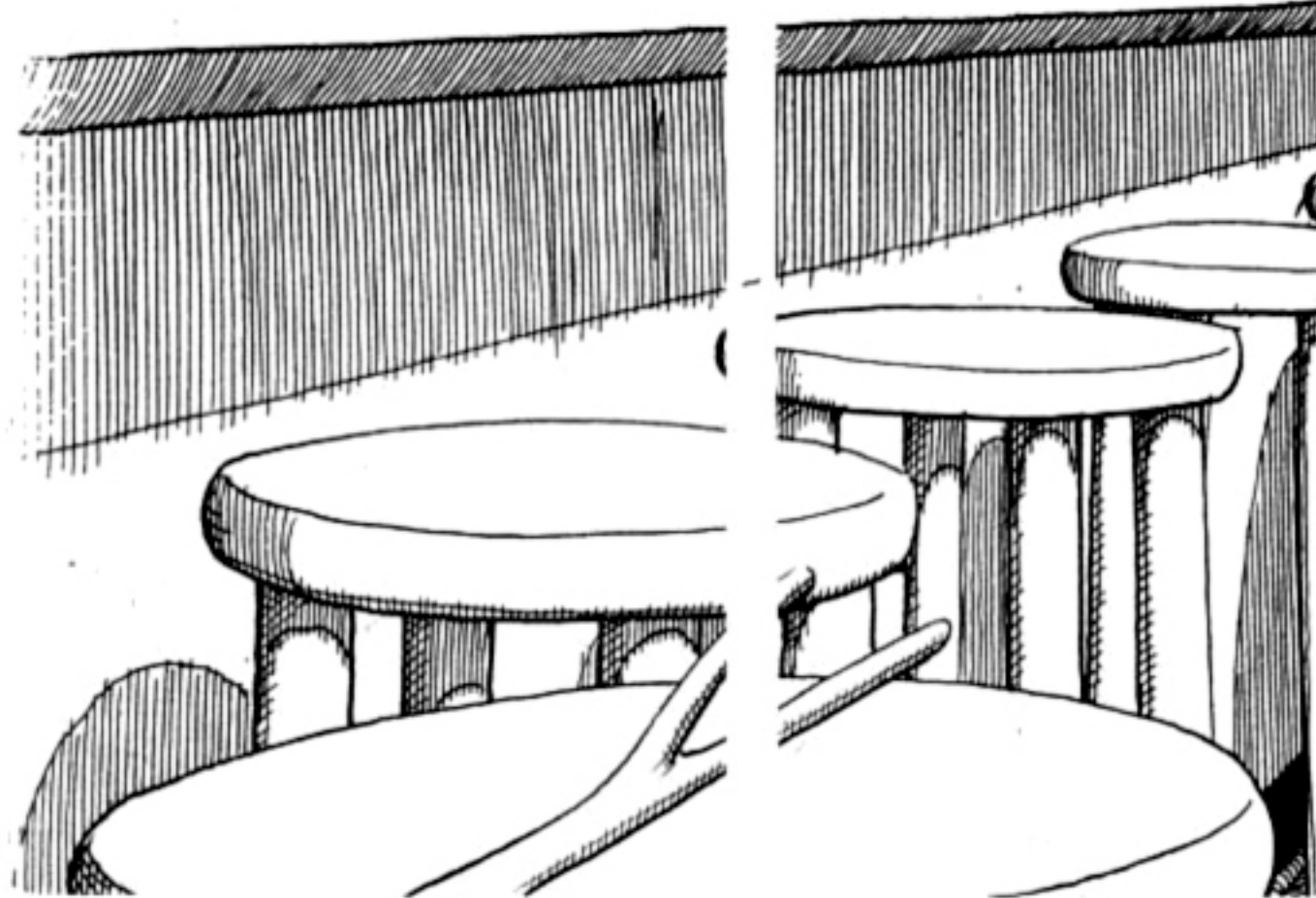
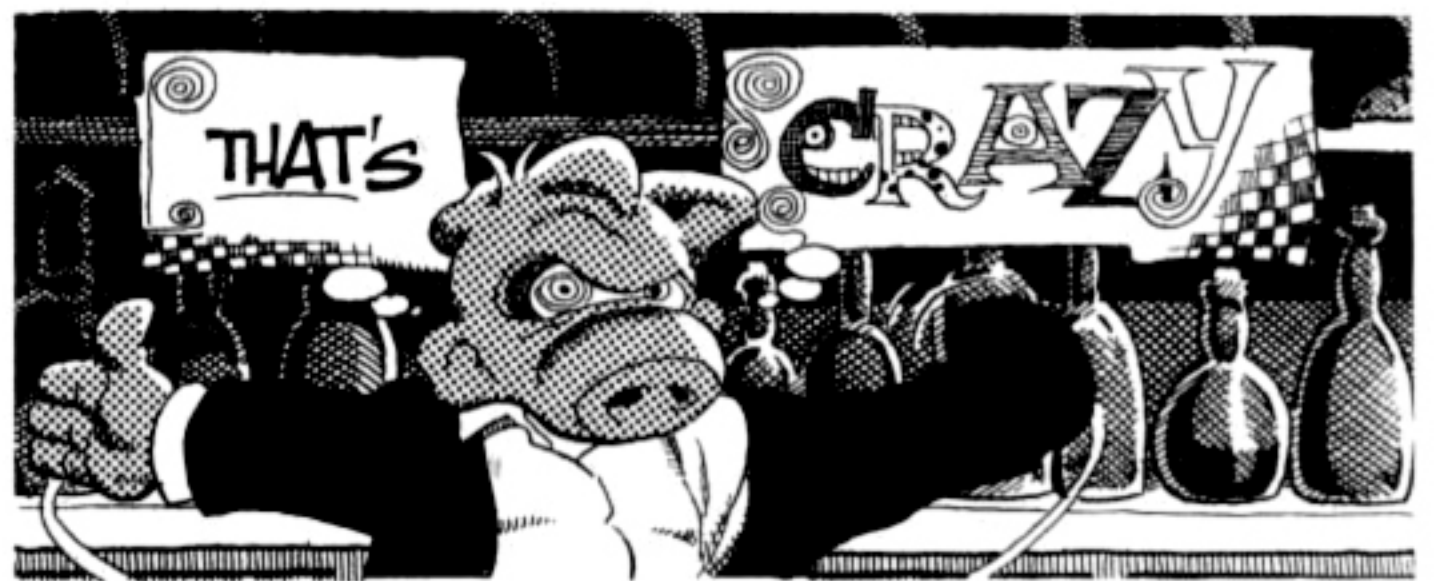
SO CEREBUS'  
MEDALLIONS  
SHRUNK



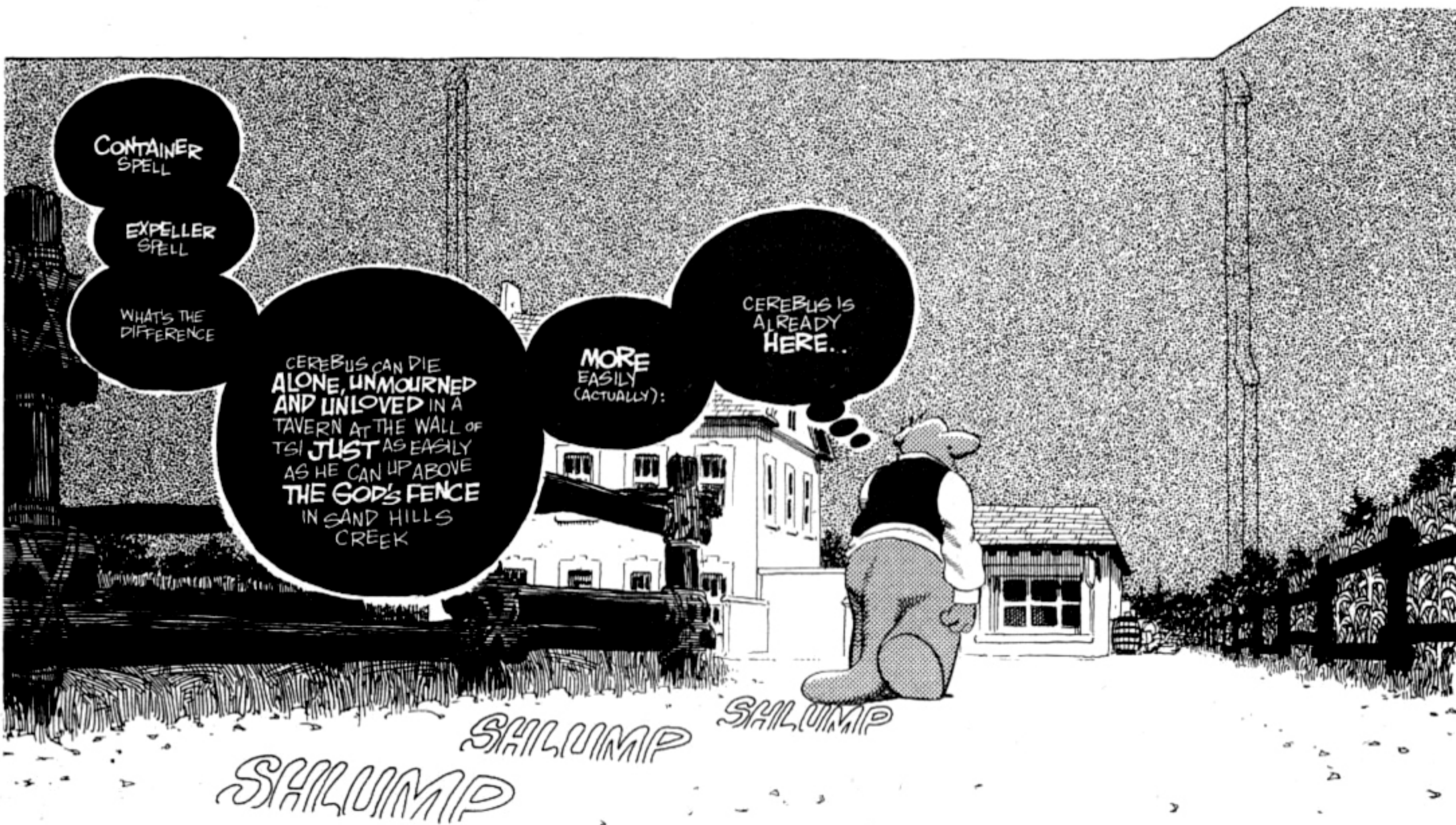
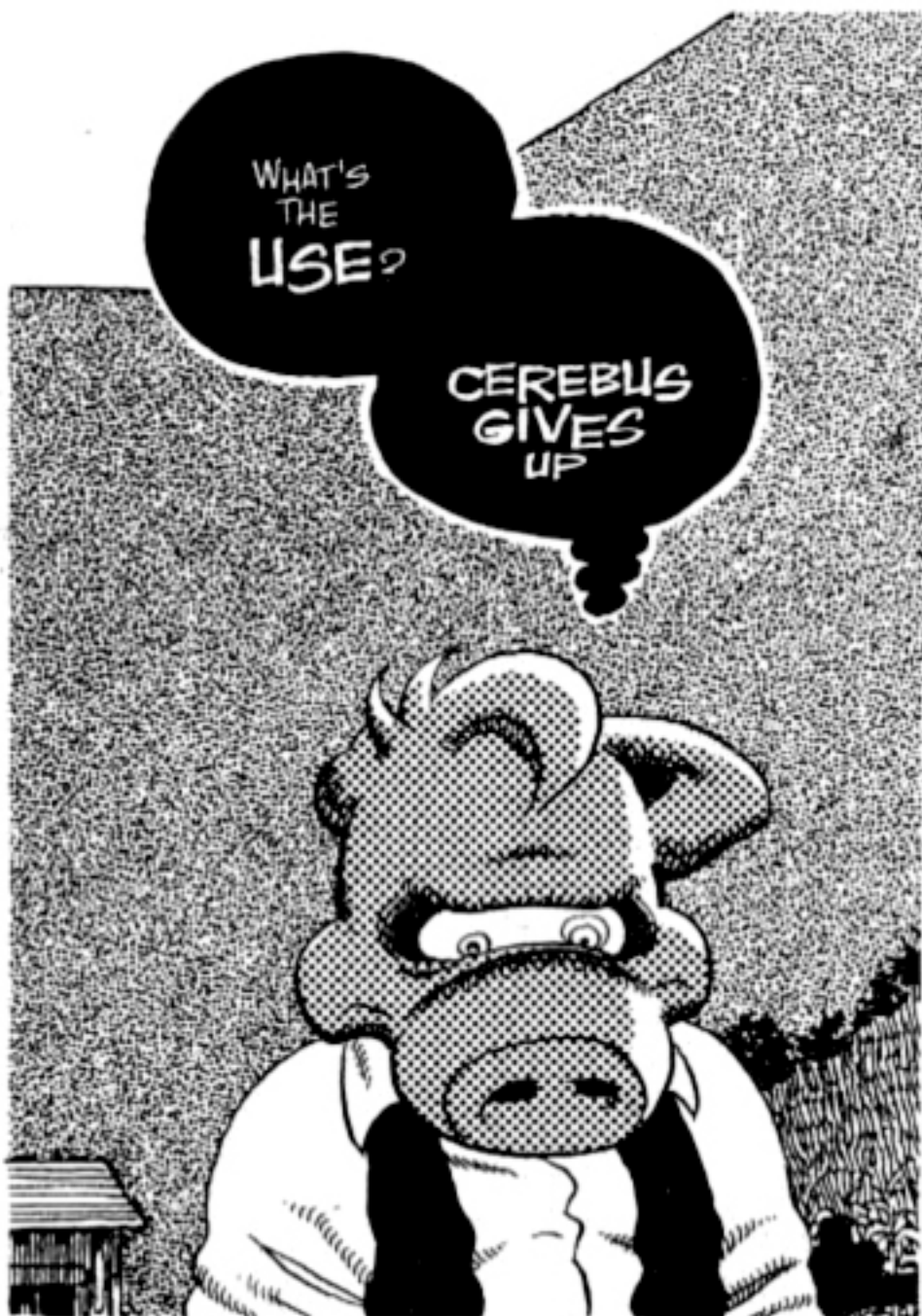
HUHH.

AND CEREBUS  
ALMOST FELL  
FOR IT















*(unhelpful)* Hamilton.  
*(even less helpful)* Ontario. Canada  
*(distracting him with a provocation)*  
So. Are you the bartender around here?

*(wrestling with it)*  
*(but finally resigned to his fate)* Aye.

I was *hoping* you'd turn up.  
*(adopting a more conciliatory tone before he can take offense)* I have to leave soon.

*(coming a little unglued)* LEAVE?!  
HAH! That's a laugh!  
*(a pronouncement)* No one leaves this tavern! NO one! *(a sweeping theatrical gesture)* This isn't a TAVERN!  
It's a...a...PRISON! EVERYone who comes in here is trapped! *(horried at his own insight)* TRAPPED!

Huh. *(glancing around)*  
So...uh...where is everybody?  
*(overwrought)* THEY ALL LEFT!

But...you just...  
*(amputating the contradiction)* SO!  
*(the consummate professional)*  
What'll it be? *(twitch)*

Oh...uh...a Coors Light.  
And an ashtray. Please.

Comin' right up! *(he selects a bottle of red wine and a wine glass)* *(as he pours, his façade of forced cheerfulness appears to drain into the glass along with the wine)*

*(selecting the moment)*  
So you've been here a long time.

Aye. *(confessional)*  
Years. *(funereal)* Forever.

*(flicking ashes onto the floor)*  
I spent way too much time  
*(significantly)* in a place very much like this.

*(as if seeing me for the first time)* Aye?

Uh-huh. *(lightly)* Peter's Place, it was called. Spent the better part of ten years of my life there. I just *couldn't* bring myself to *(pretending to strain at le mot juste)*...leave...*(vaguely)* somehow.

*(hypnotized)* Huh. *(he mulls it over)*  
So...how...how...*did* you...?

*(matter-of-factly)* The place was gutted by fire one night. *(pausing to let it sink in)*  
*(introspective)* I *might* 've been able to leave on my own. Just decide that I had had enough and never go back in again. Who knows? *(honestly)* I really doubt it, though.

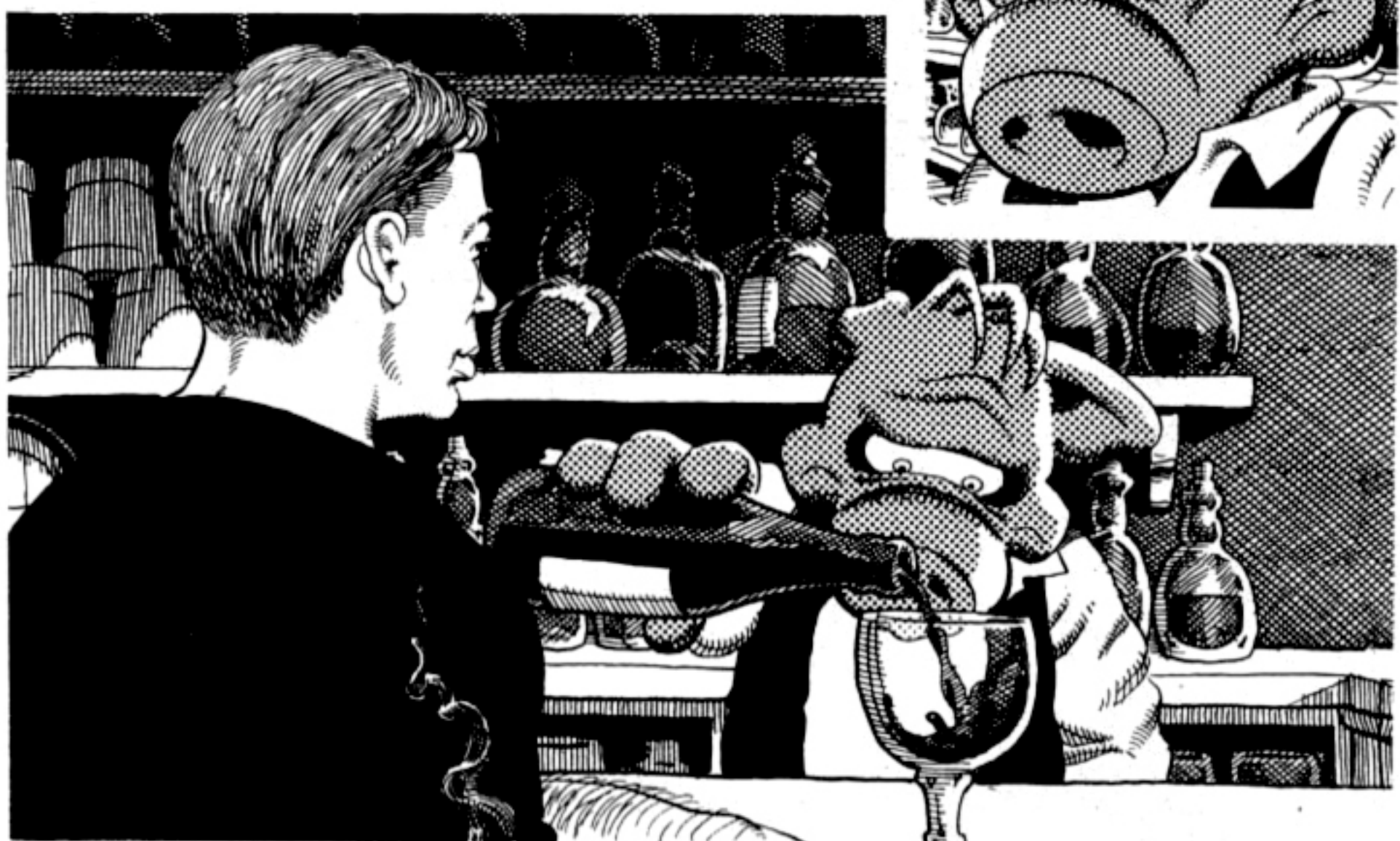
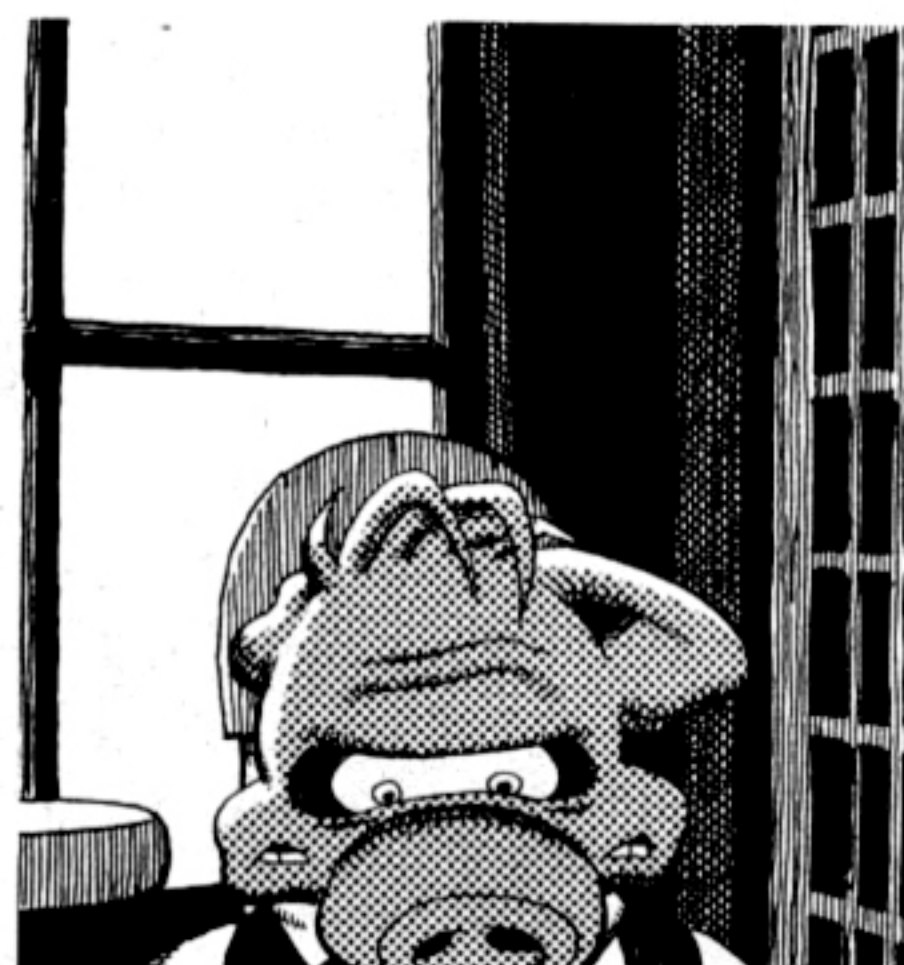
*(Blissful, almost reverent)* Gutted by fire.

*(nailing it)* That bad, eh?

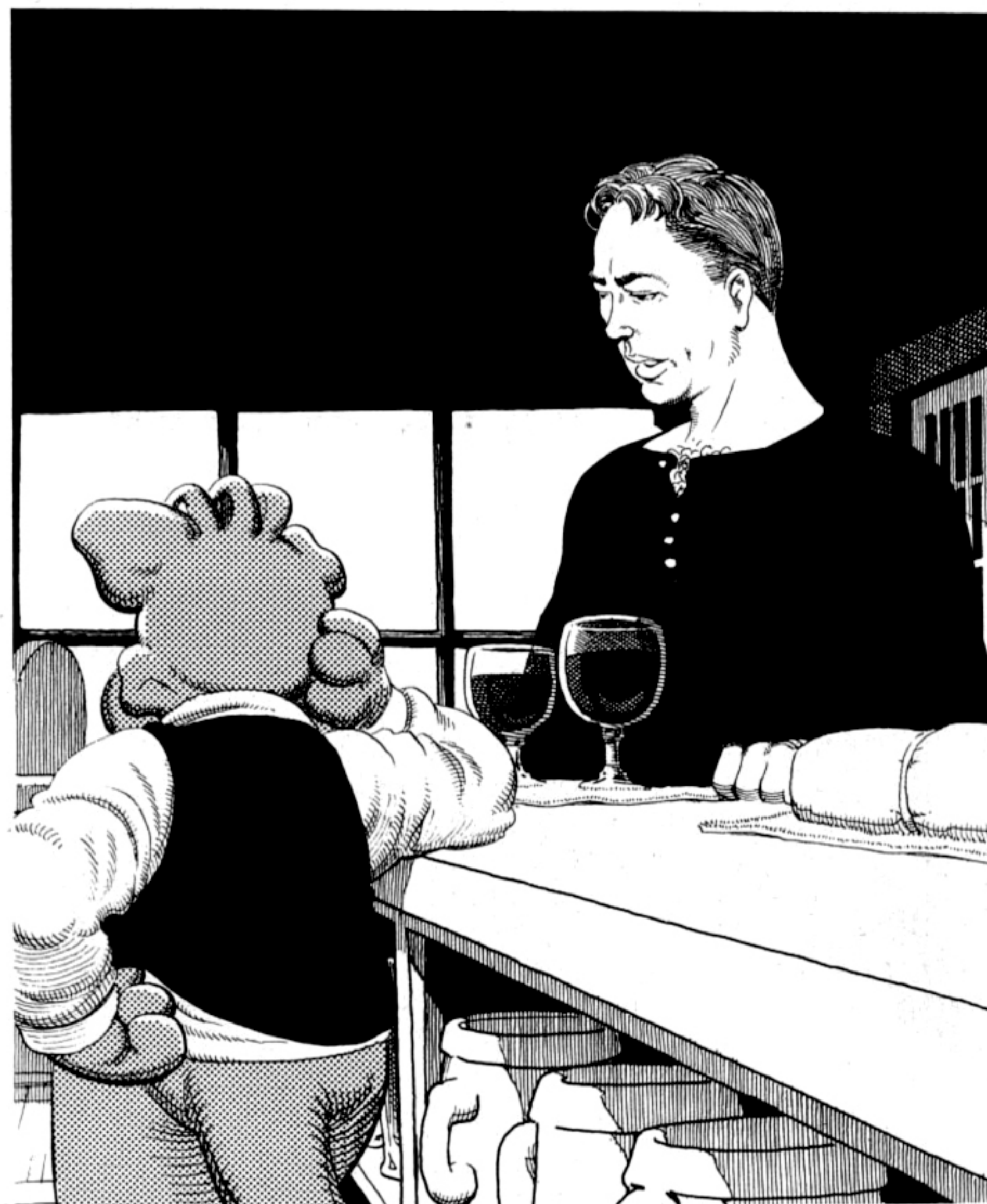
*(startled awake)* *(stoic)* Nay. *(after some consideration)* Aye. *(pause)* It's as if *(really examining it)*...it's as if...*(opening the can of worms)* Cerebus is being punished for something he didn't do  
*(quickly)* NAY! It's as if Cerebus is being punished for EVERYthing.  
For every bad thing Cerebus ever DID.

And...and...Cerebus can't leave...until...until Cerebus has...  
*(losing the train of thought)*...

*(finishing the thought)*  
...served his sentence?







Aye.

*(taking a drag on my cigarette)* Interesting.

*(peering at me with a new intensity)* You look familiar.

*(truthfully)* I get that a lot.

*(attempting an evasion)* I just have one of those faces, I guess. *(He's unconvinced, and I'm forced to make him think he hasn't served my drink yet.)*

*(perplexed, staring at the empty expanse of bar in front of me)* Sorry. What was it you ordered again?

A Coors Light. And an ashtray. Please.

Right. *(still perplexed, he selects another wine glass and fills it from the bottle of red wine)* You must think Cerebus is insane. You tell Cerebus you have to leave soon, and Cerebus just stands here...*(it doesn't add up)*...talking.

*(a stopgap measure)* No problem.

*(misdirecting his attention)* I don't have to leave right this minute. Just *(emphasizing it to reassure him)* you know...soon. *(leap-frogging the conversational sequence — my peculiar social vice)* I was always waiting for a...sign...I guess.

*(returning the lob)* A sign.

That it was time to leave Peter's Place.

*(clarifying)* Permanently, I mean. *(trying to explain)* Waiting to... hear something or... see something that would tell me that I had...

*(the star pupil)*...served your sentence.

*(surreptitiously grinding out my cigarette on the floor)* Exactly.

*(very much amused)* And then the tavern burned to the ground.

*(chuckling)* "Okay! Okay! I can take a hint."

*(we both laugh)*

*(after the laughter has subsided)* But for the longest time it was as if I was immobilized. *(belabouring the analogy of our respective situations)* I didn't want to spend any more time there...but, at the same time, I couldn't think of anything else I wanted to do *(noting the "Sand Hills Creek" look in his eyes)*...at least anything else I wanted to do badly enough to leave. *(the "Sand Hills Creek" look vanishes and he winces at the fresh memory of resigning himself to die here)* You ever been married? *(as if I didn't know)*

Aye.

It was like that. It was like being married.

*(understanding instantly)* Aye! *(wrapping his own words around it)* That's what Cerebus is going through right now. It's as if Cerebus has spent his whole life in this place — as if Cerebus was *born* here. *(gloomily)* As if Cerebus is going to *die* here.

*(leaving him to wallow in it for a few seconds)* It's not all bad, though.

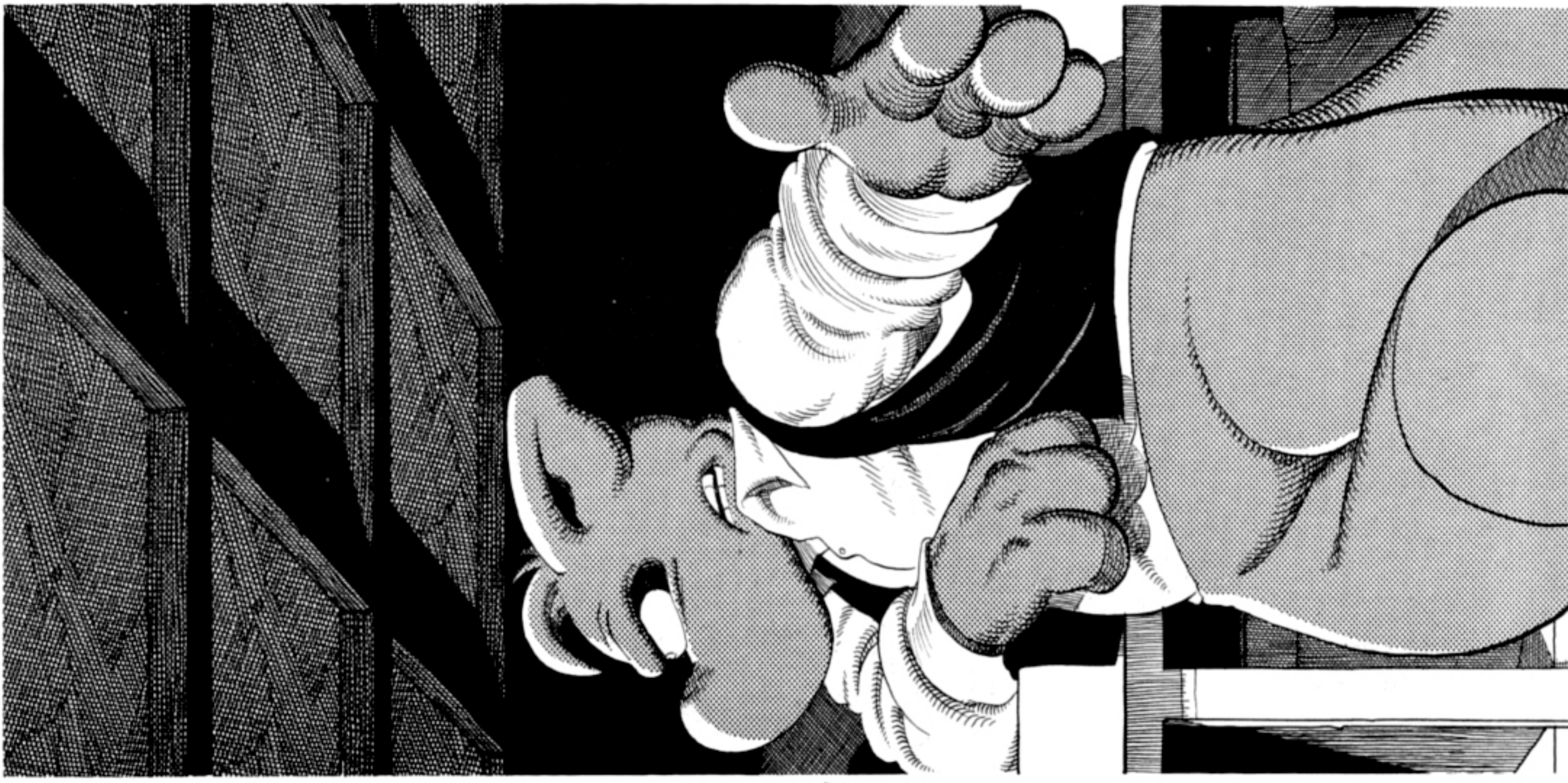
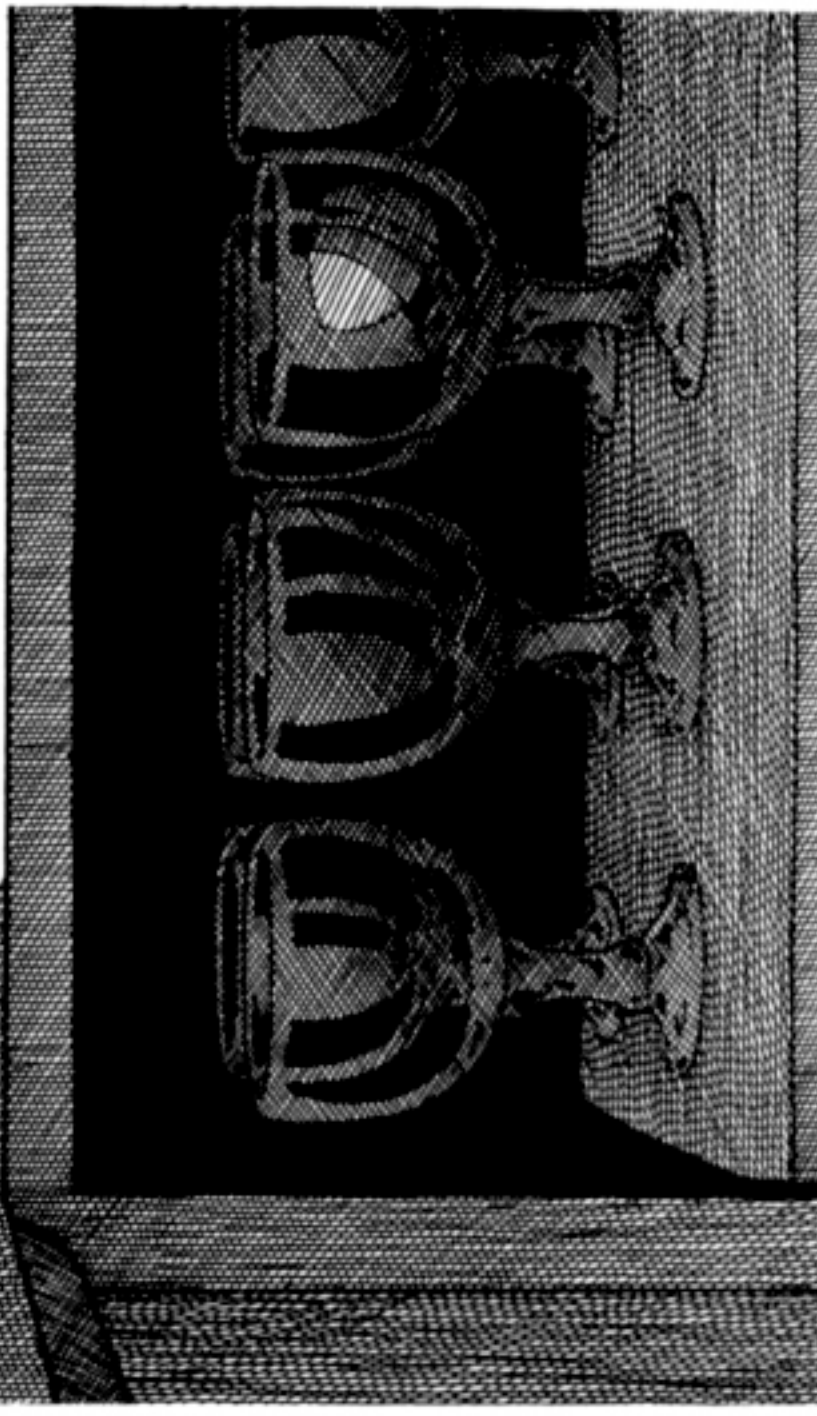
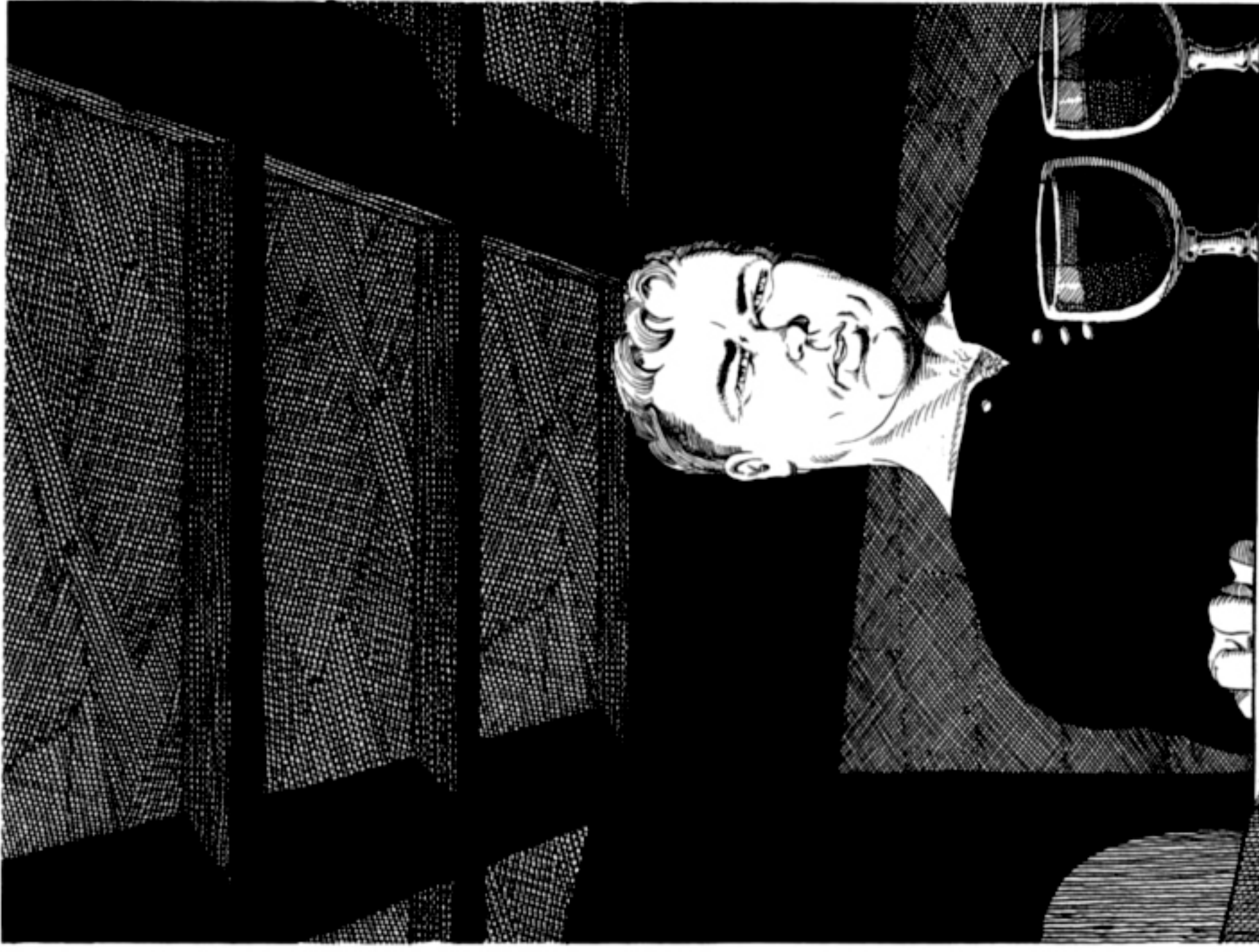
*(genuinely surprised)* It isn't?!

*(laughing out loud)* No. It really isn't.

*(the veteran)* You have to be away from it a



long time to see it that way, though.  
(my social vice again) To me,  
it's one of the hardest things about life.  
(taking the bait) What is?  
(with a little extra emphasis, hoping it sticks)  
Appreciating what you have when you have  
it. Instead of waiting until you lose it to  
appreciate it. (eyebrows up) WhatEVER...  
IT... is. (I let him chew on that one a while)  
Some day you'll miss this place (too direct?)  
**YOU'RE CRAZY!!** (yep, too direct)  
**MISS THIS place? MISS JUST...**  
**JUST STANDING AROUND**  
**ALL DAY....JUST...**  
(interrupting) Thinking.  
(in full flight) **GOING INSANE!**  
**GOING STARK, RAVING MAD!!**  
(trying to restore him to my wavelength)  
It was the same with me at Peter's Place.  
At the time I was convinced that I was...  
(misery doesn't always love company)  
**YOU don't KNOW! YOU just have**  
**NO IDEA what Cerebus has been**  
**GOING THROUGH!** (pausing for the  
sole purpose of getting me to say  
something so that he can interrupt me)  
(leaving it a few seconds  
to see if that makes a difference)  
(2...3...4) Well, I...  
**NO IDEA WHATSOEVER**  
(ready to give full vent as soon  
as I start to say something else)  
(I really try waiting him out this time.  
I slowly count to ten. I glance down at the  
bar for a couple of seconds and then look  
back at him. I clear my throat. I lean away  
from him. I frown) I suppose that...  
**NONE!**  
(he hasn't moved a muscle. He's ready to  
vent, but not until I try to say something  
again. This time I don't even bother to  
try to wait him out) I'm sure you're...  
**CEREBUS has been here for YEARS!**  
**Years and YEARS!** Winter, spring,  
summer, fall, winter, spring, summer,  
fall. **NO one** to talk to, **NOTHING** to do  
all day but stand around  
and...and... That's IT! That's all  
Cerebus does is **STAND AROUND.**  
**All...DAY!** Going crazy. **DAY** after  
**DAY! MONTH** after **MONTH! YEAR**  
after **YEAR!** (remembering that there  
are no months or years anymore,  
he pauses just long enough to  
allow me to wedge myself into his  
monologue) Nothing to do but listen  
to all the stupid voices in your head...  
**ARGUING and ARGUING.**  
(adapting myself to his rhythm while  
taking it down a notch or two)  
Back and forth and back and forth...  
**AROUND AND AROUND** and (running  
out of gas) **Around...and...around...**  
...the same....old... tired... arguments.  
(with resignation) **Aye.**

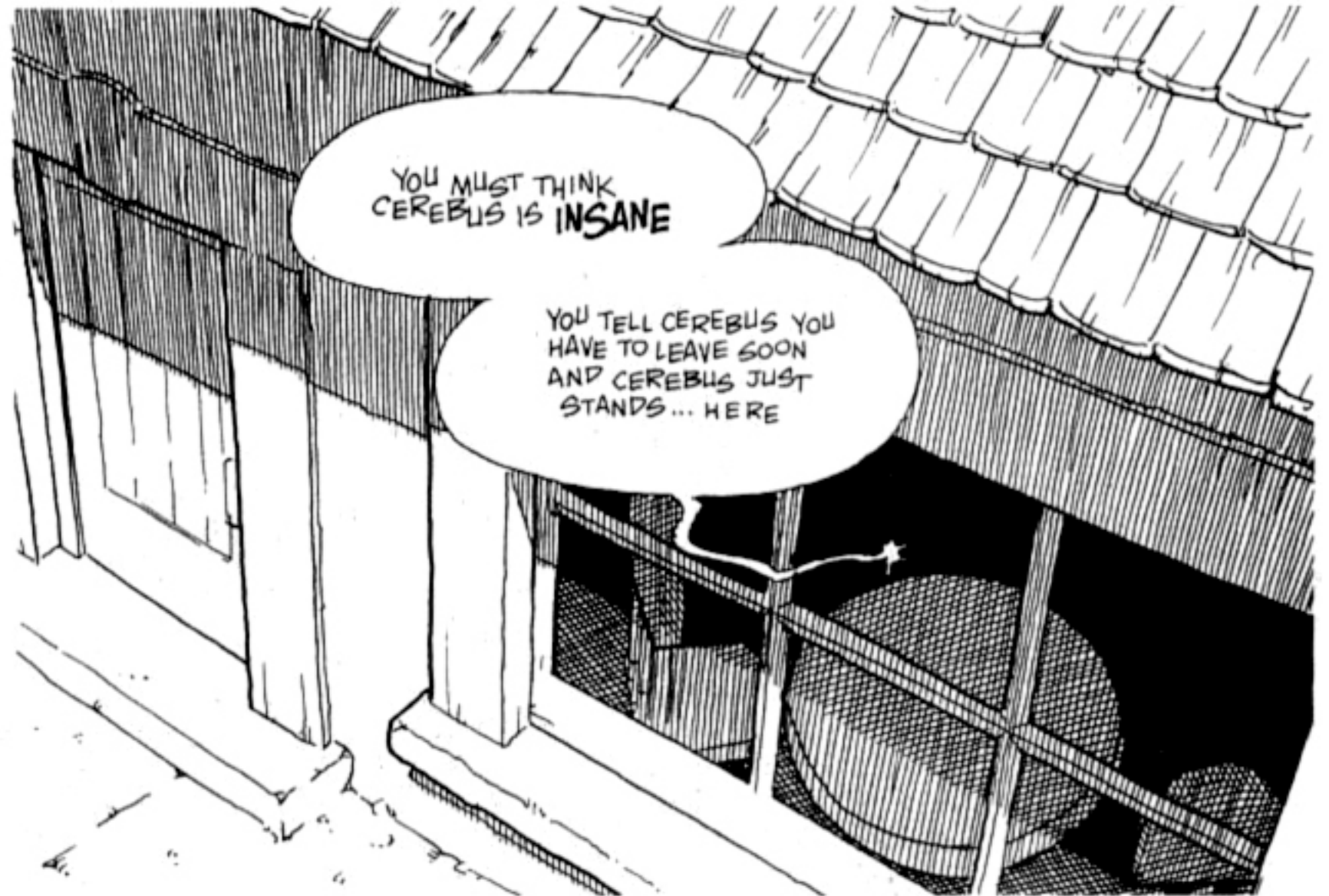
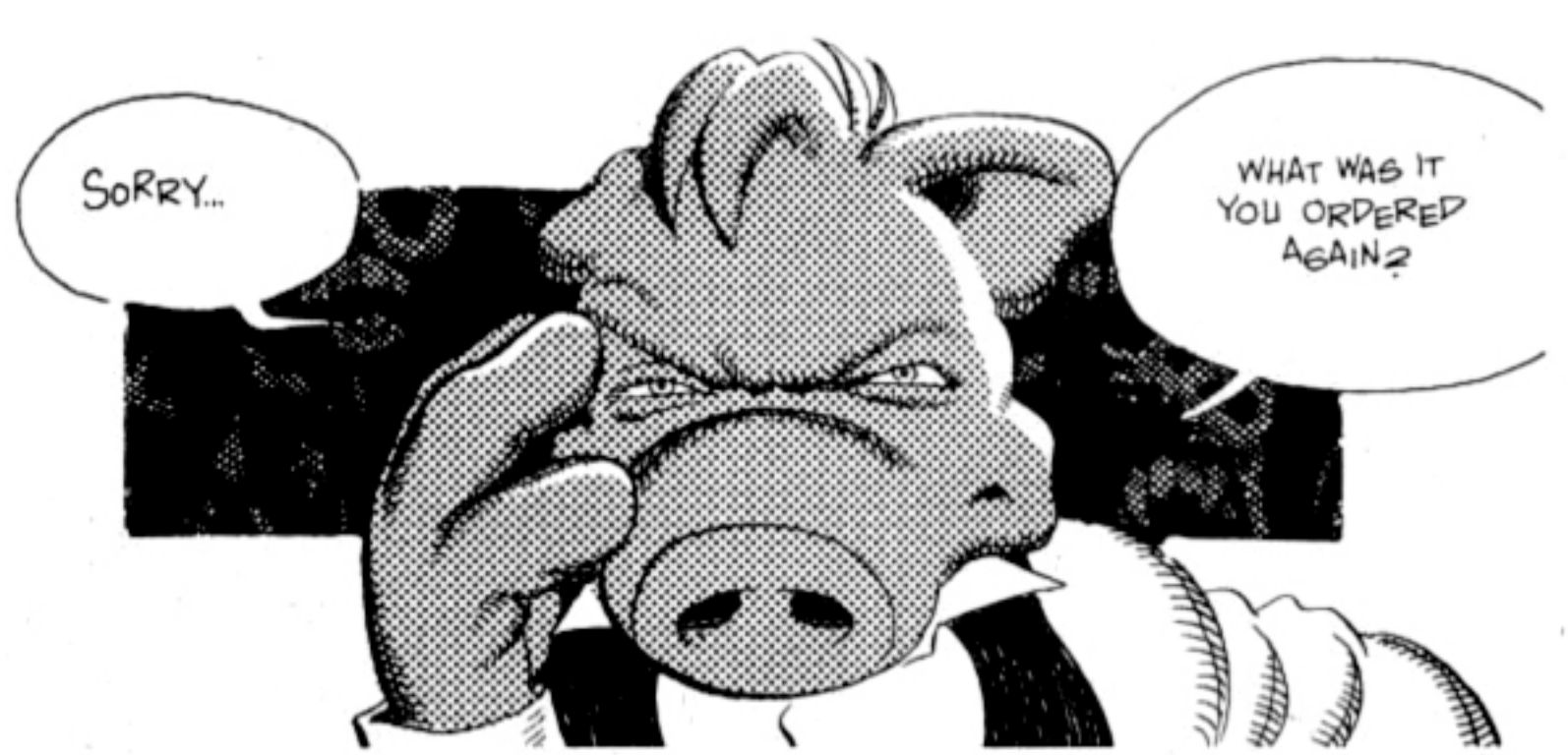


Never getting an answer. Just the same  
stupid questions. Just...*(intentionally leaving  
the thought unfinished)*  
(picking up the cue) Just...*(too exhausted  
to finish the thought himself)* *(he switches  
gears)* It just seems so *(almost  
whining)*...unFAIR. *(building his legal  
argument)* *(matter-of-factly)* Cerebus just  
stays here. Cerebus doesn't see ANYbody.  
(I know he's lying, but I let it go because of  
time constraints)  
Cerebus just keeps to himself and keeps  
his tavern in good running order.  
(warning to his self-righteousness since he  
assumes I don't know him) Cerebus  
doesn't BOTHER anyone. Cerebus  
doesn't interfere in anyone else's life.  
(I almost interrupt to ask about Rick and  
Joanne, but the clock is ticking)  
And Cerebus DEFINITELY is not  
driving ANYone crazy. And YET! *(his big  
finish)* **CEREBUS IS BEING DRIVEN  
CRAZY HIMSELF!** *(scowling at me,  
defying me to find a flaw in his reasoning)*  
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)  
(thinking he has me cornered)  
So where is the fairness in that?  
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)  
Hanh? Where is the fairness *(displaying  
his left hand, palm upward on the bar in  
front of me)* if CEREBUS isn't driving  
ANYone crazy *(sweeping the hand  
away in a grandiloquent gesture)*  
and yet CEREBUS...IS... being  
driven crazy HIMSELF!?!  
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)  
Hanh?  
(His "hanh?" lacks its previous  
belligerence. The discussion about the  
voices in his head has set his thoughts  
hurtling along a specific trajectory. He  
really wants to know what this customer  
he has never seen before thinks is "fair"  
about the situation in which he, Cerebus,  
finds himself. One of the voices in his  
head — there are only two now — has  
begun to question the reason for that.)  
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)  
(quietly) Cerebus is not  
driving ANYone crazy.  
(not moving a muscle, not saying a word)  
(intently) ...so why is Cerebus being  
driven crazy...himself? *(he leans his head  
on his right hand without taking his eyes  
off me for even a split second. His posture  
and his expression indicate, very clearly,  
that he is not going to move until he has  
a satisfactory answer)*  
(the staring contest continues for about  
thirty seconds or so. I blink several times,  
at regular intervals)  
(Cerebus doesn't blink at all)  
(chuckling and shifting on the barstool to  
scratch my back with my left thumb)  
Well...actually *(chuckling again)*





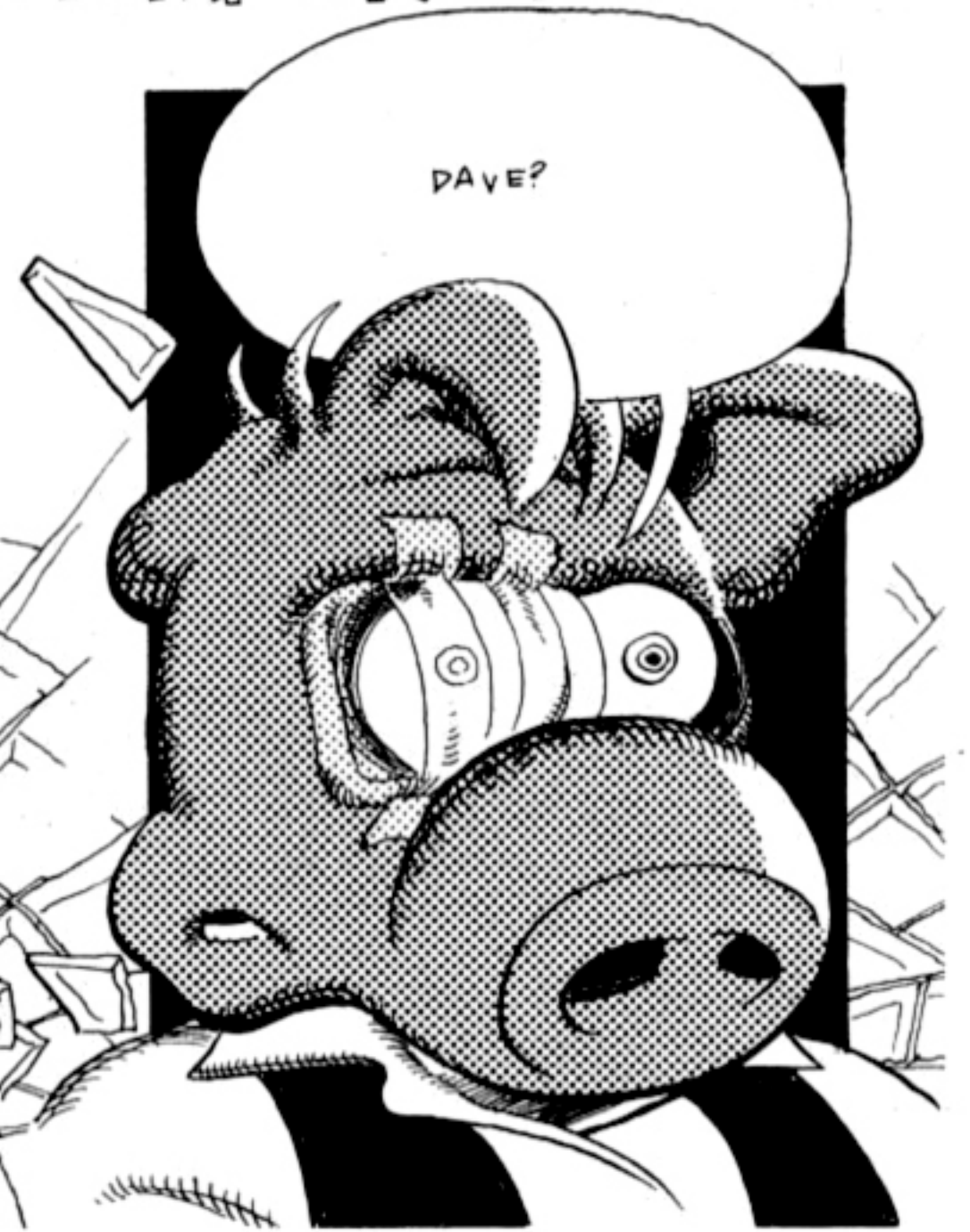




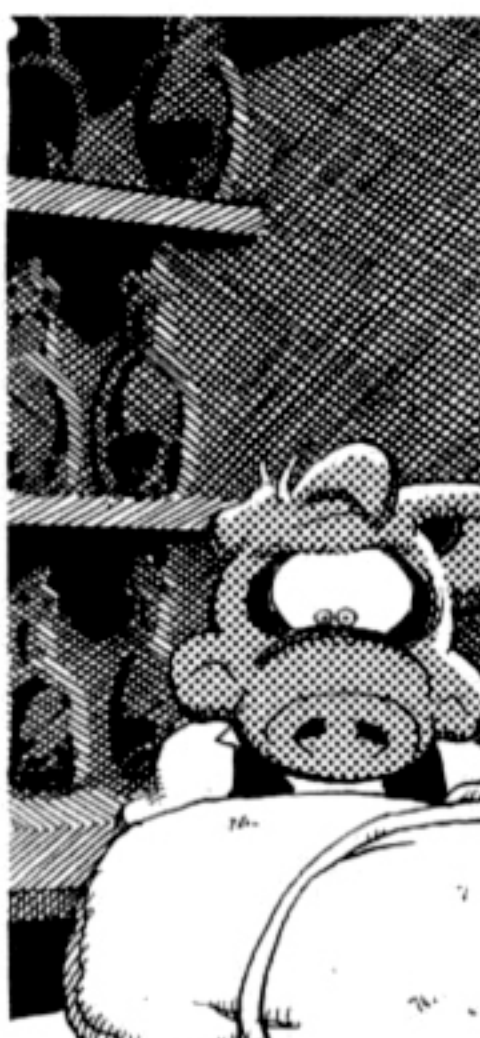
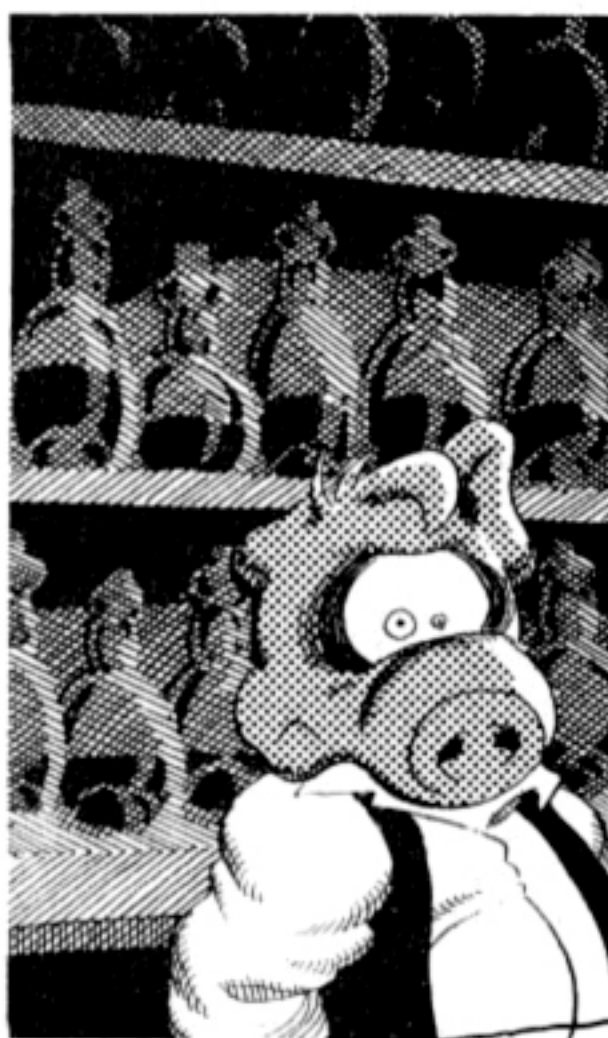
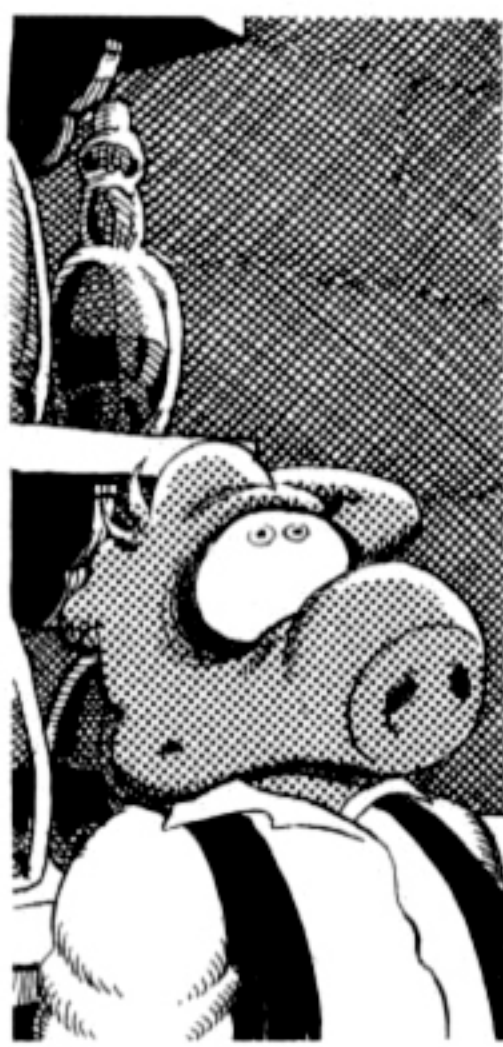




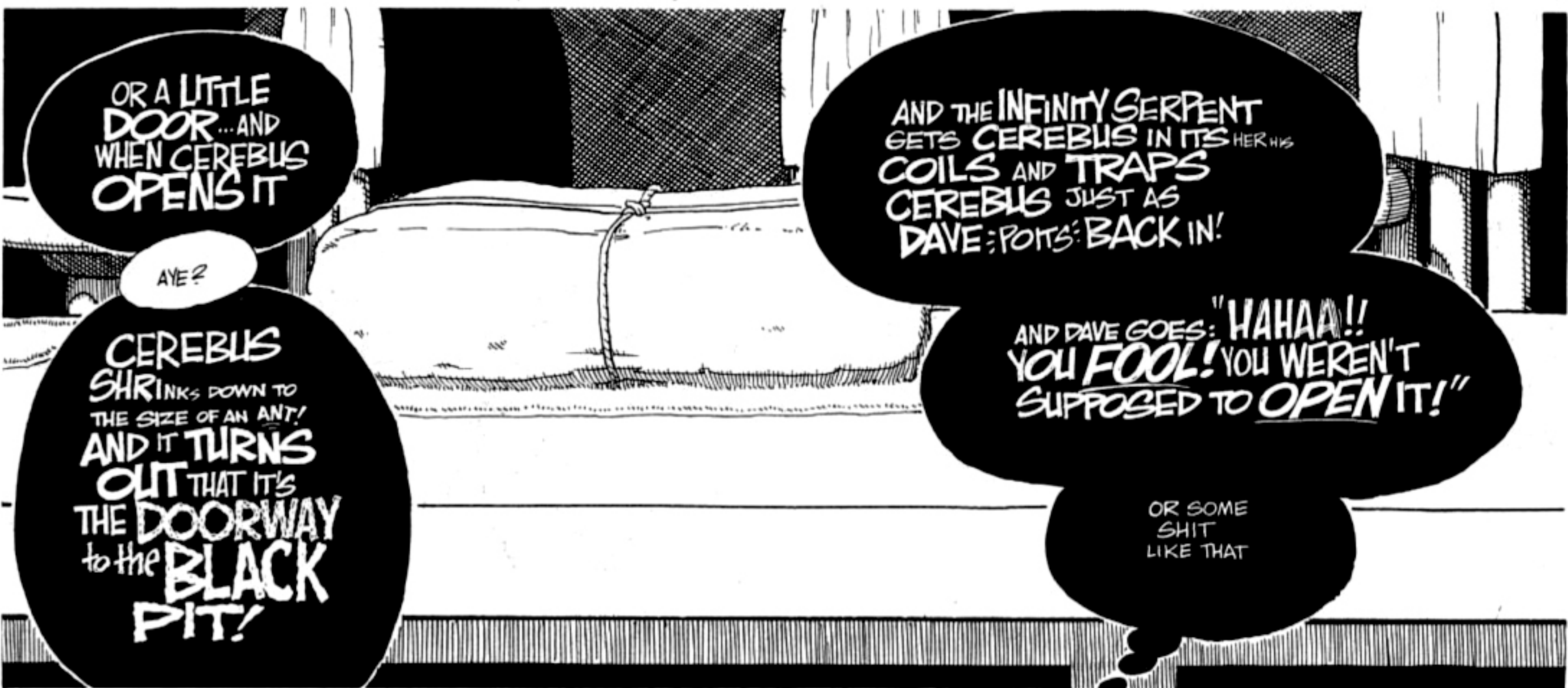
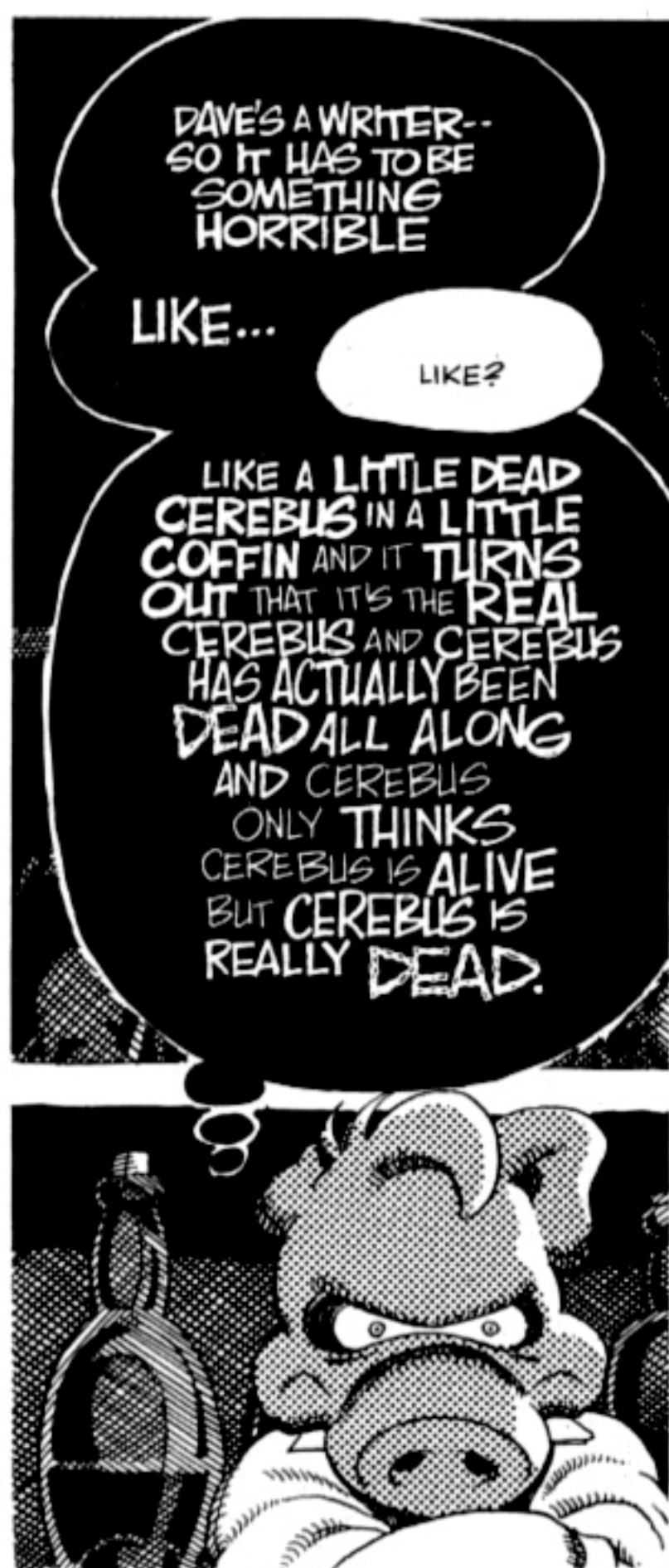
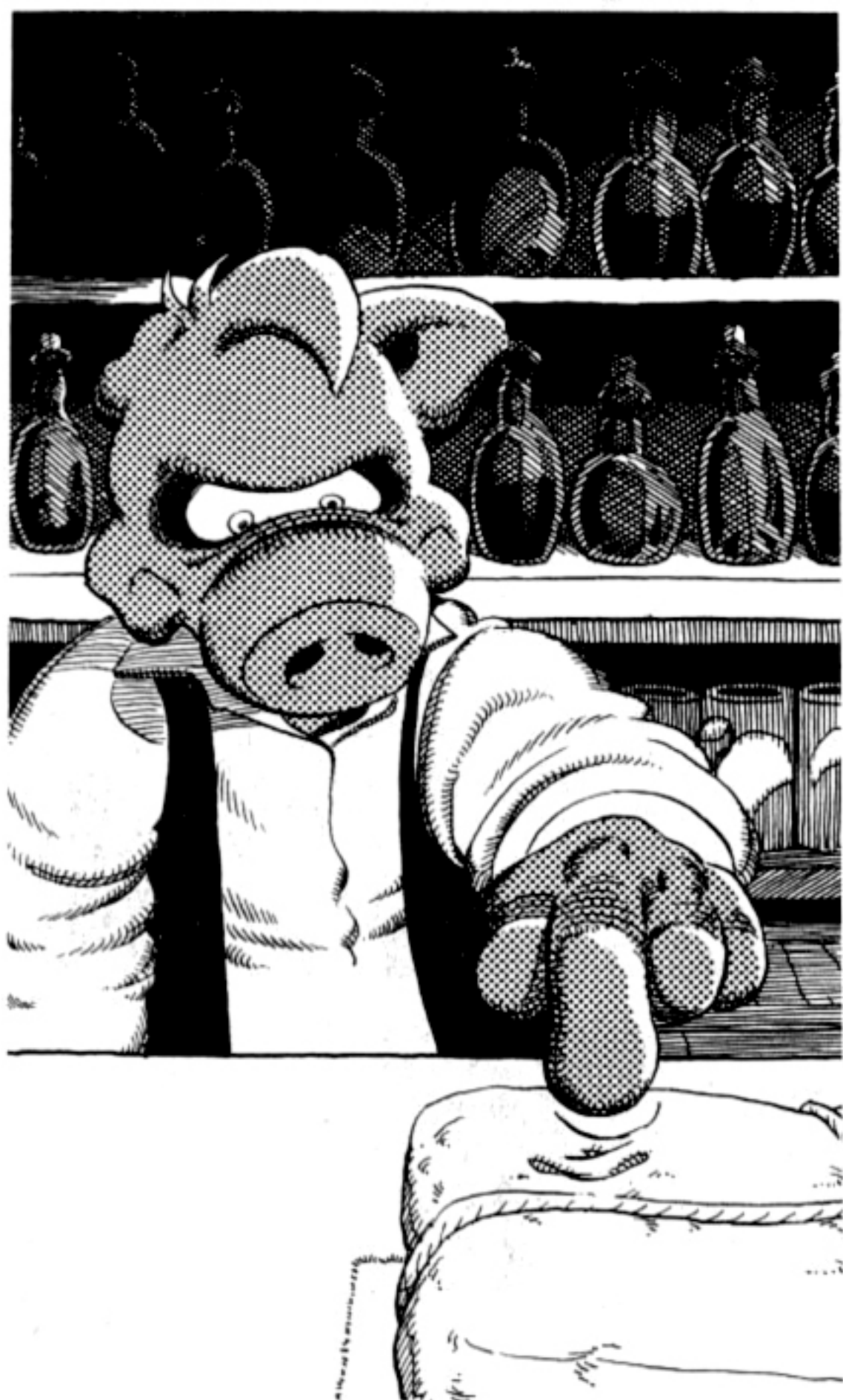
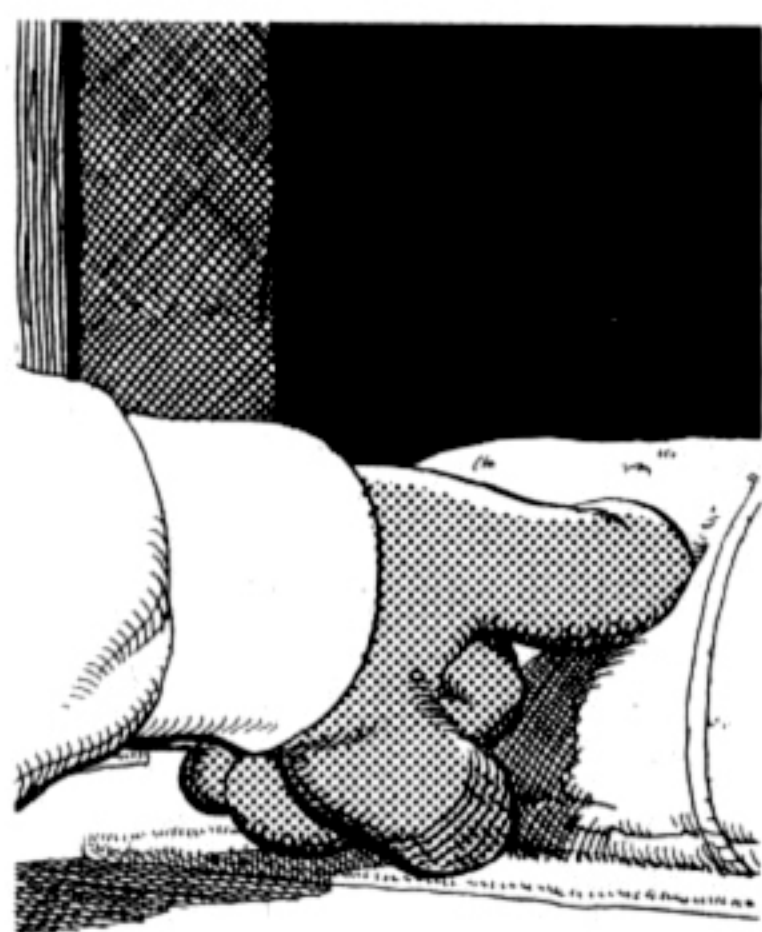
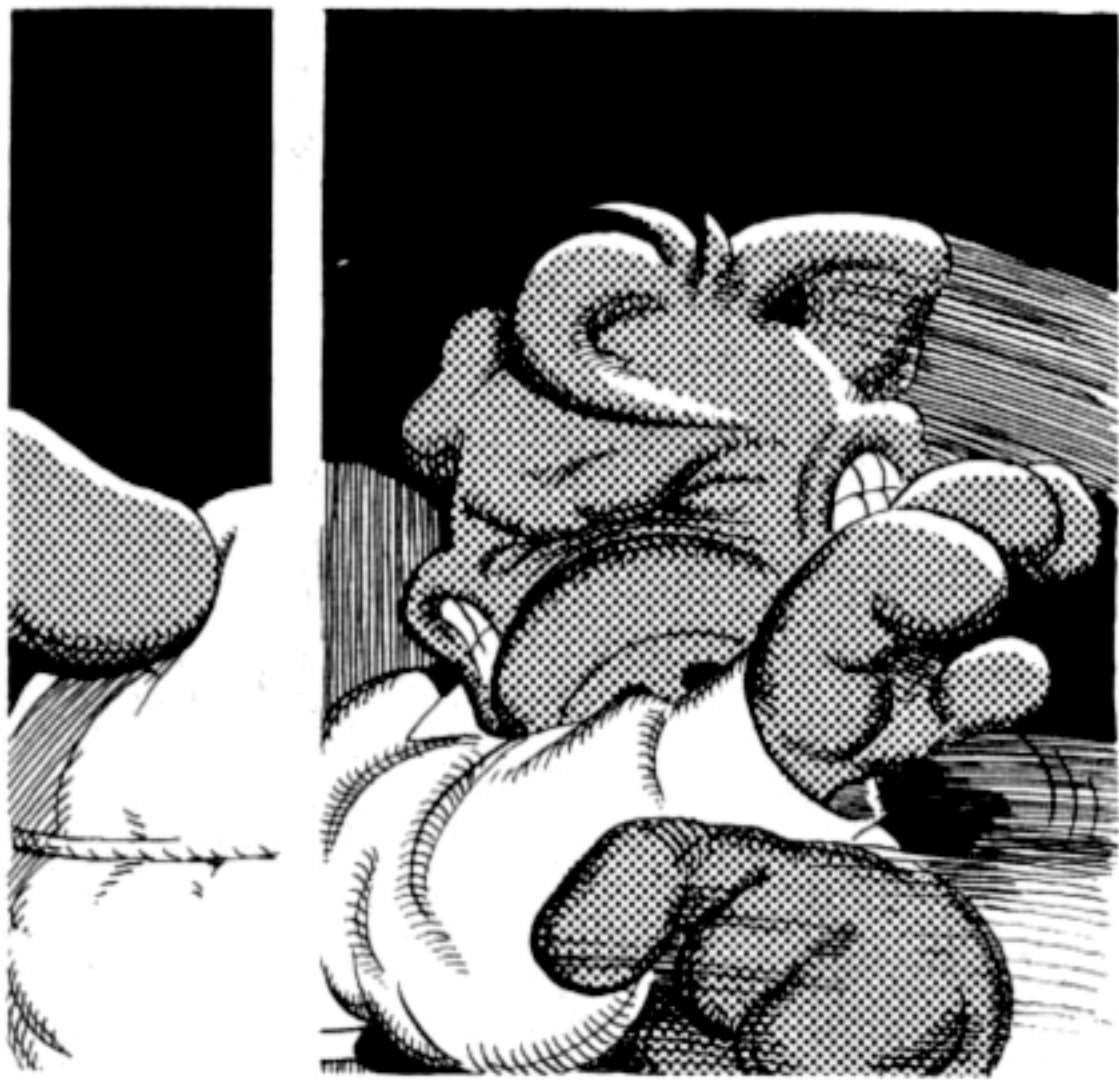
STOMP STOMP STOMP CRUNCH











OR A LITTLE  
DOOR... AND  
WHEN CEREBUS  
OPENS IT

AYE?

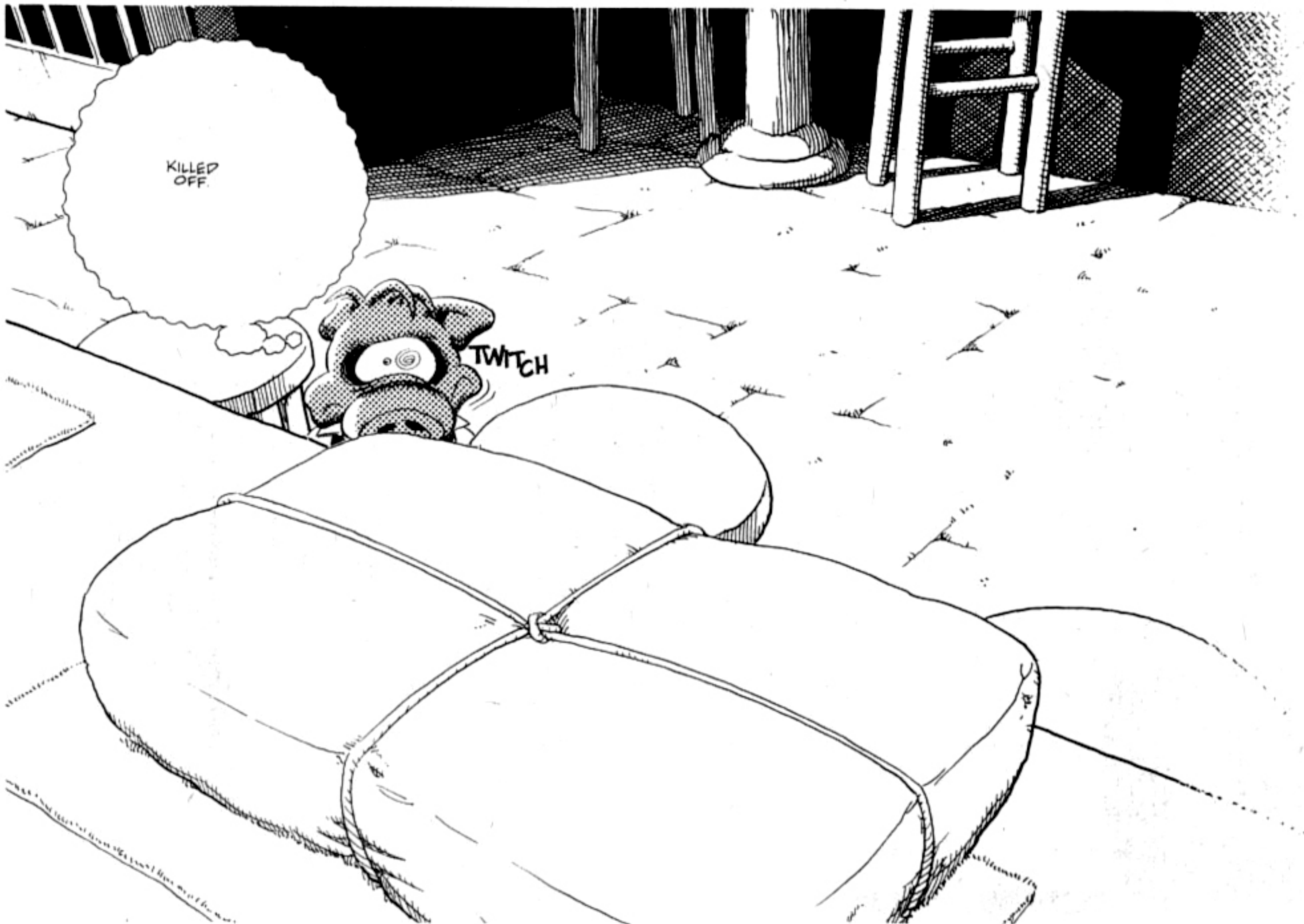
CEREBUS  
SHRINKS DOWN TO  
THE SIZE OF AN ANT!  
AND IT TURNS  
OUT THAT IT'S  
THE DOORWAY  
to the BLACK  
PIT!

AND THE INFINITY SERPENT  
GETS CEREBUS IN ITS COILS AND TRAPS  
CEREBUS JUST AS  
DAVE:POITS: BACK IN!

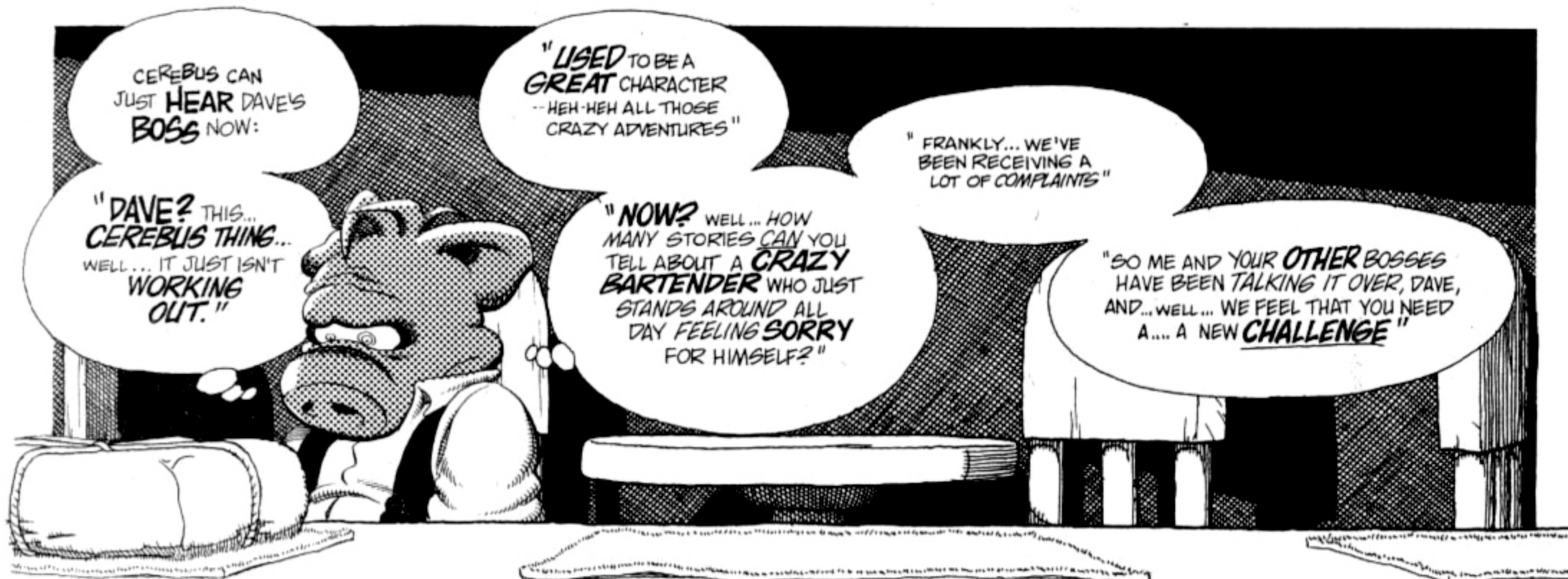
AND DAVE GOES: "HAHAA!!  
YOU FOOL! YOU WEREN'T  
SUPPOSED TO OPEN IT!"

OR SOME  
SHIT  
LIKE THAT

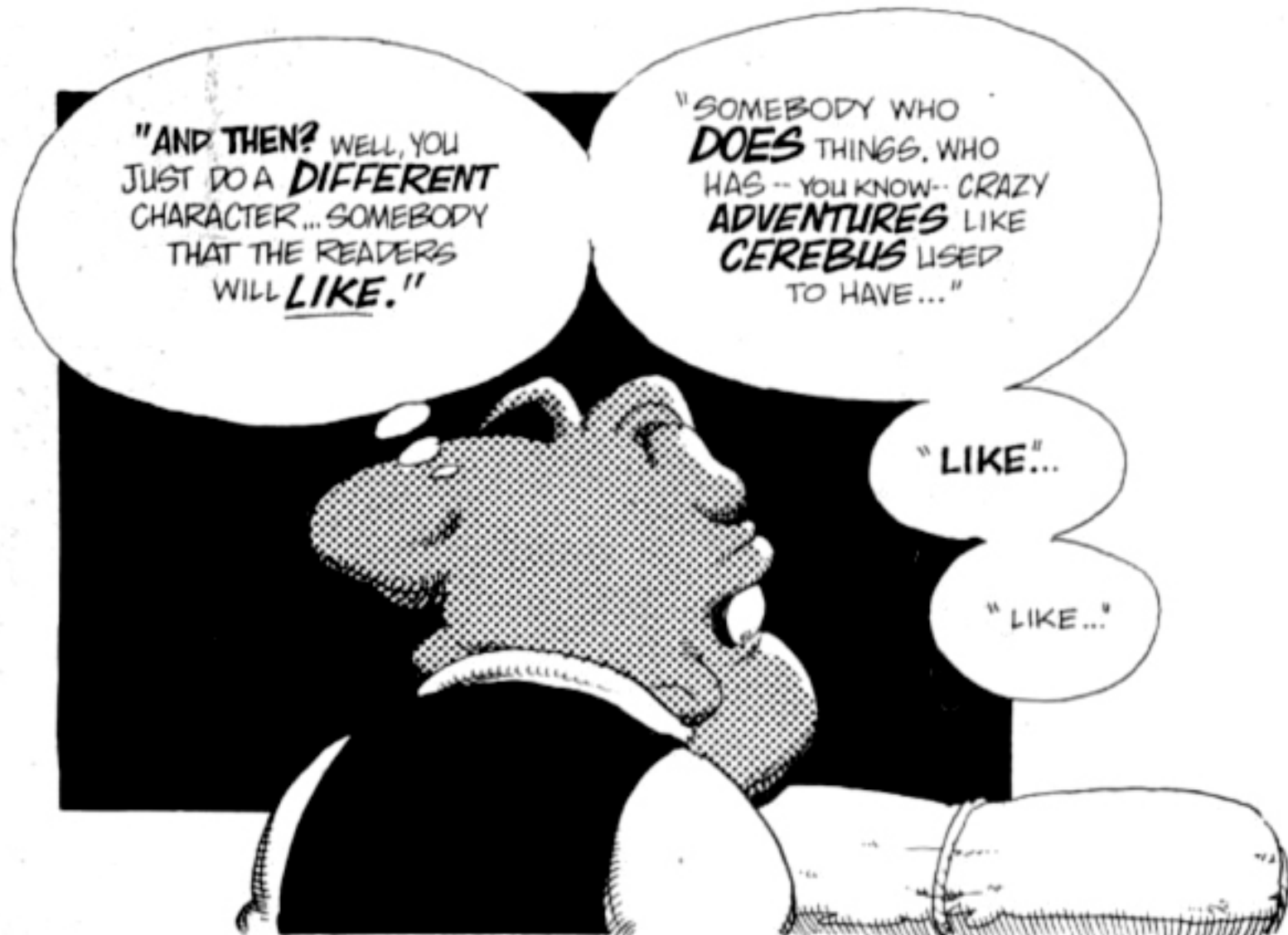






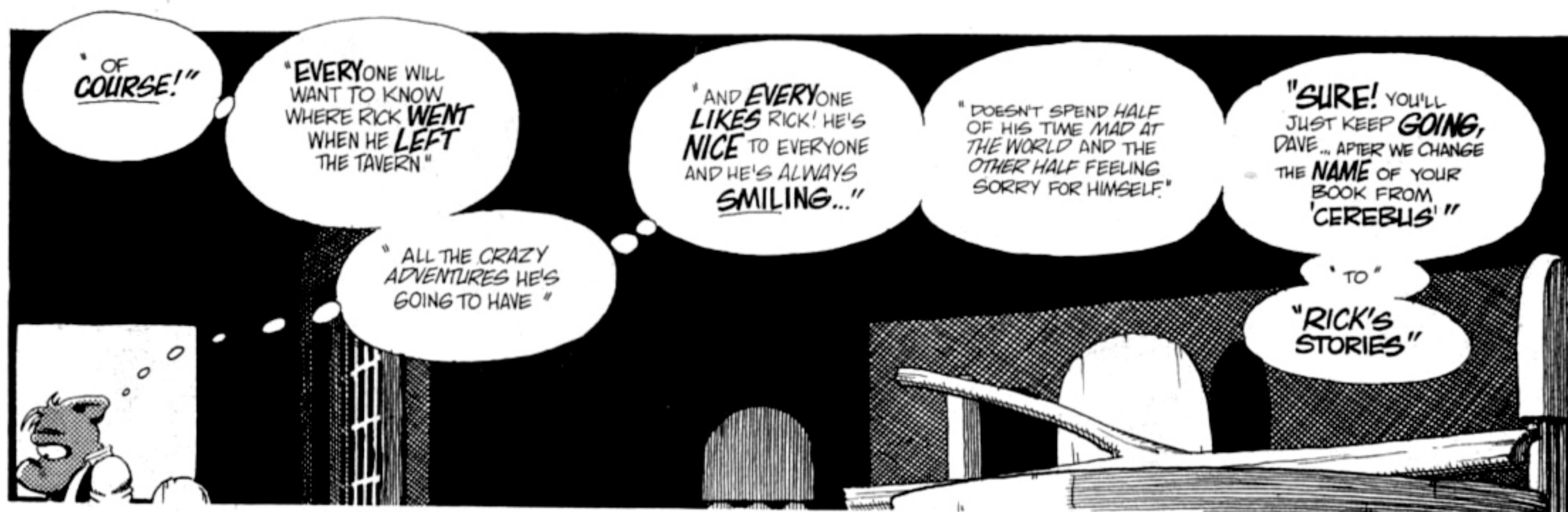






"LIKE..."

"LIKE..."



"AS I SAID WE FEEL YOU NEED A NEW **CHALLENGE**"

"AND WE'RE **SURE** THAT '**RICK'S STORIES**' WILL BE JUST WHAT YOU... AND WE... NEED"

"A **WRITER** WRITING **ABOUT** A **WRITER**"



"RICK COULD EVEN MEET UP WITH **ELROD**"

"OR THE **ROACH!**"

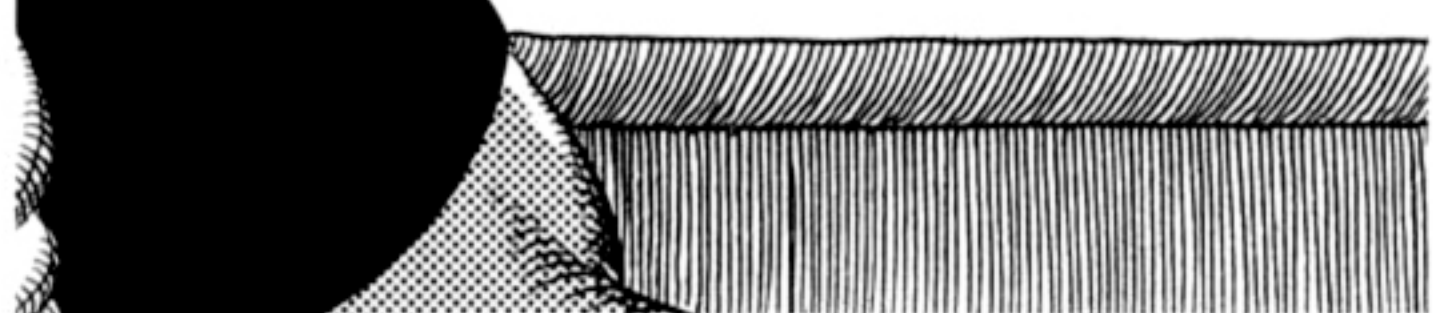
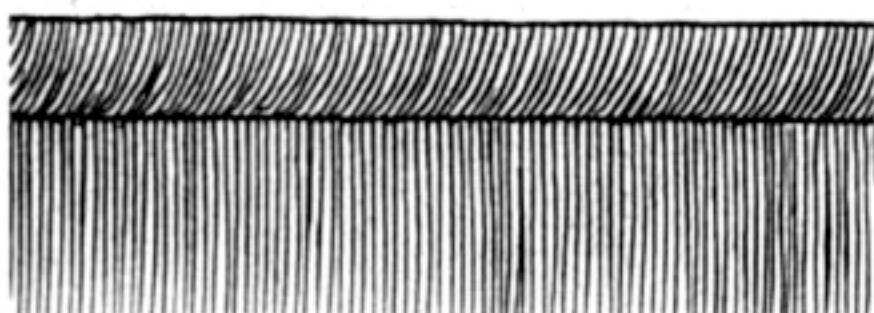
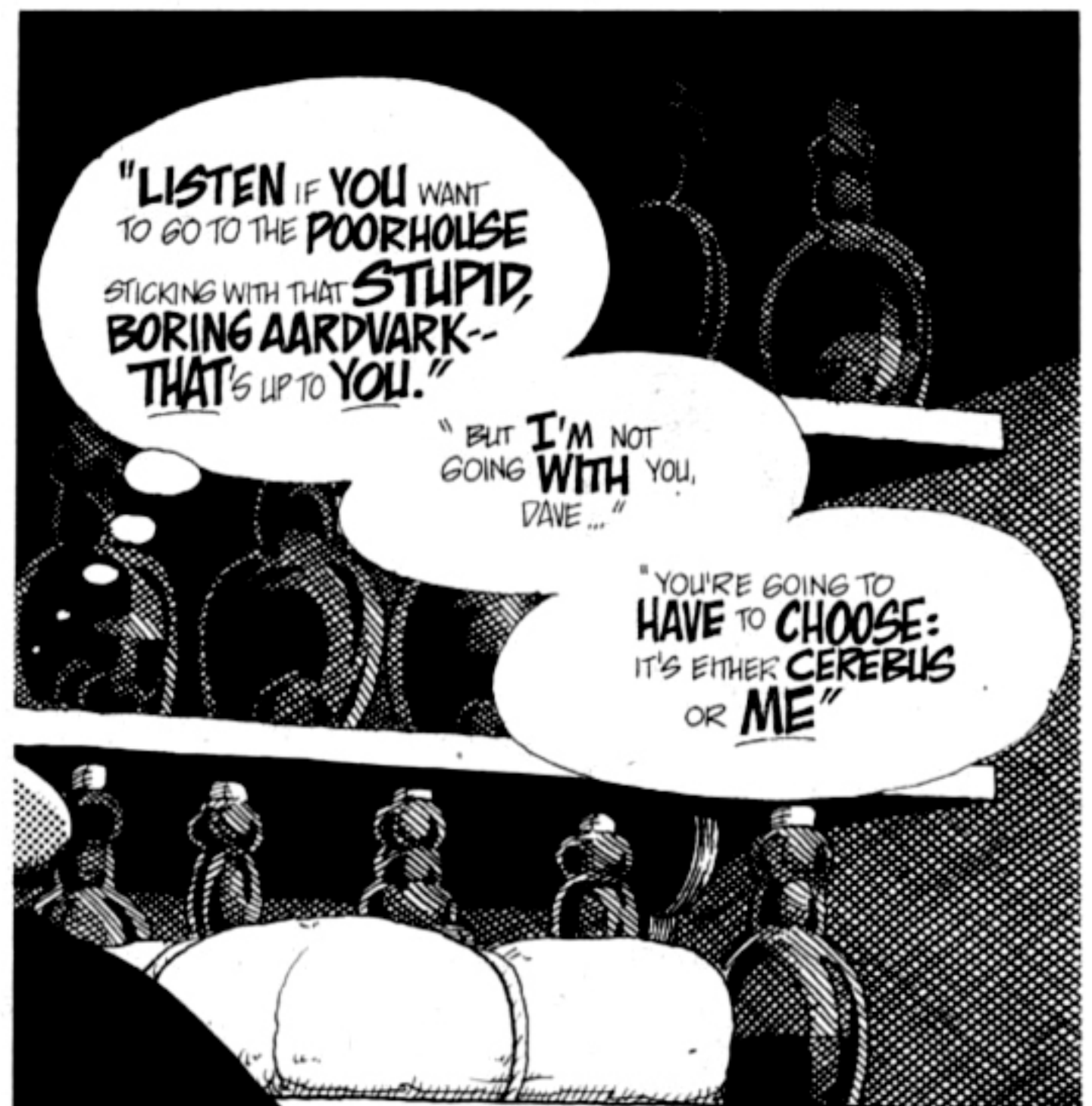
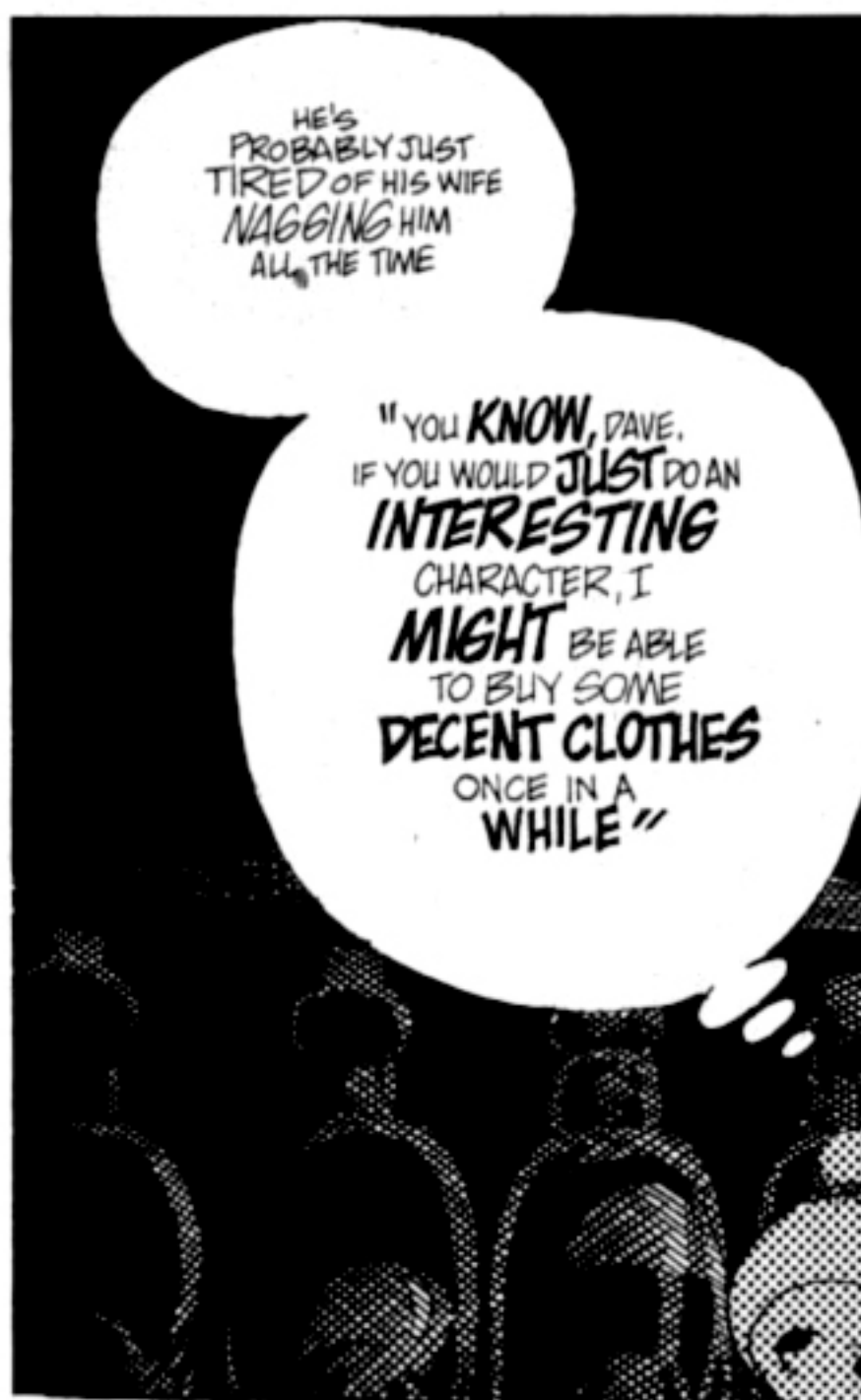
"HAHA HAHA"



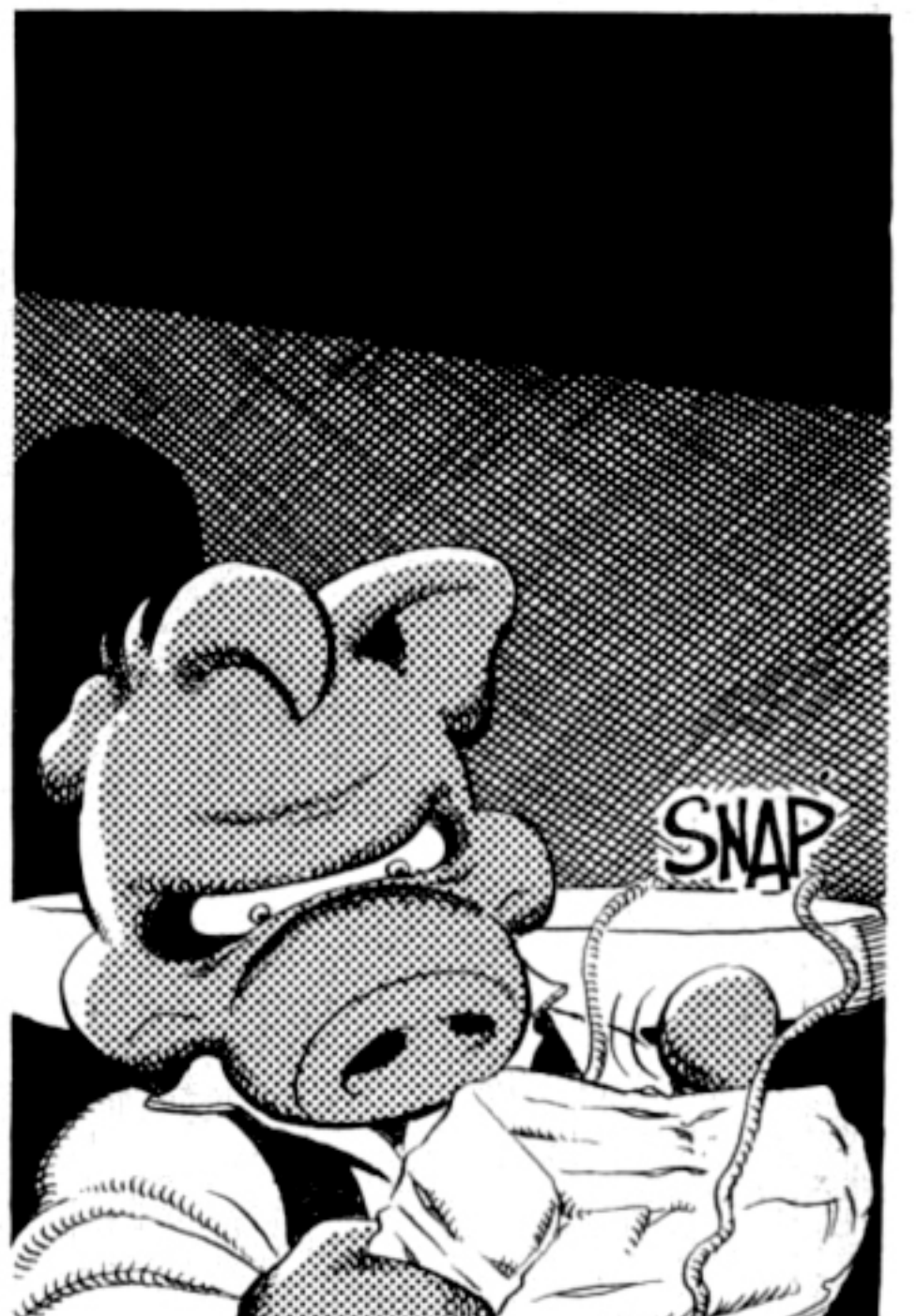
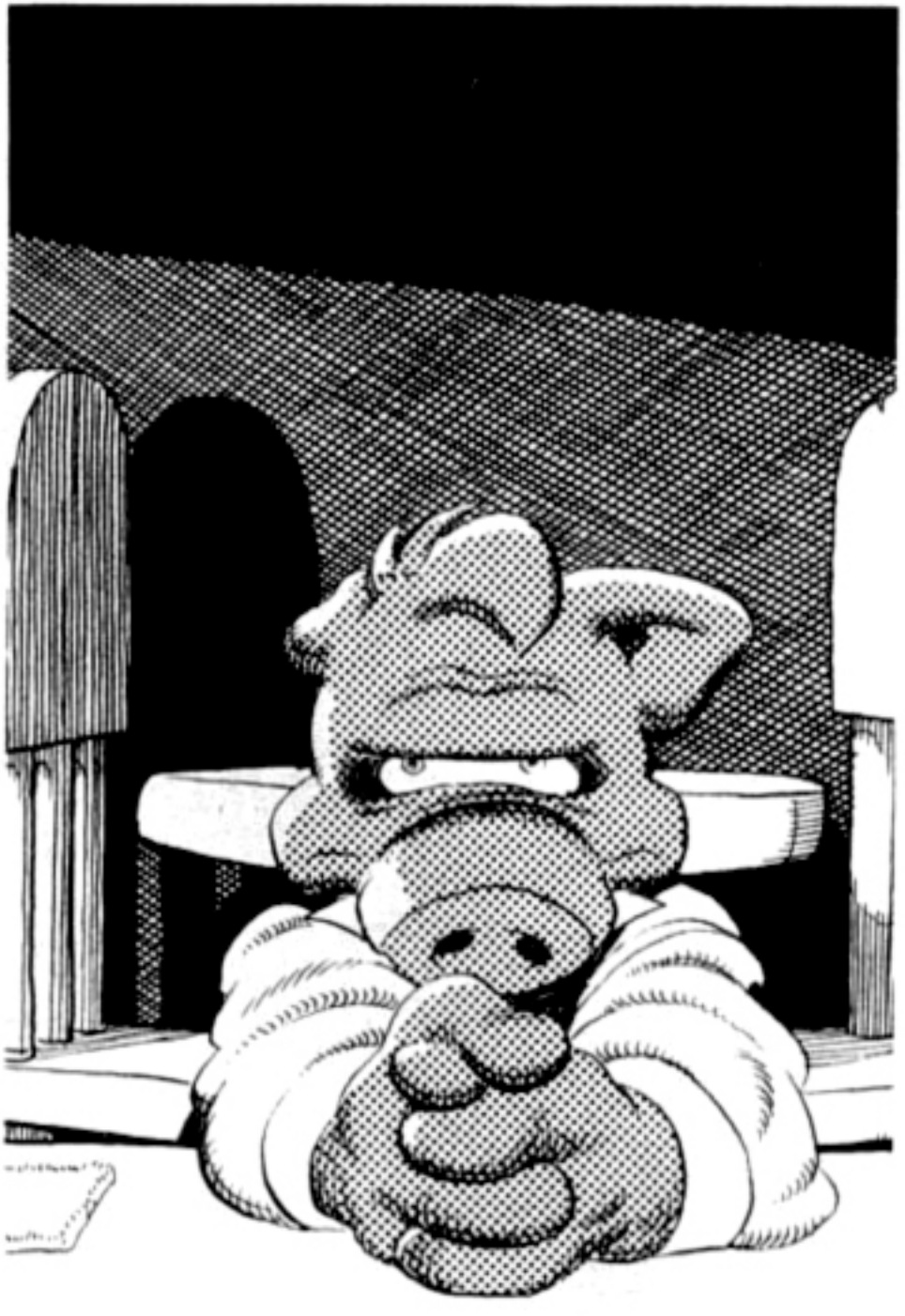
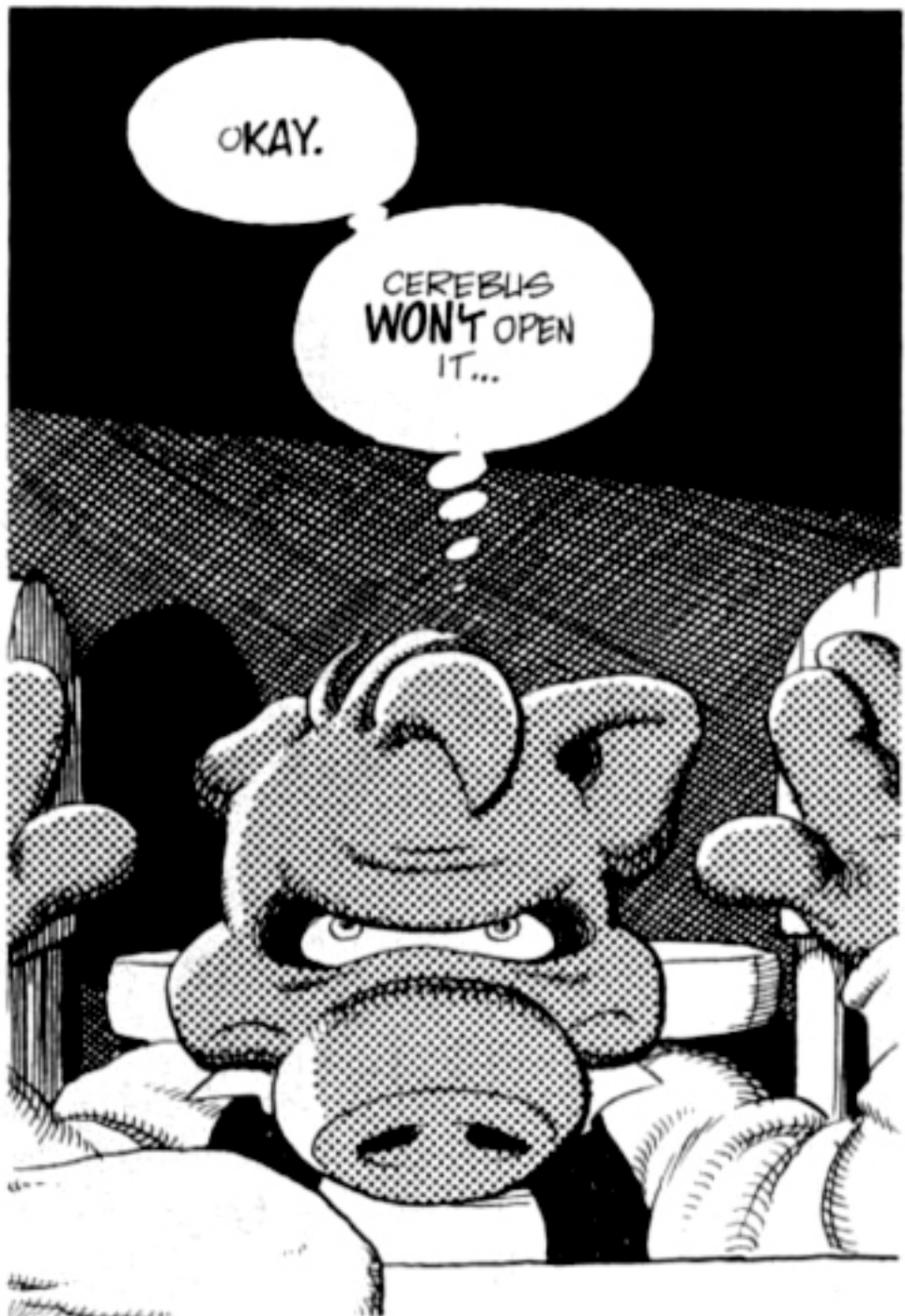
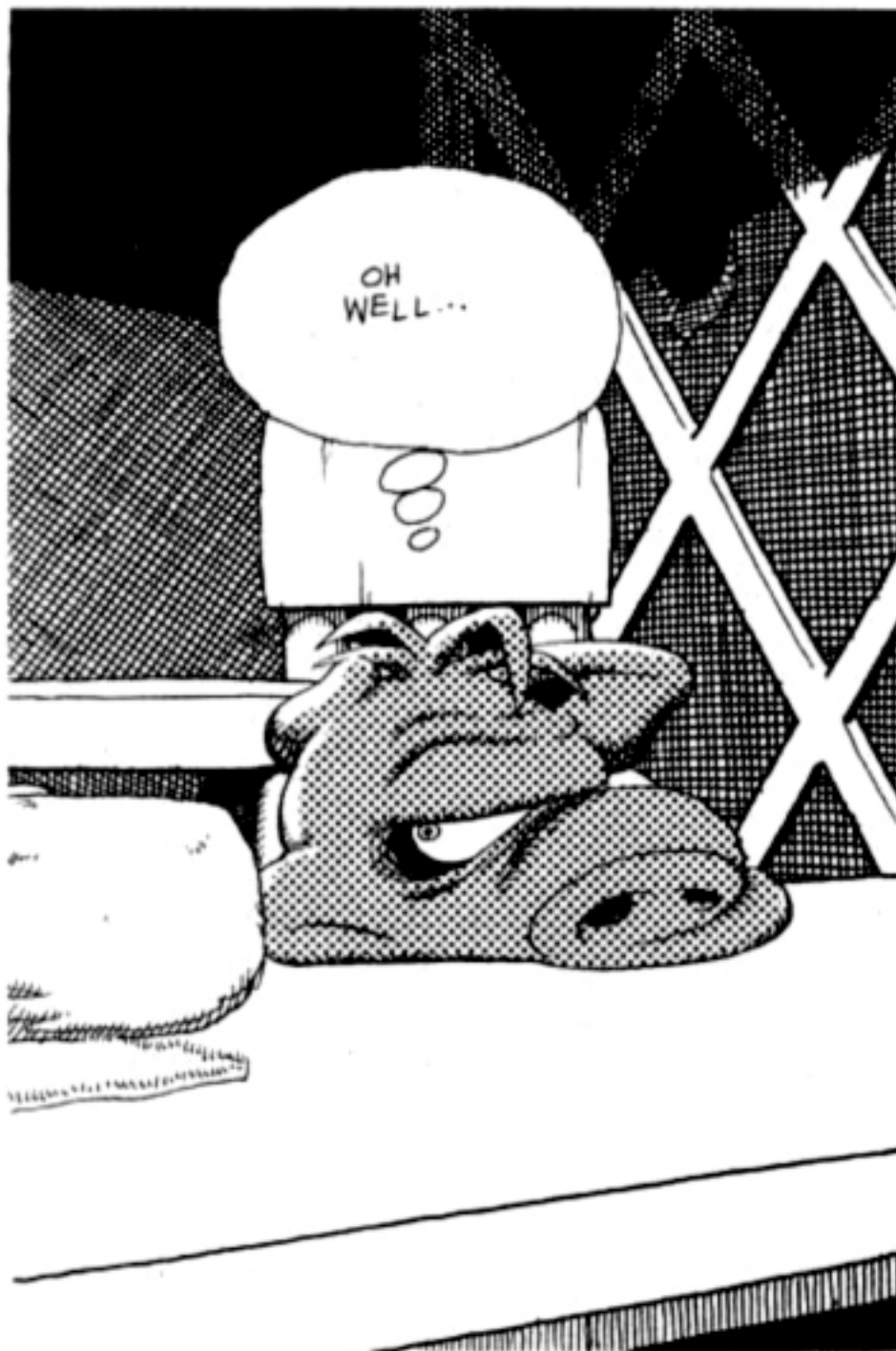
"THINK OF ALL THE CRAZY **ADVENTURES** **THEY** COULD HAVE"

"INSIDE OF A YEAR NO ONE WILL EVEN **REMEMBER** **CEREBUS** EVER EXISTED..."

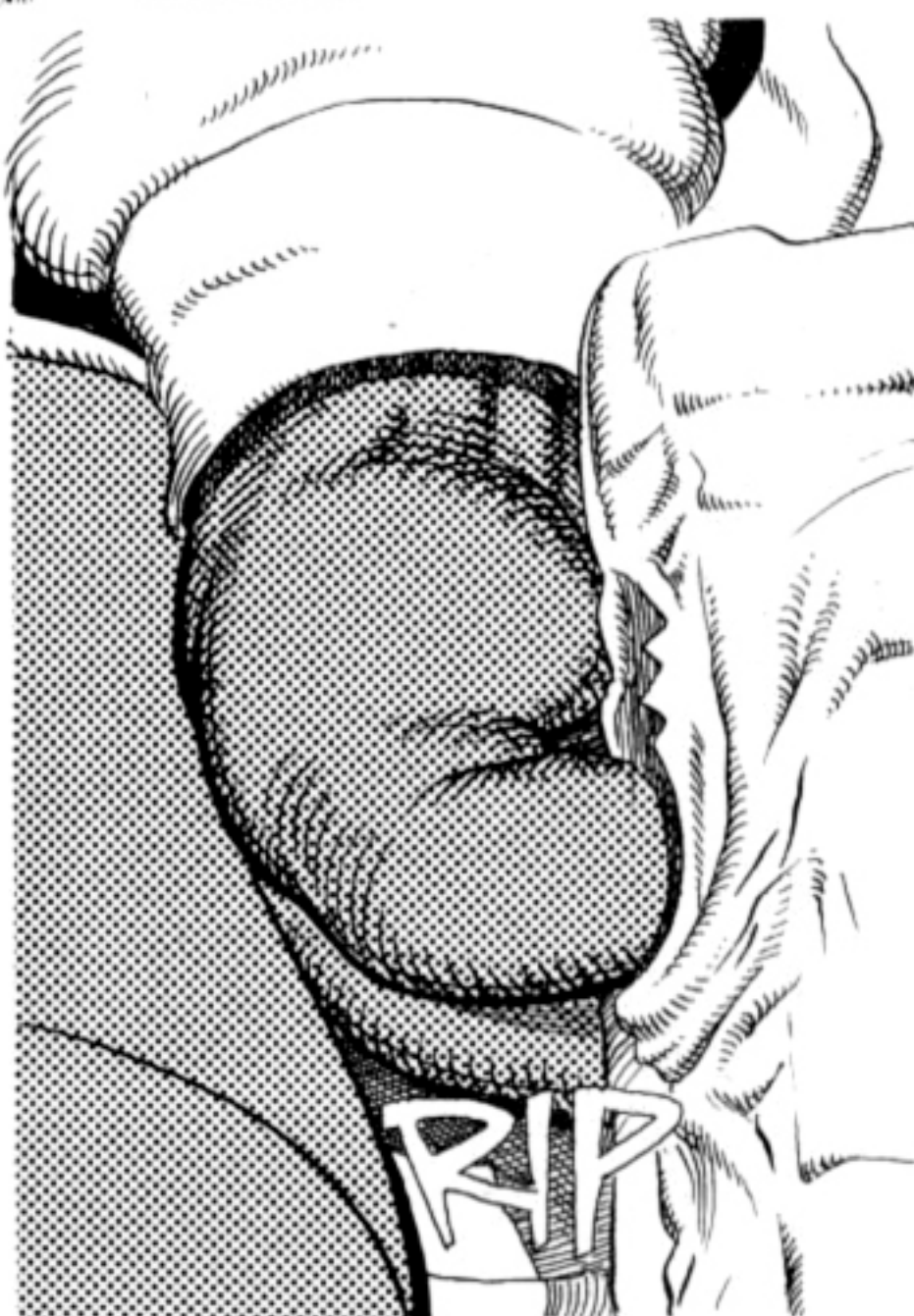
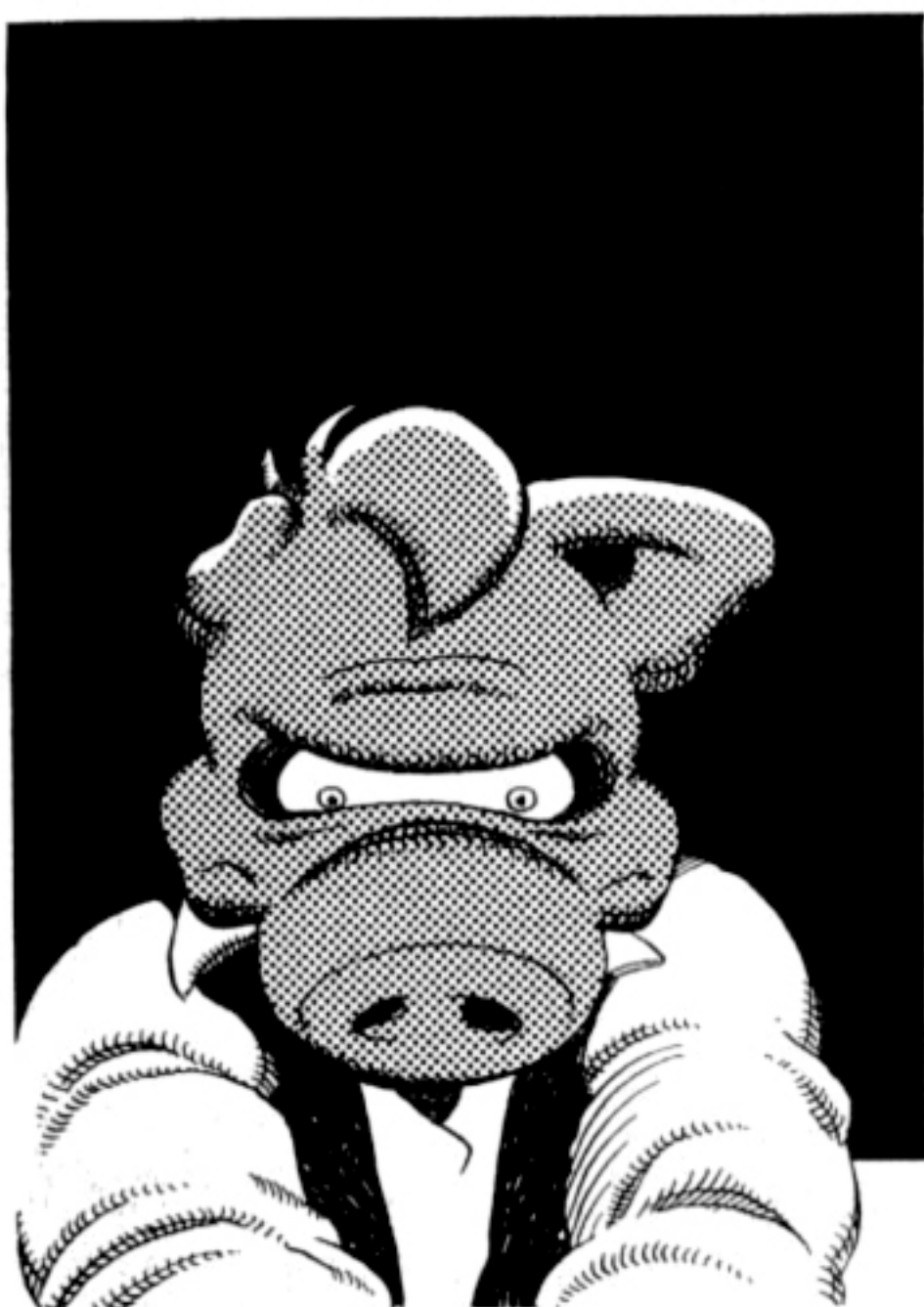




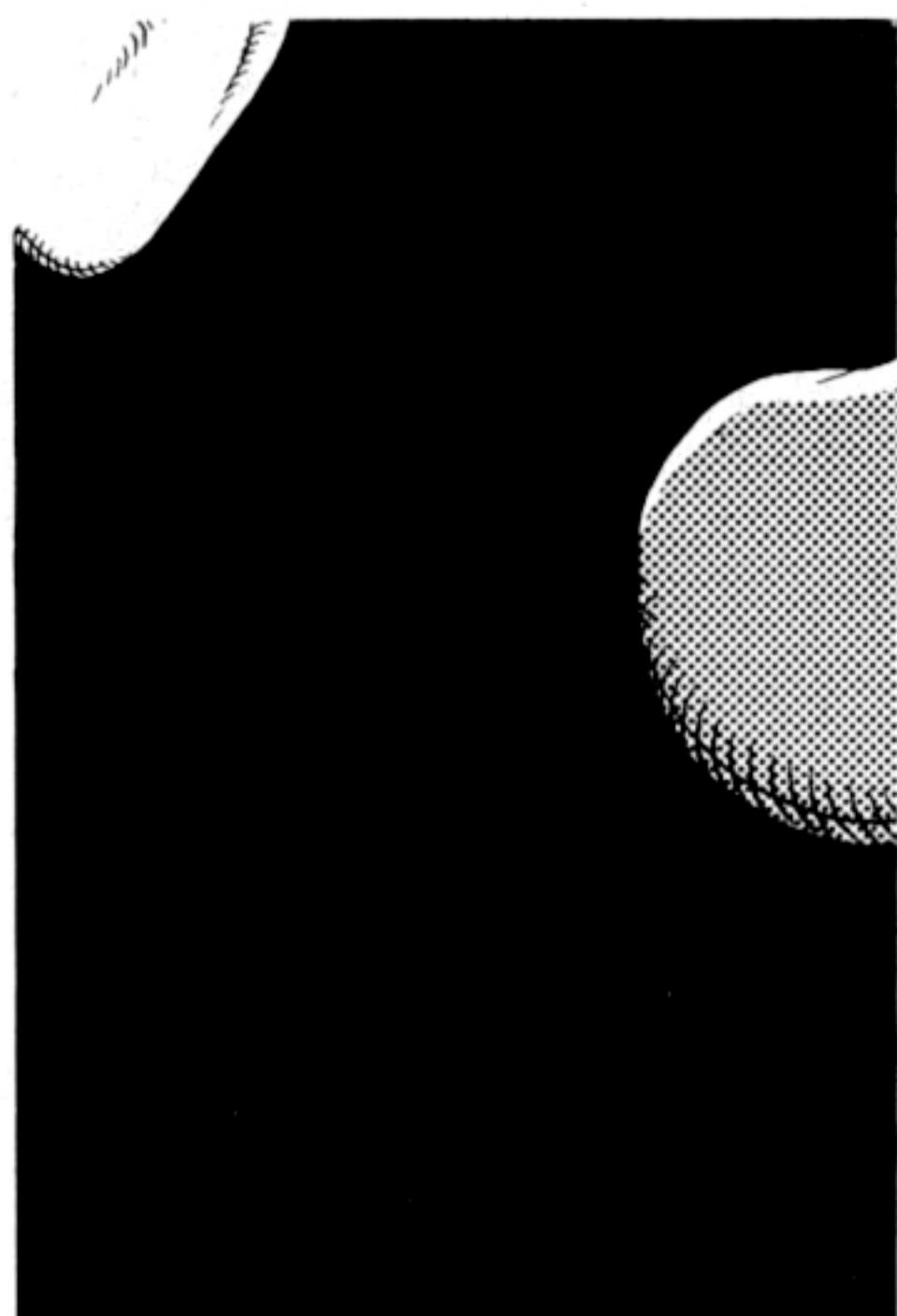




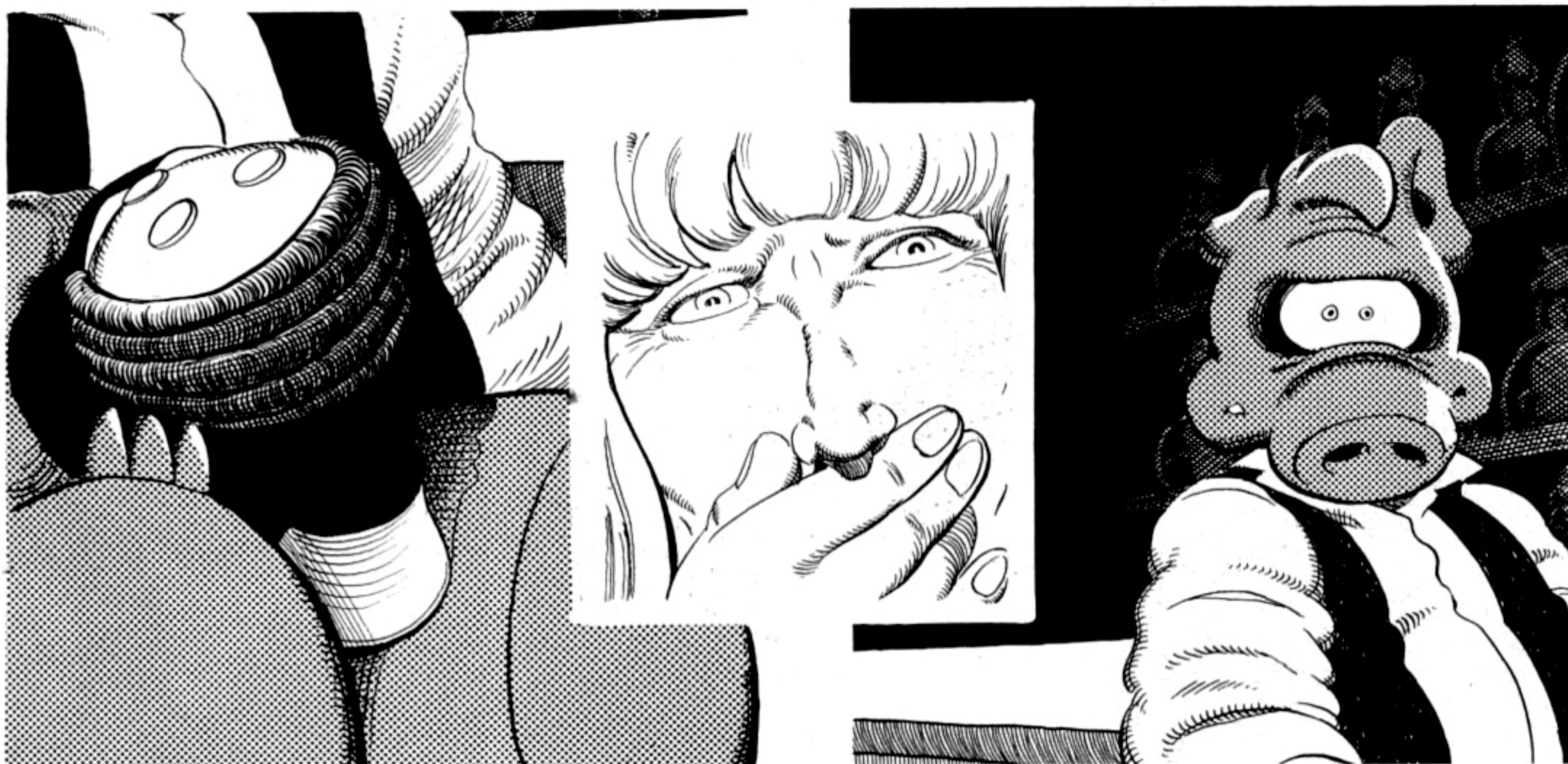




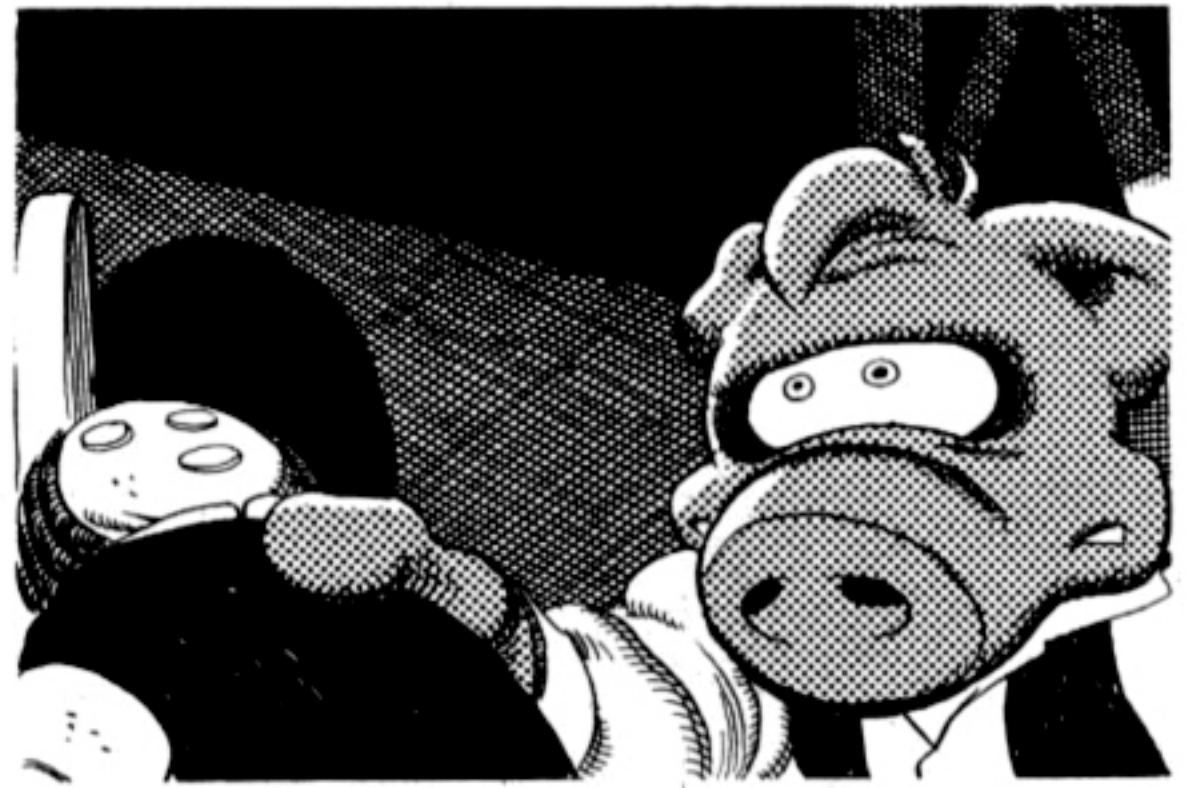




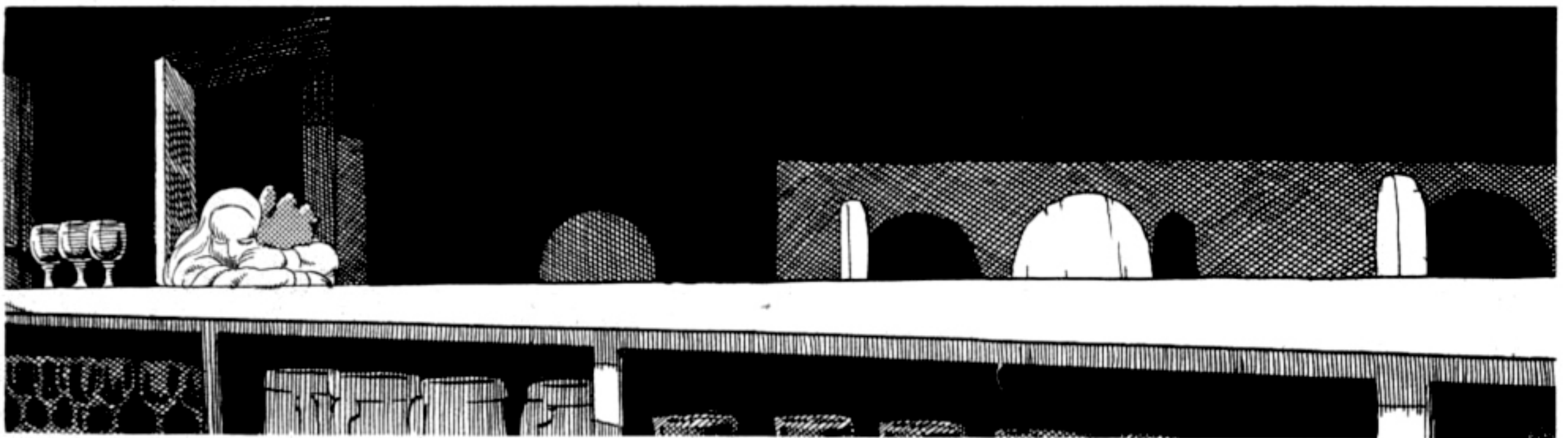
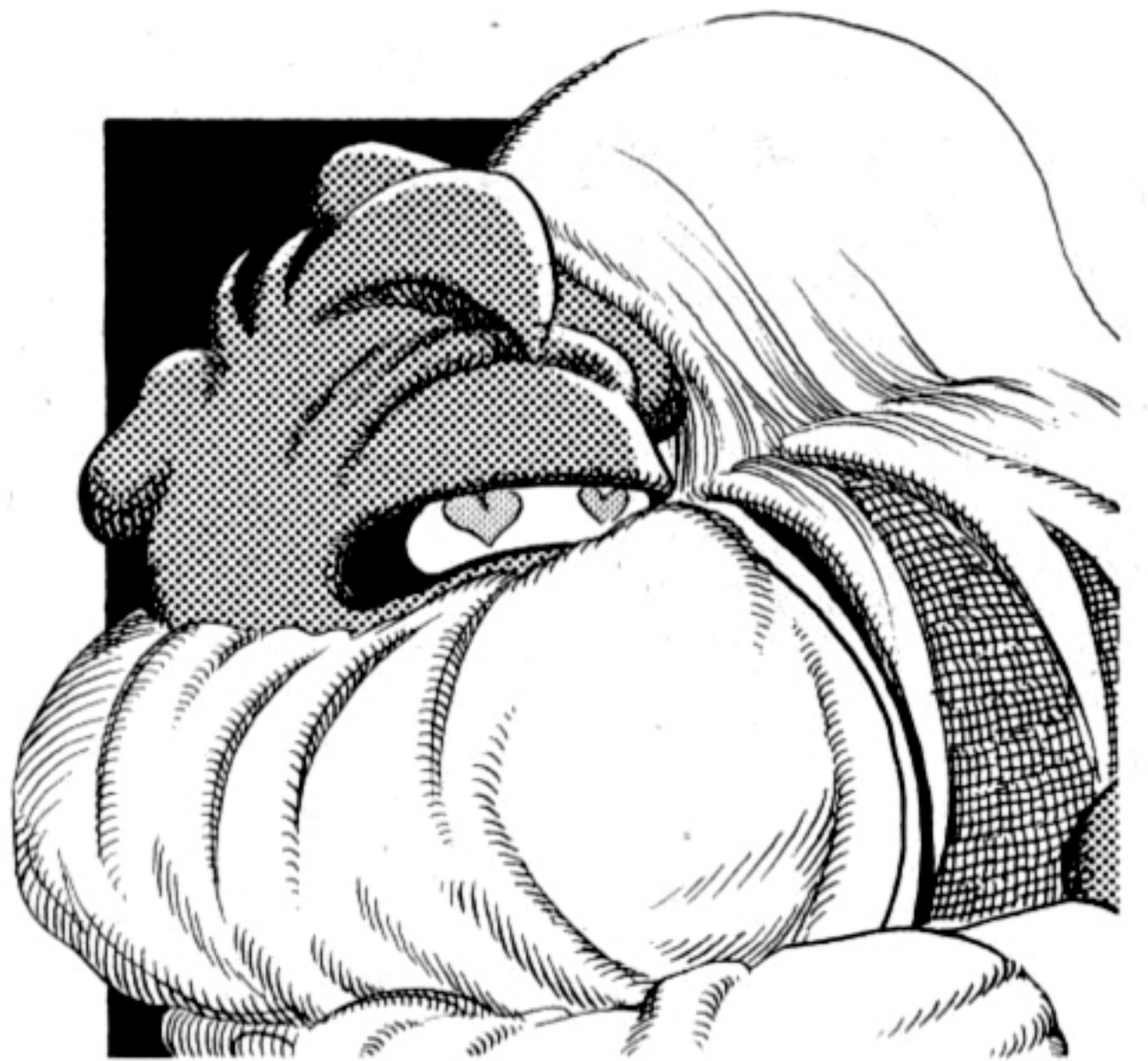




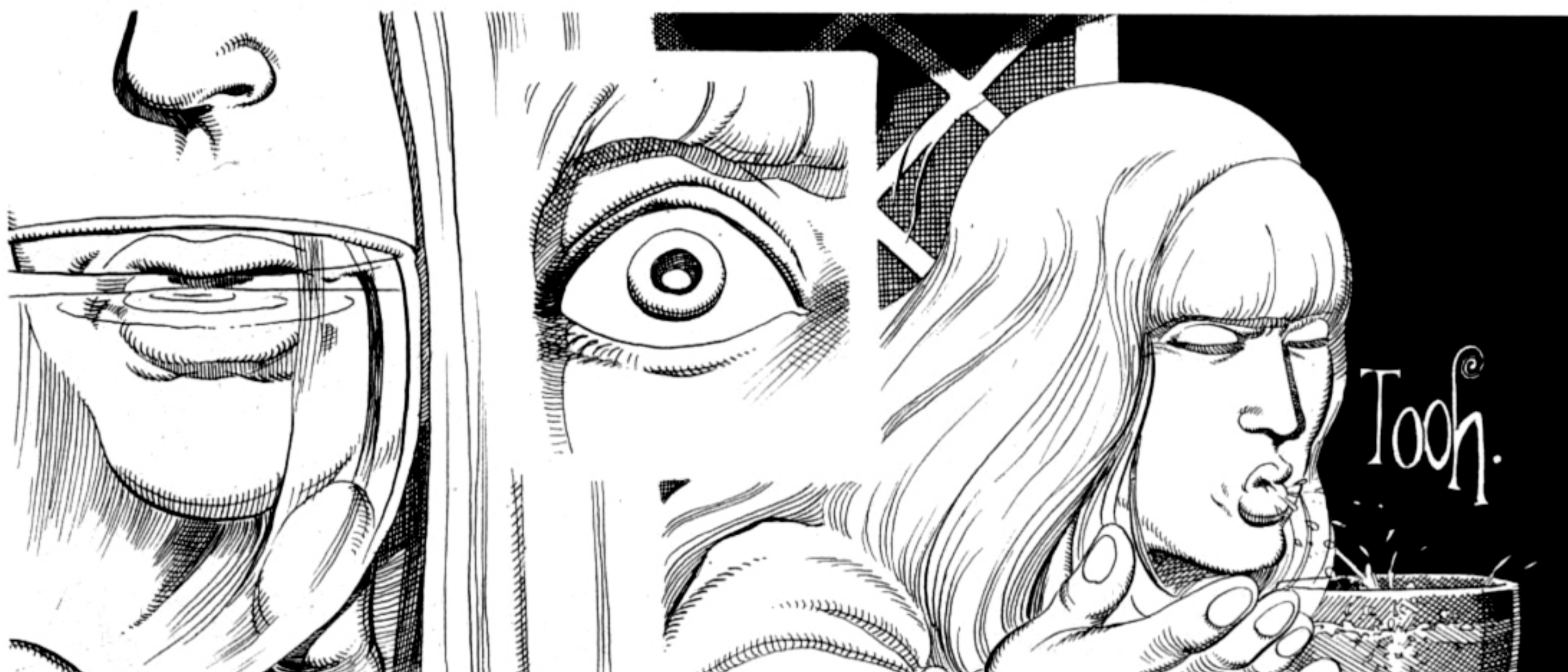
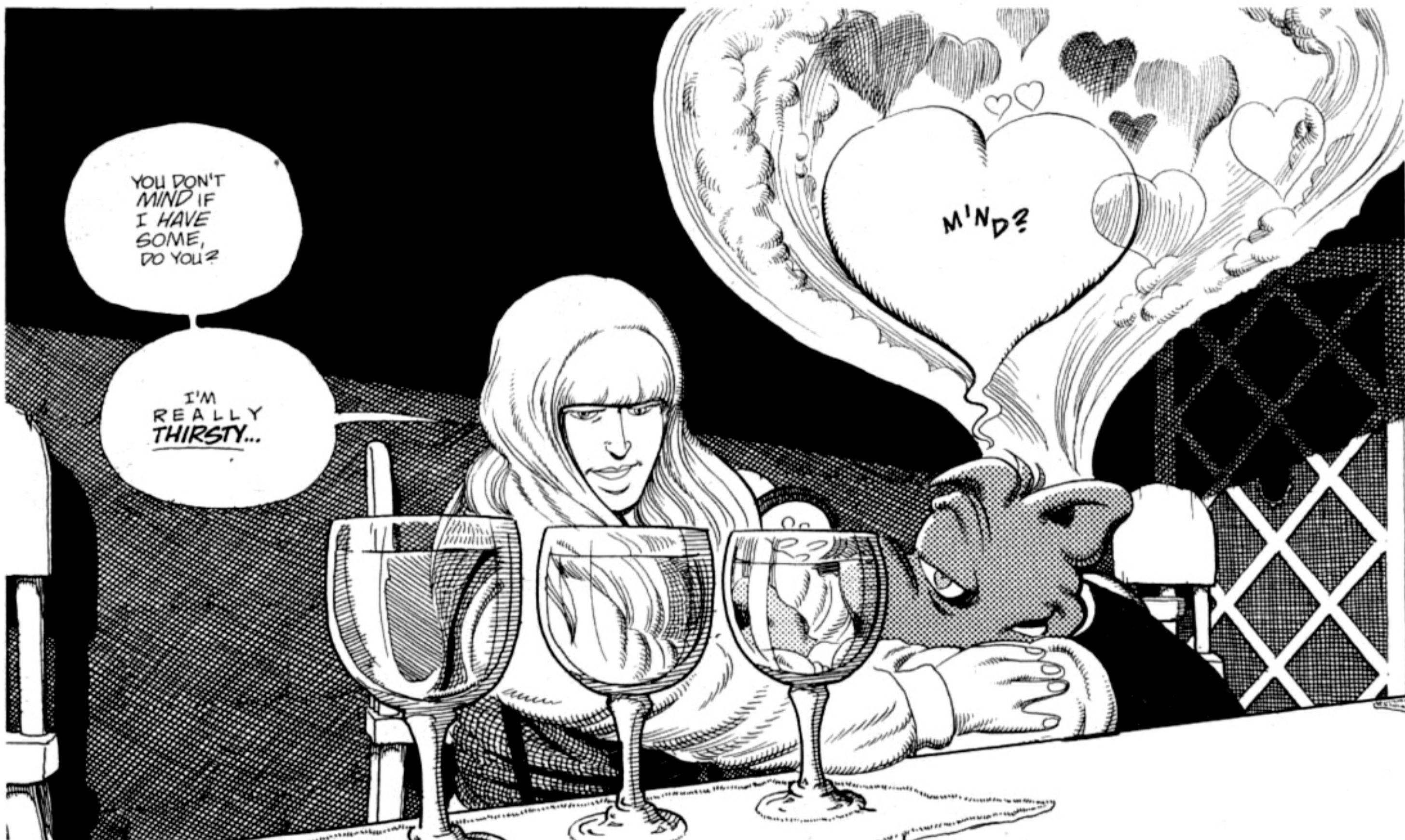




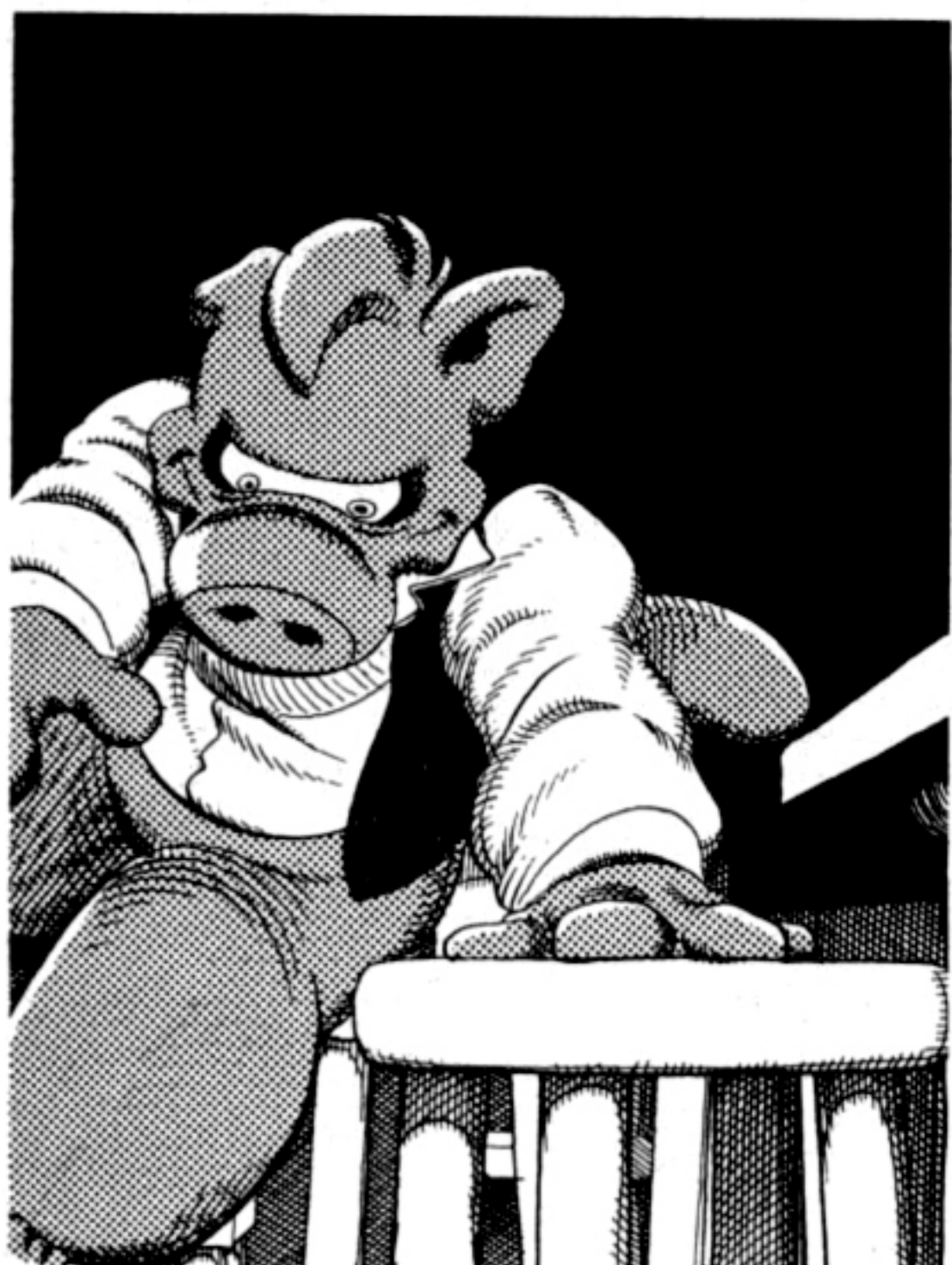
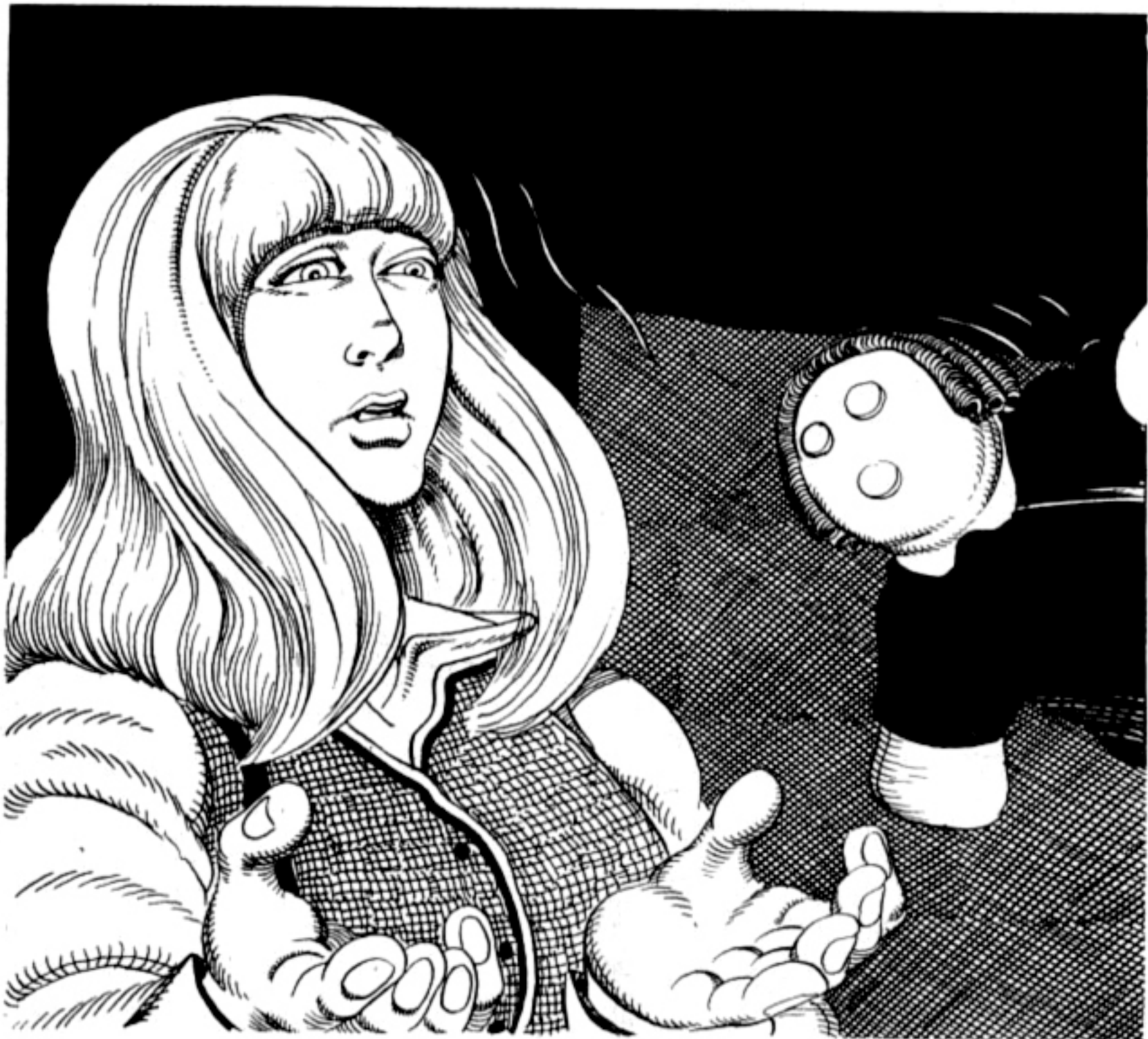
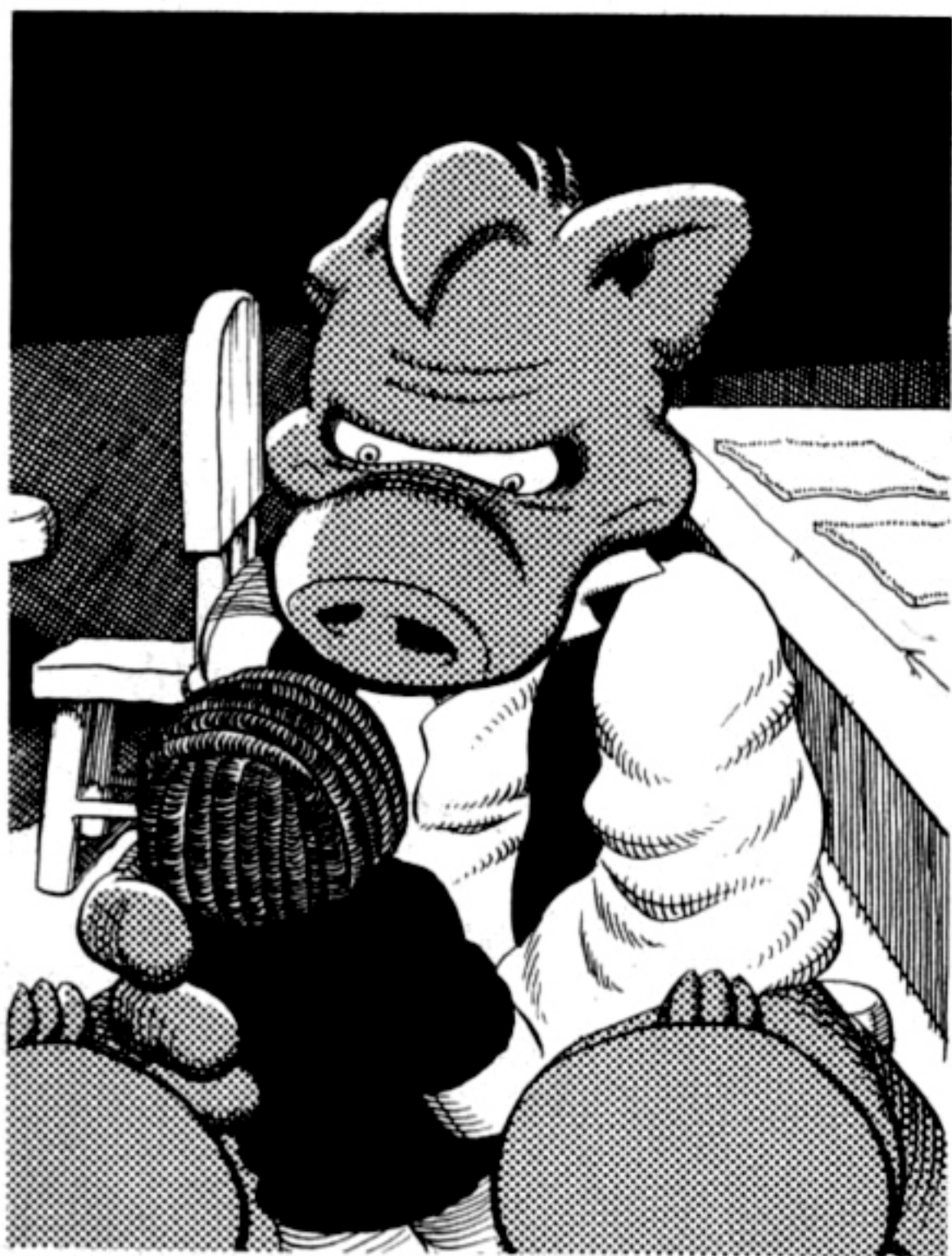




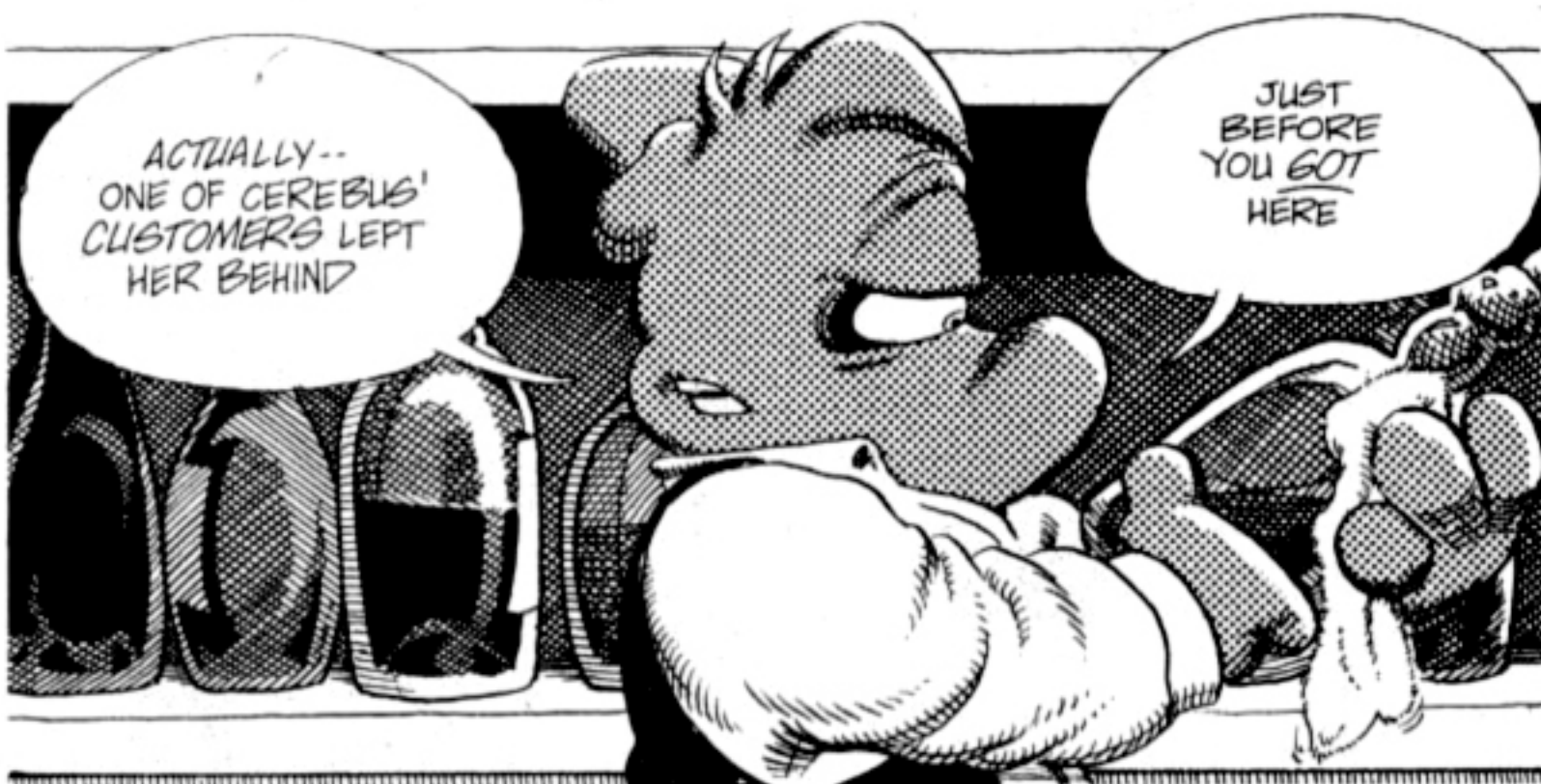
















...AND THERE SHE'D BE -- UP ON THE BAR WITH HER LITTLE BLACK DRESS UP OVER HER HEAD...

HA HA HA  
MISSY!  
YOU BAD GIRL

YOU KNOW? COME TO THINK OF IT?

AYE?

MY PERFUME WAS ALWAYS MISSING

OH, AYE -- PERFUME, SILVER POLISH, GLASS CLEANER

CEREBUS ONCE SAW HER DRINK A WHOLE QUART OF PAINT THINNER JUST TO WIN A BET...

HA HA HA  
HA HA HA



ALLY?

OH AYE! WITH CEREBUS' OWN SWORD!

BUT -- WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?

SHE REALLY WANTED TO BE POPE

OR POPESSE OR POPETTE OR WHATEVER YOU WOULD CALL IT

DOES IT AFFECT YOUR HEARING?

WHAT?

DOES IT  
HA HA HA  
YOU IDIOT

DECIDED I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER... IF I WASN'T GOING TO GO OUT AND SEE THE WORLD NOW, WHEN WAS I?

ALSO PALNU STINKS

YOU SAID IT...

HA HA HA  
NO -- I MEAN IT ACTUALLY STINKS

THE WHOLE PLACE IS ONE BIG DISTILLERY NOW -- EVEN THE FLOWERS SMELL LIKE WHISKEY

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY HEARD ABOUT THAT -- HONESTLY, THAT PLACE LEAKS LIKE A SIEVE

HIS NAME WAS ANDREW... AND I MUST'VE WASTED SIX MONTHS OF MY LIFE TRYING TO GET HIM TO COME TO A "CANDLELIGHT SLIPPER"

THAT WAS REALLY WHEN I DECIDED I JUST HAD TO GET OUT OF PALNU... I JUST GOT SO TIRED OF

TOLD HER RIGHT FROM THE START THAT CEREBUS DIDN'T LOVE HER

DID SHE LOVE YOU?

SHE DROVE CEREBUS INSANE MOST OF THE TIME SO...

YEAH -- SHE PROBABLY DID





I WILL NEVER GET MARRIED AGAIN -- I'M JUST NOT A WIFE .... THE WHOLE TIME RICK AND I WERE MARRIED

IT WAS AS IF I WASN'T HIS WIFE AT ALL -- IT WAS AS IF I WAS HIS MOTHER

I MEAN, I EITHER HAD TO NAG HIM ALL THE TIME "RICK! PICK UP YOUR CLOTHES!" "RICK! DID YOU FINISH THE LAUNDRY?"

OR I HAD TO DO EVERYTHING MYSELF

IT MADE SEX IMPOSSIBLE IT SEEMED LIKE ..... LIKE ... INCEST. AS IF MY SON WAS PAWING AT ME

FOR CEREBUS IT WAS AS IF SOMEONE HAD GLUED HERSELF ONTO HIM

**HAHAHAHA**

HAHAHA  
SO THAT'S WHAT CEREBUS TOLD MARTY WHEN HE SAID HE WAS GETTING MARRIED

"LISTEN... GO OUT AND FIND ANOTHER PERSON... GLUE THEM TO YOUR BUTT FOR A FEW WEEKS AND IF YOU FIND YOU LIKE IT"

**HAHAHAHA**

"THEN, MARTY'S MARRIAGE IS FOR YOU!"

OH, YOU'RE BAD

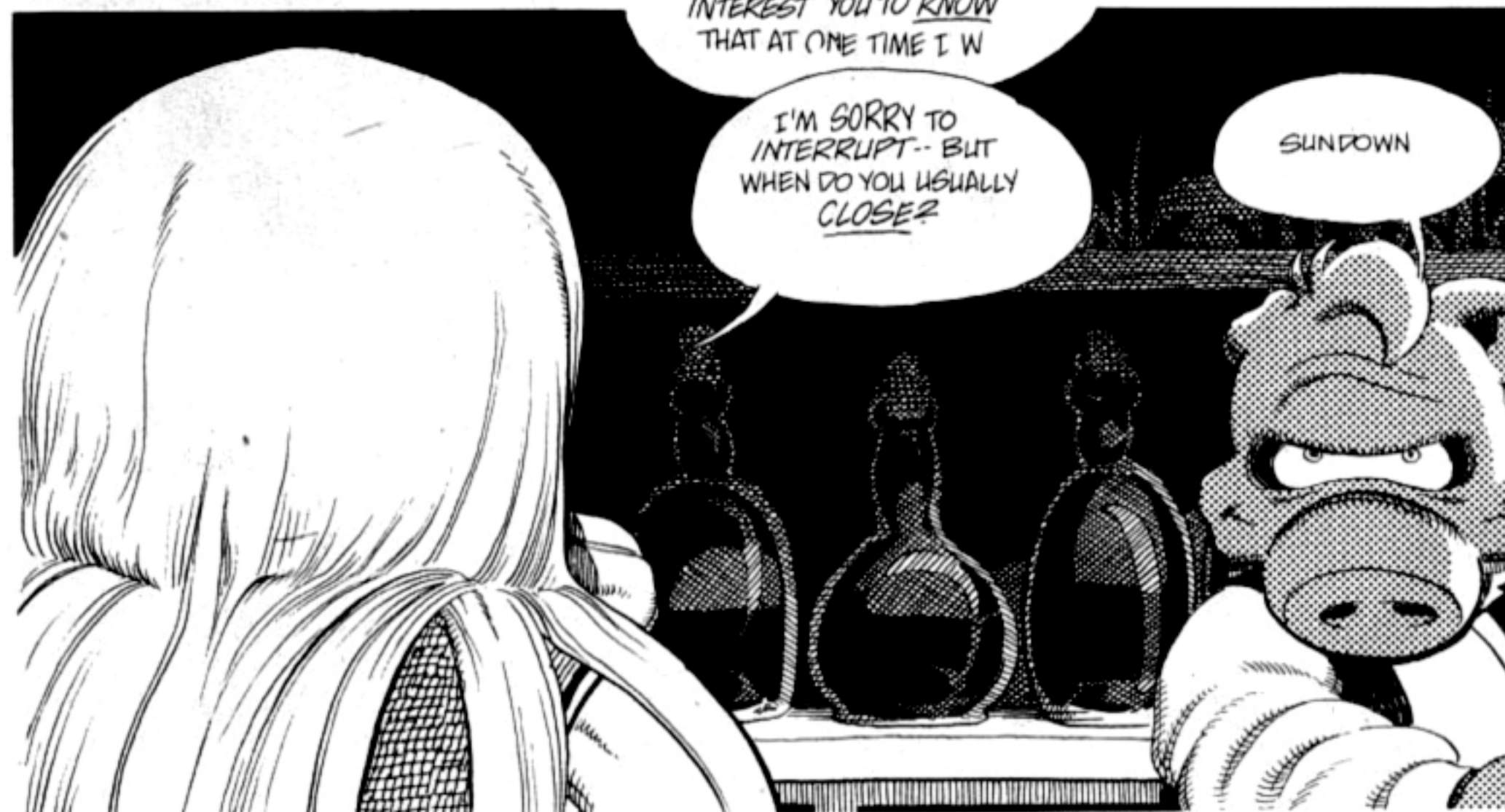
**giggle**



THERE WAS A FUNNY GLUY ... HEH.

MARTY

IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT -- SAY -- **METAL-WORKING** -- HEH -- MARTY WOULD SAY, "IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT AT ONE TIME I W

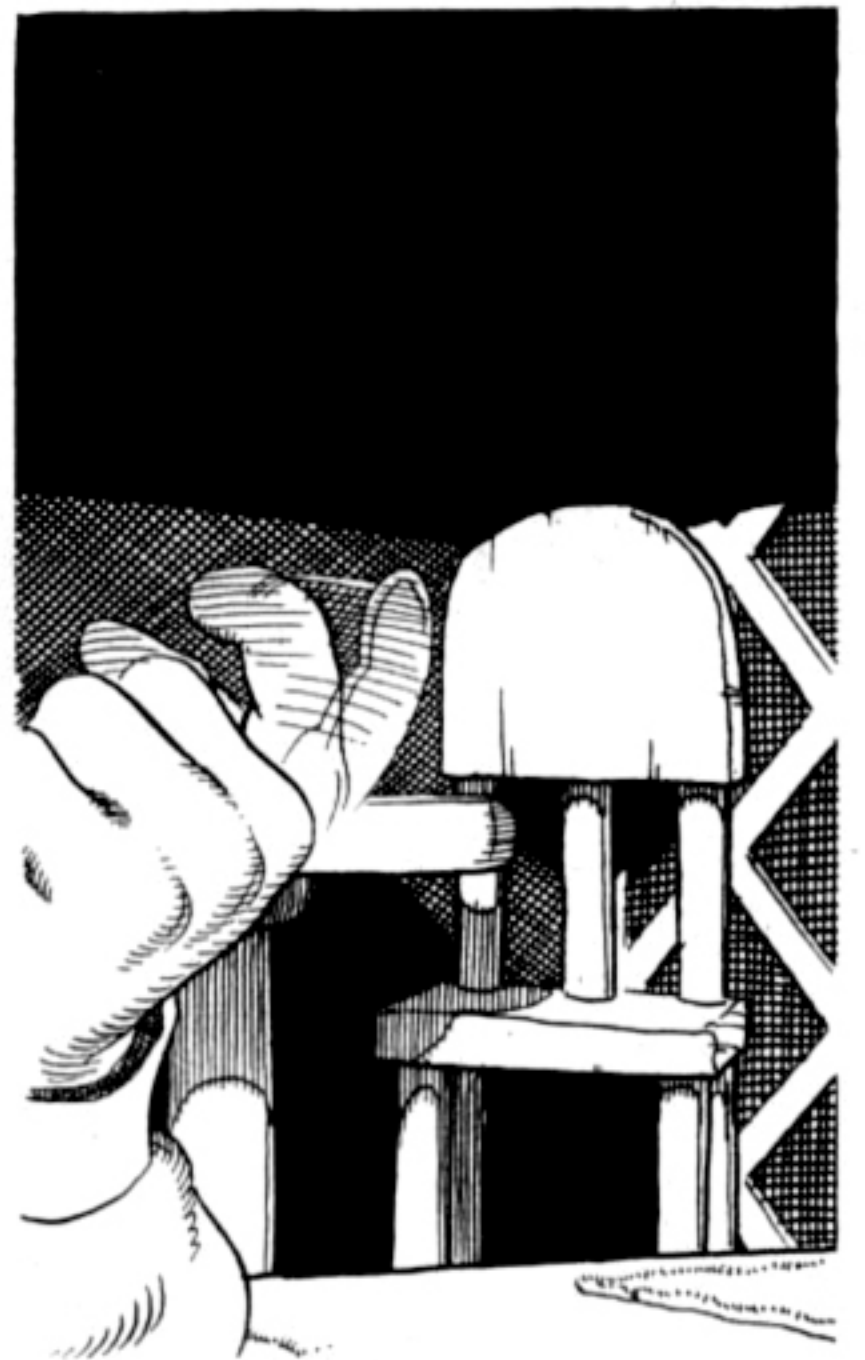


I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT -- BUT WHEN DO YOU USUALLY CLOSE?

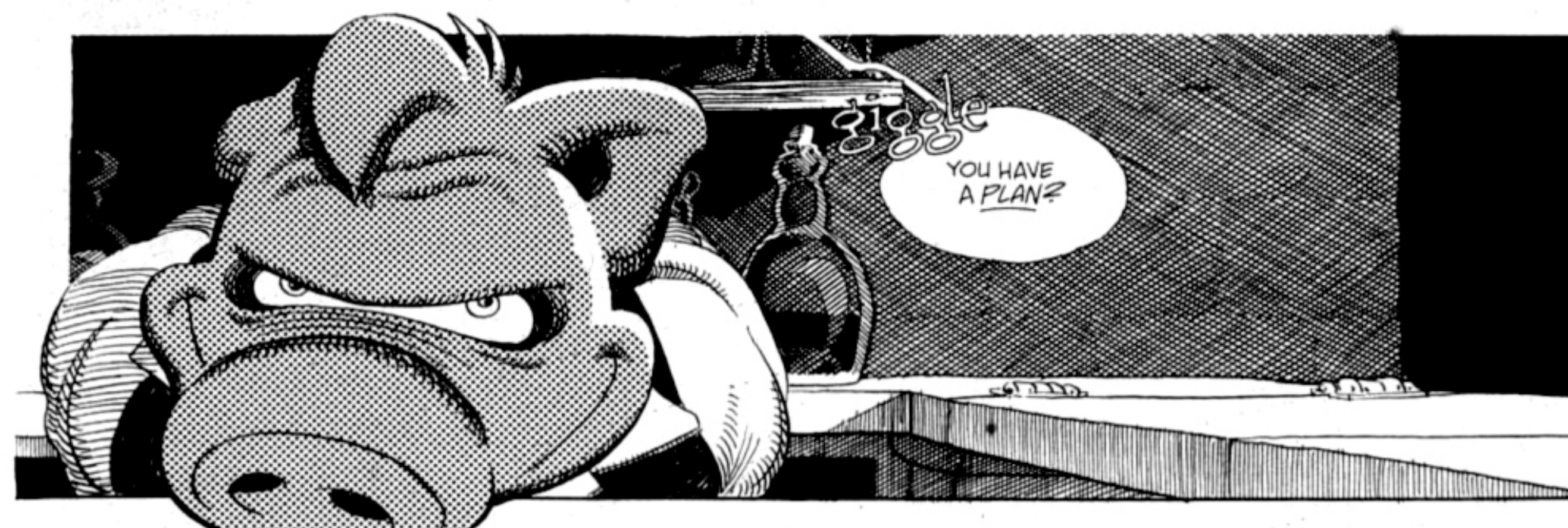
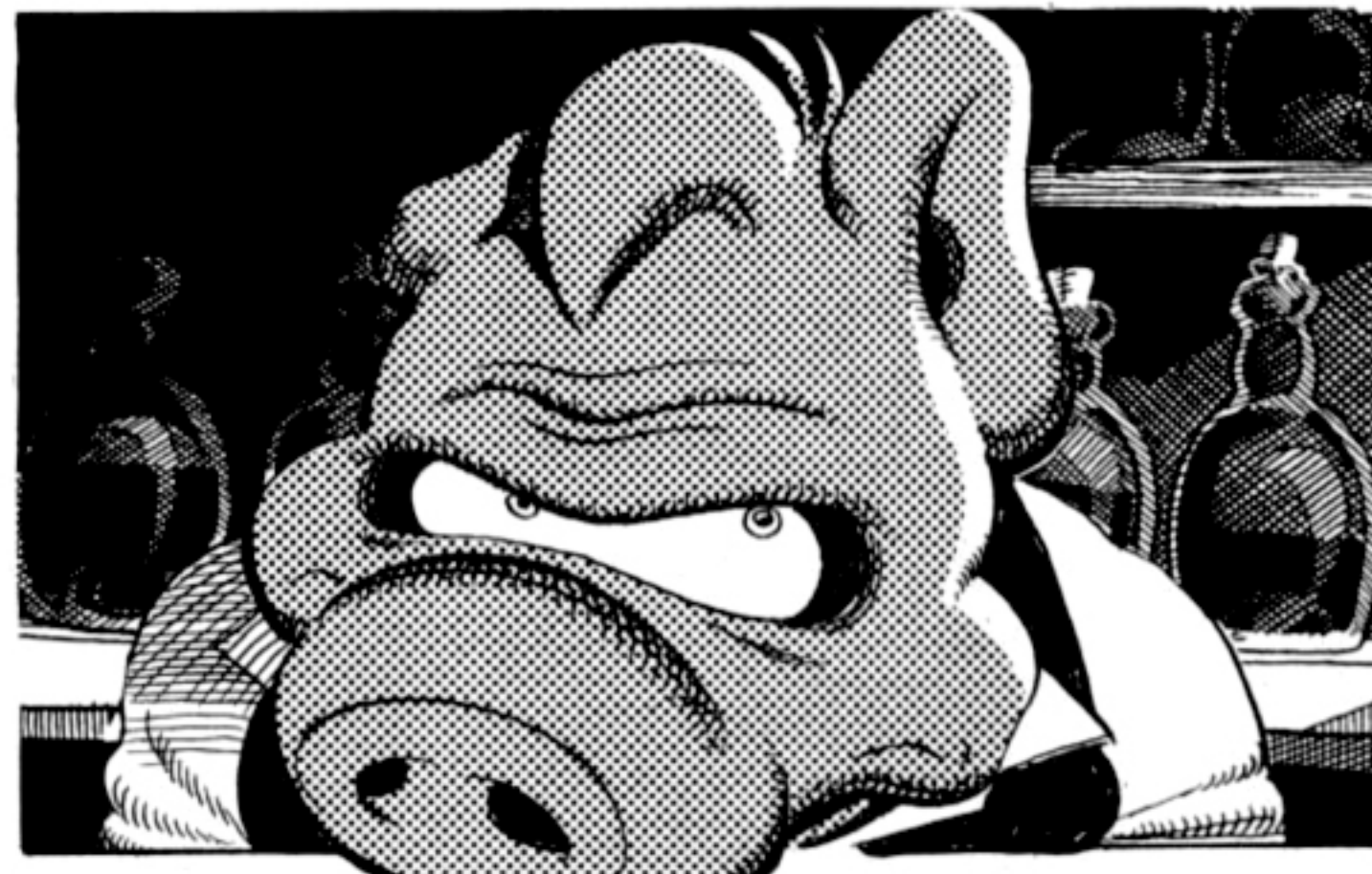
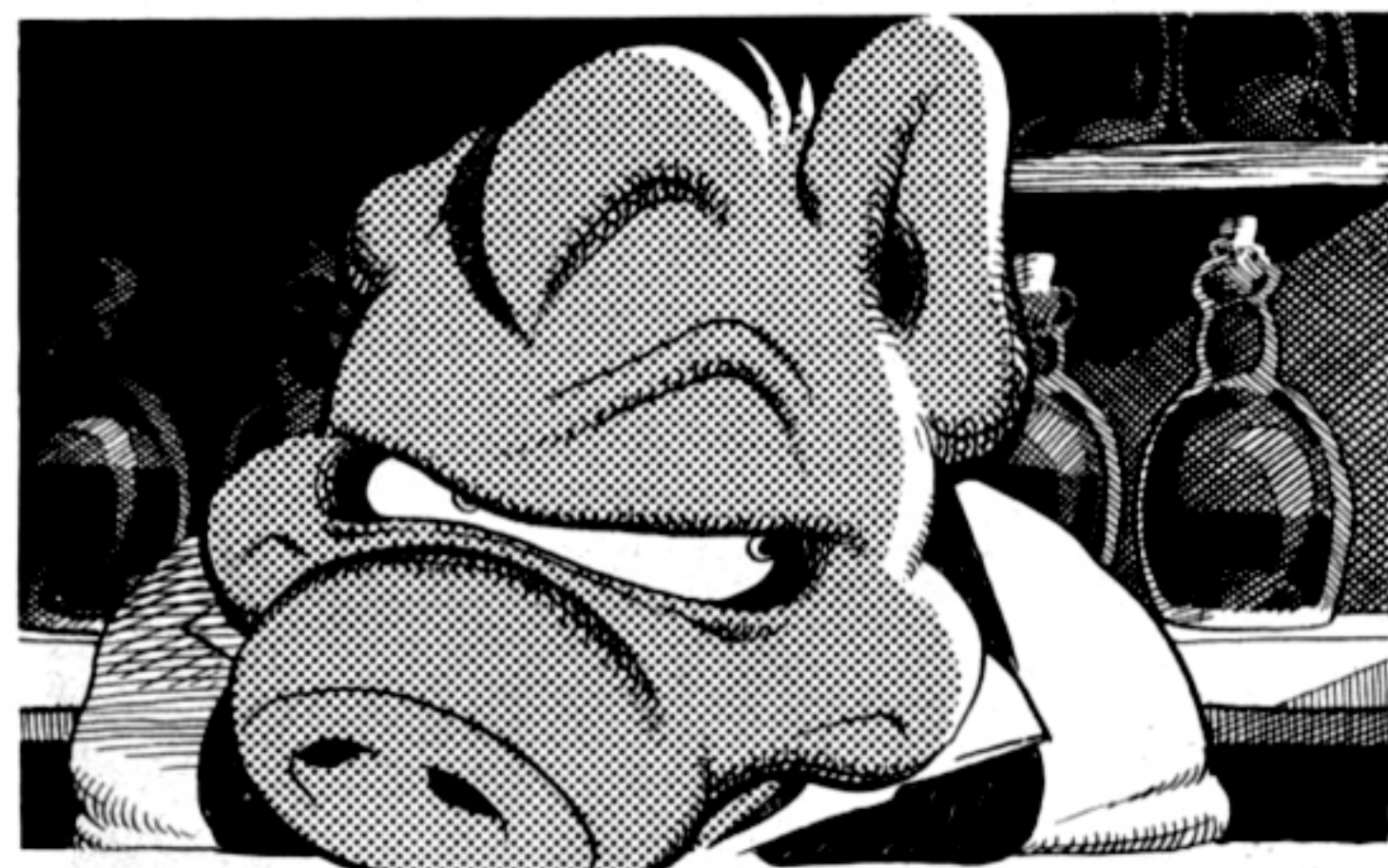
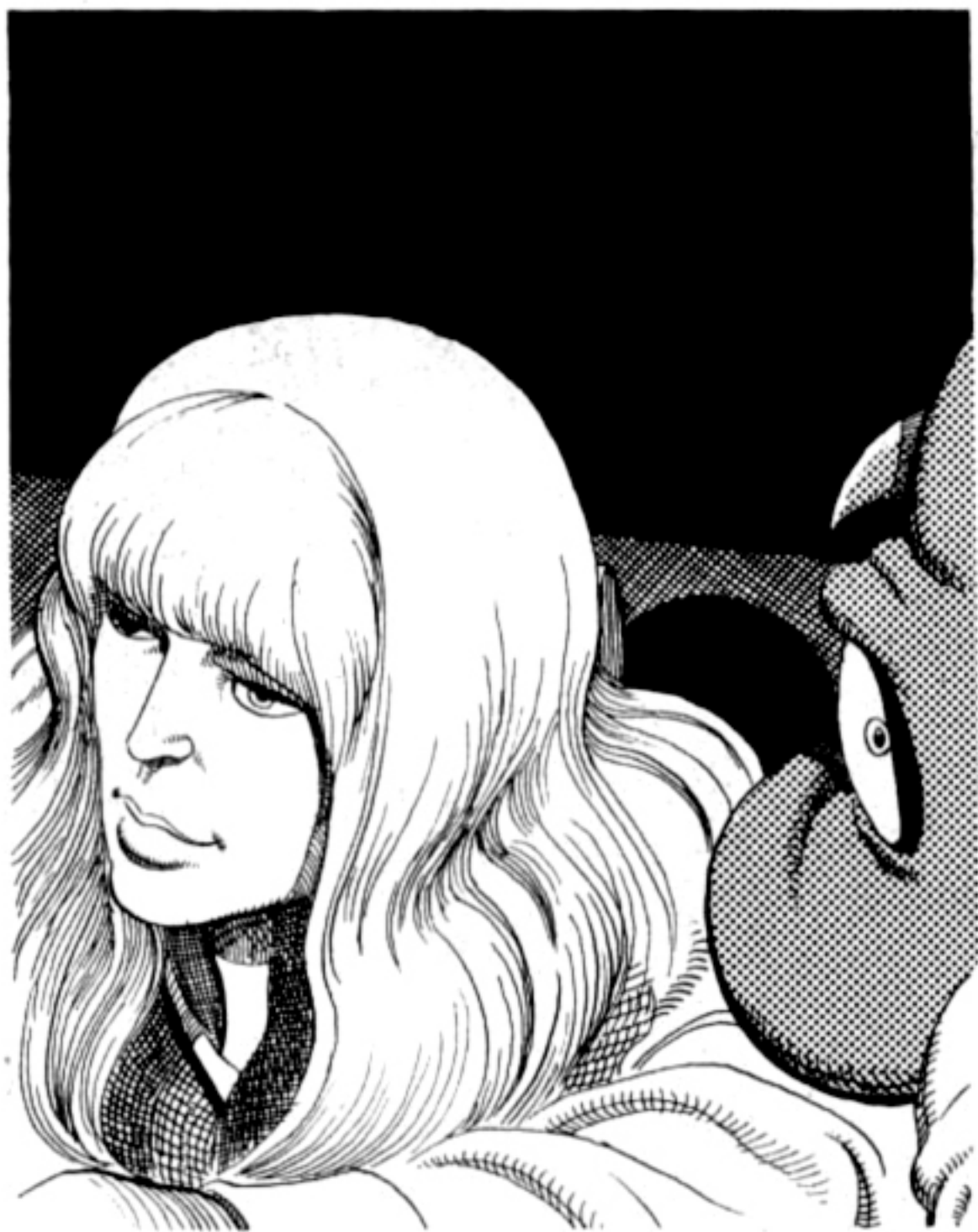
SUNDOWN







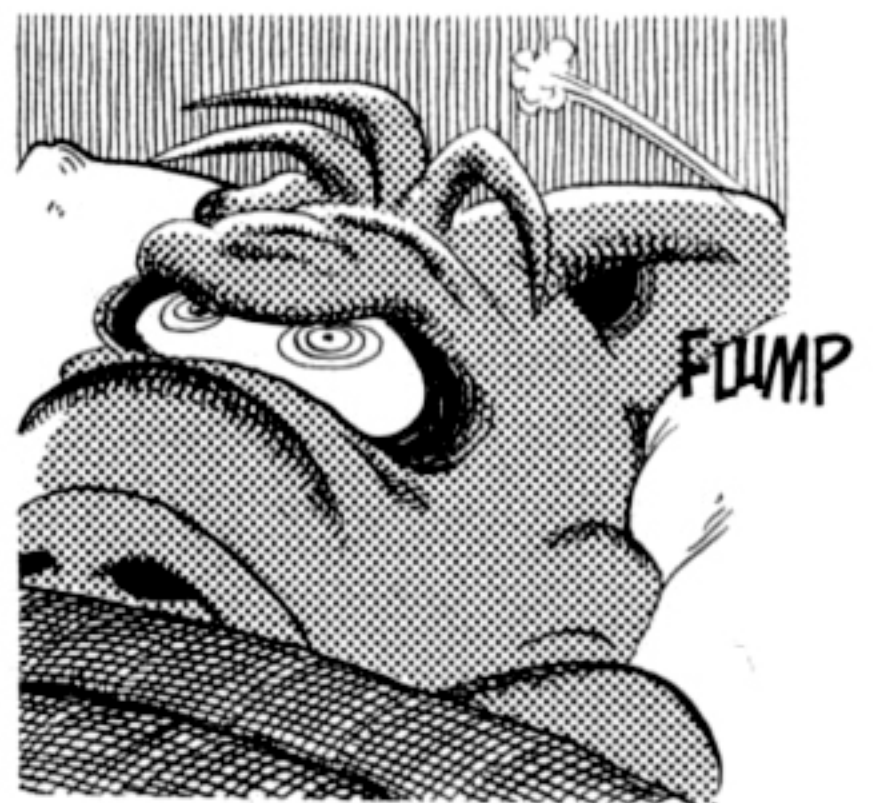
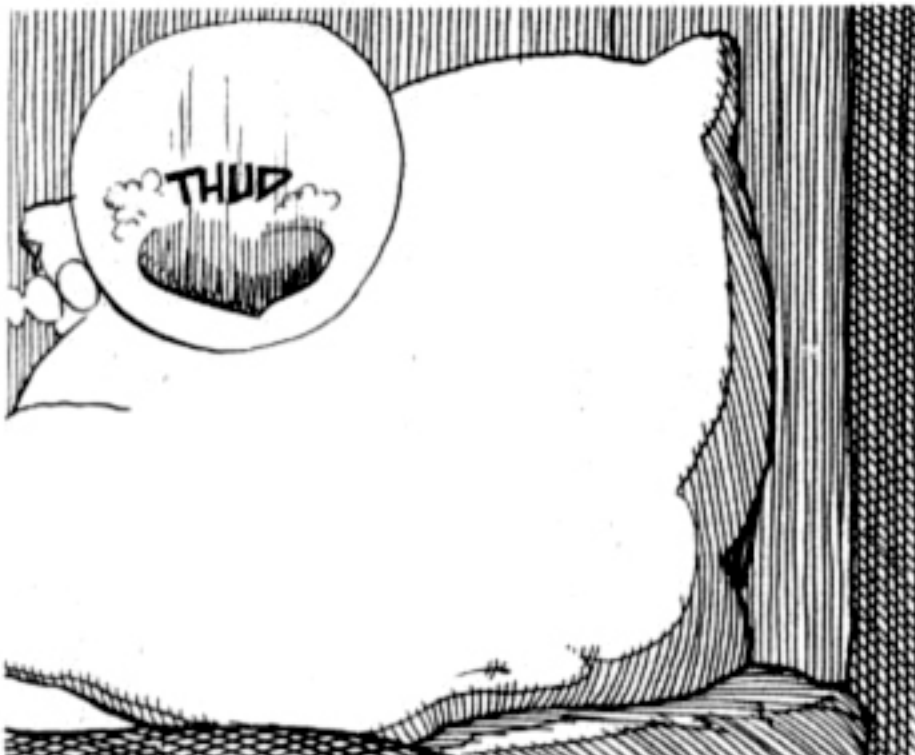
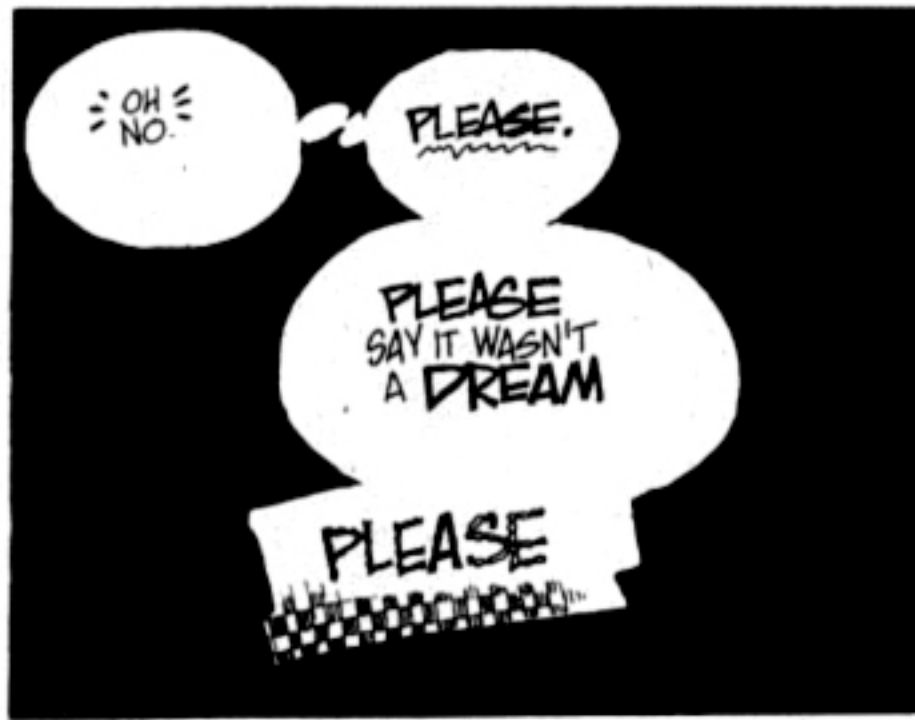
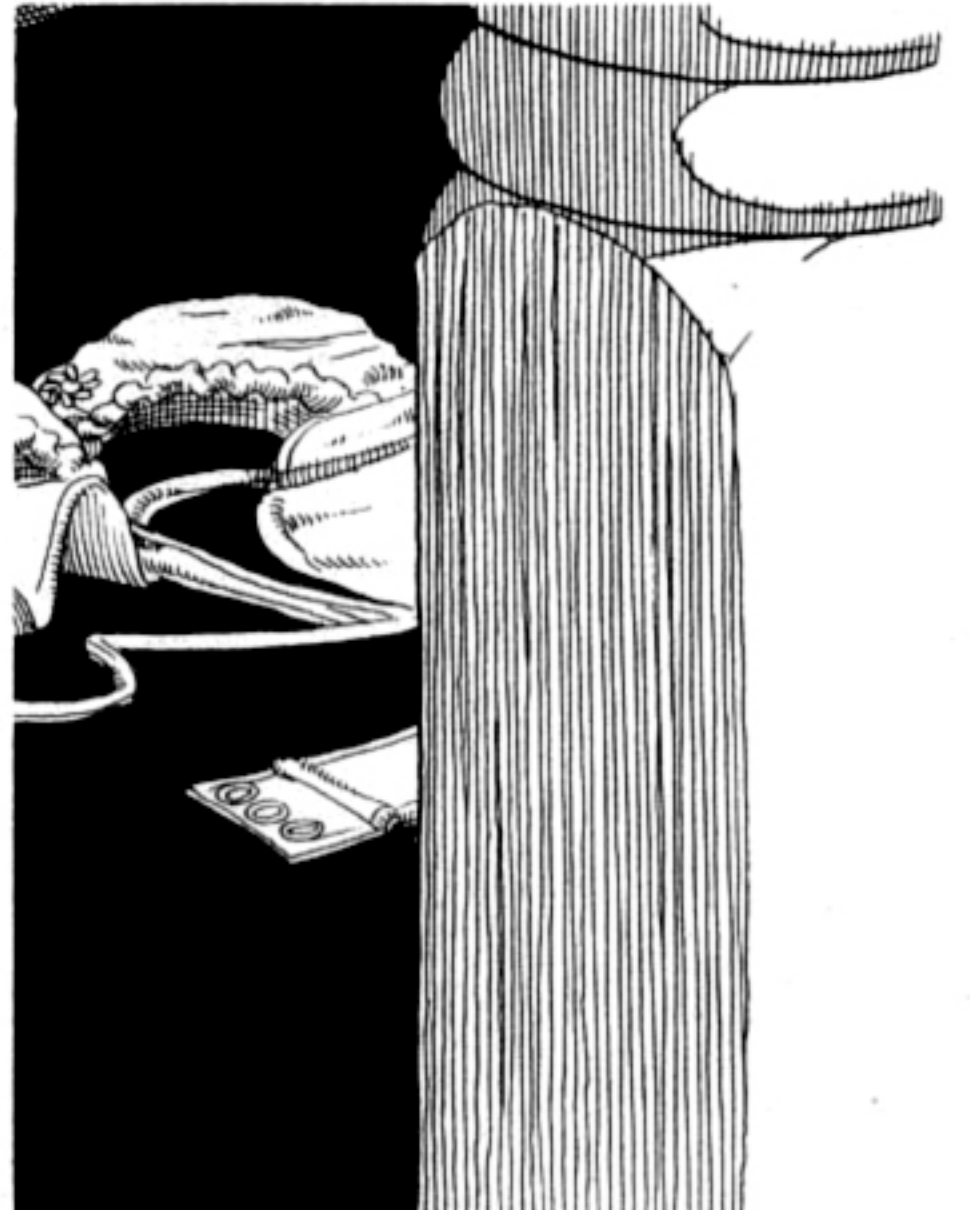
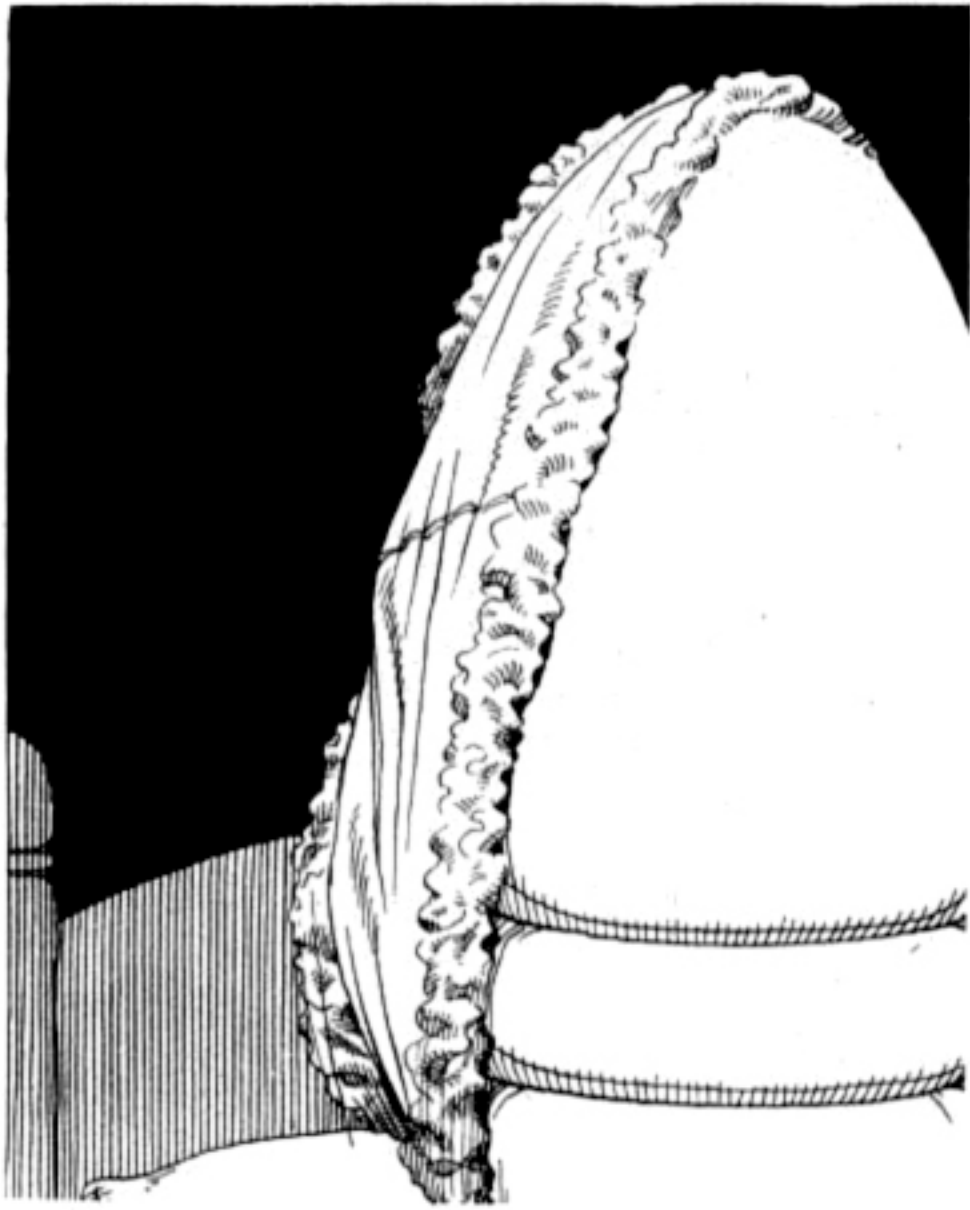




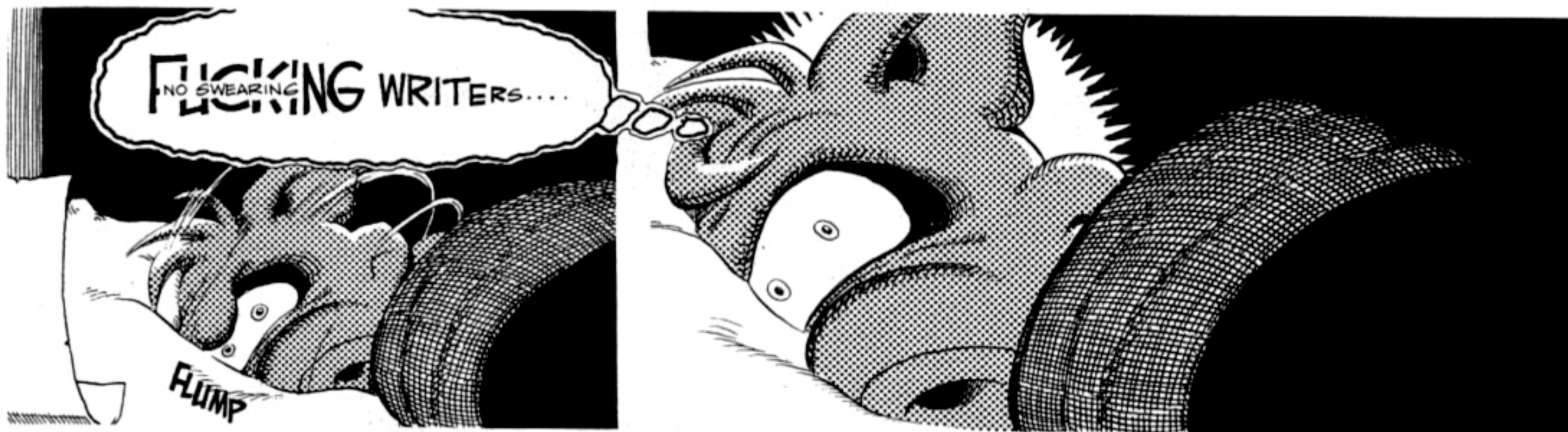




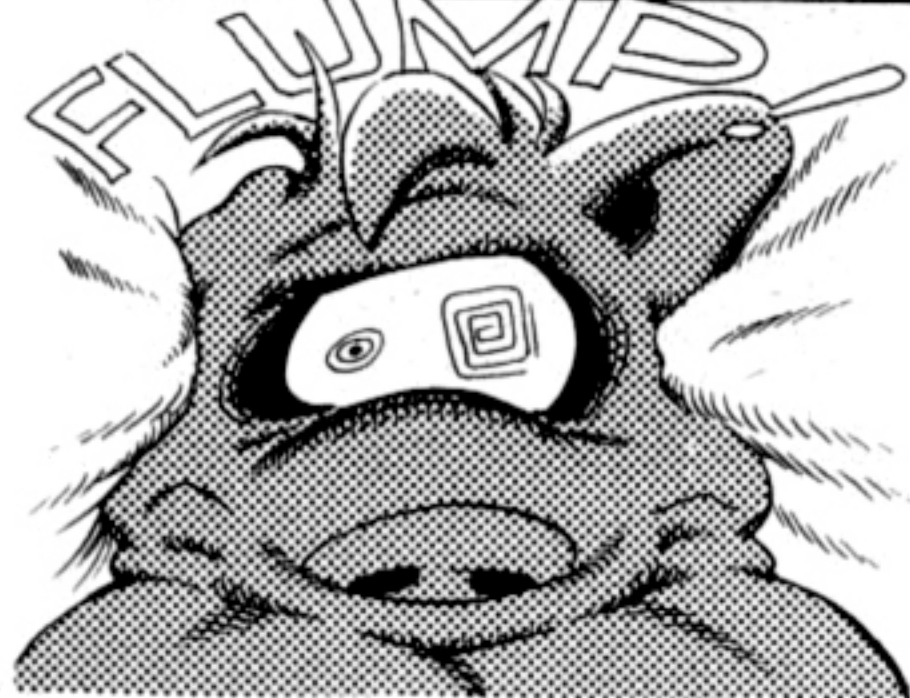






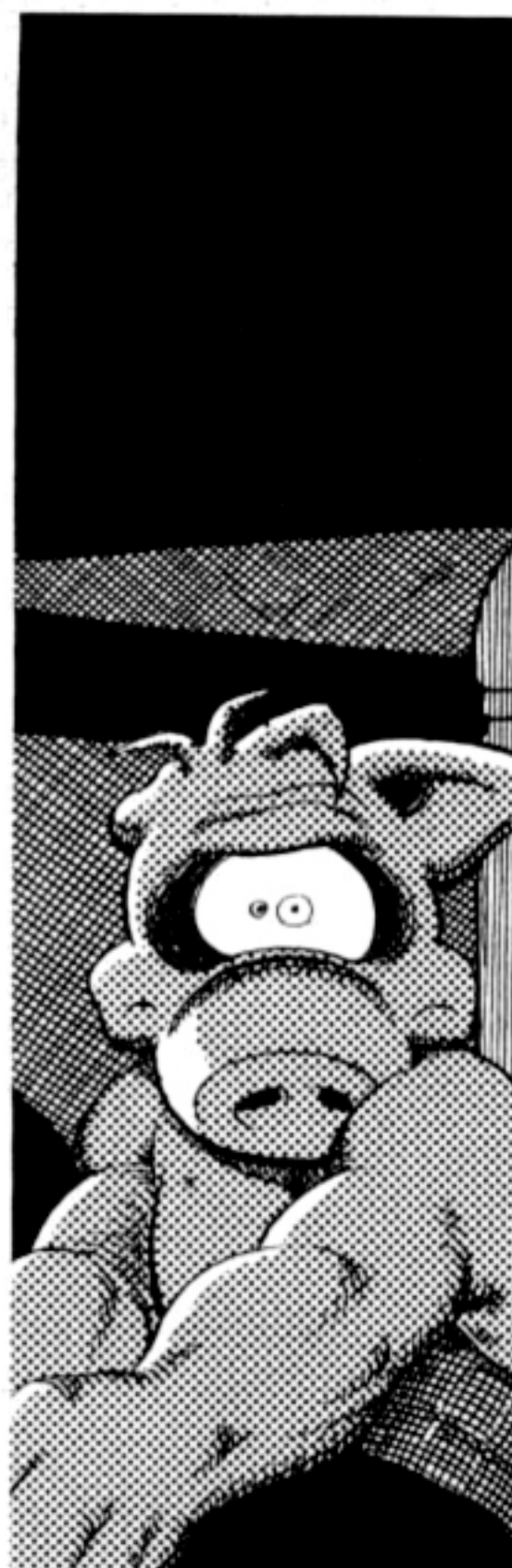


Dearest Cerebus~  
Last night was wonderful,  
Maybe someday we'll  
see each other again.  
All my love,  
Yaka  
(over)

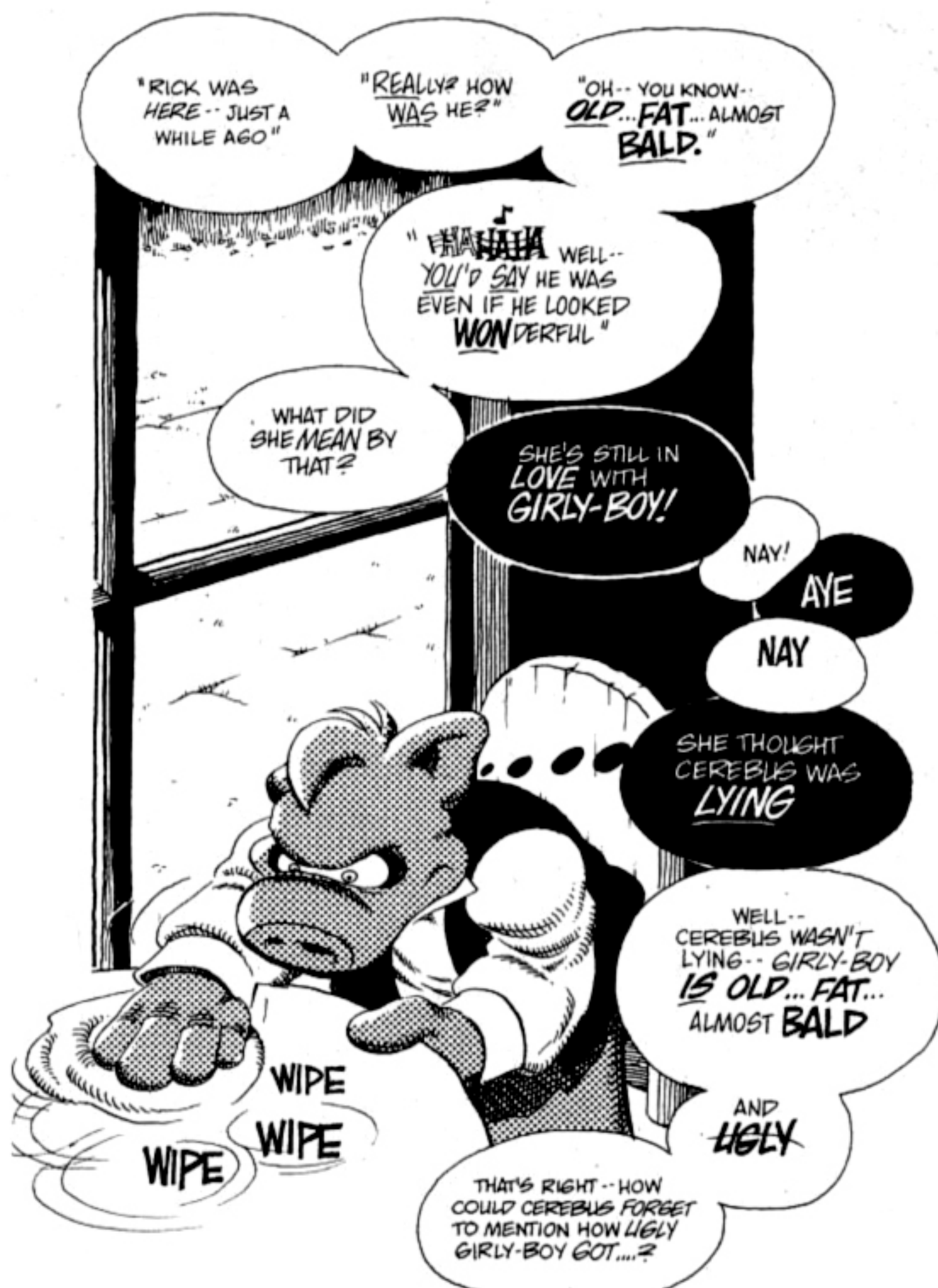
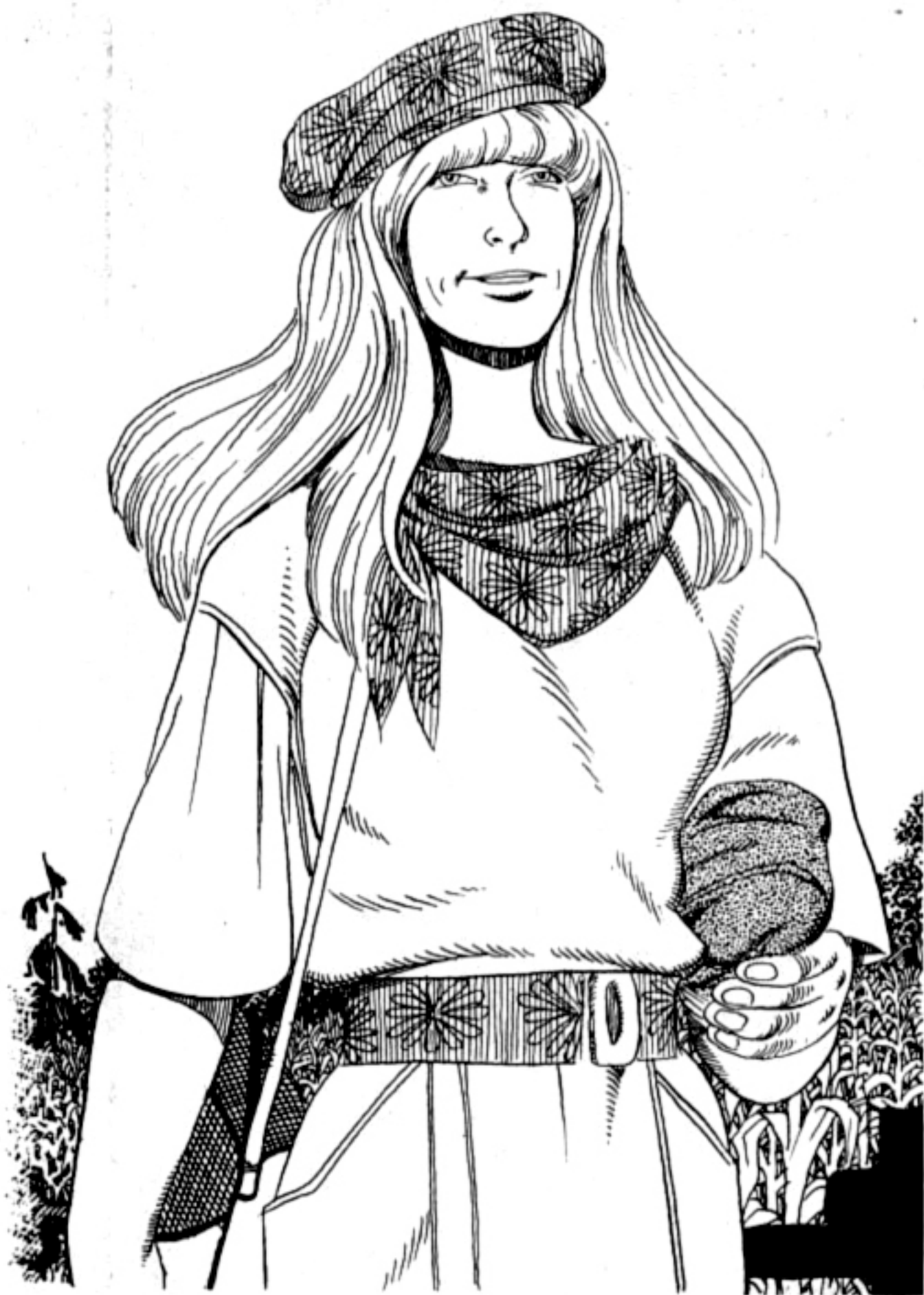


Ha-Ha! Just kidding... I can't stand  
wearing the same clothes two days  
in a row, so I've gone to find a  
clothing hut and something to  
eat (besides raw potatoes!) Be  
back soon!

xx I \*not about  
oo last night



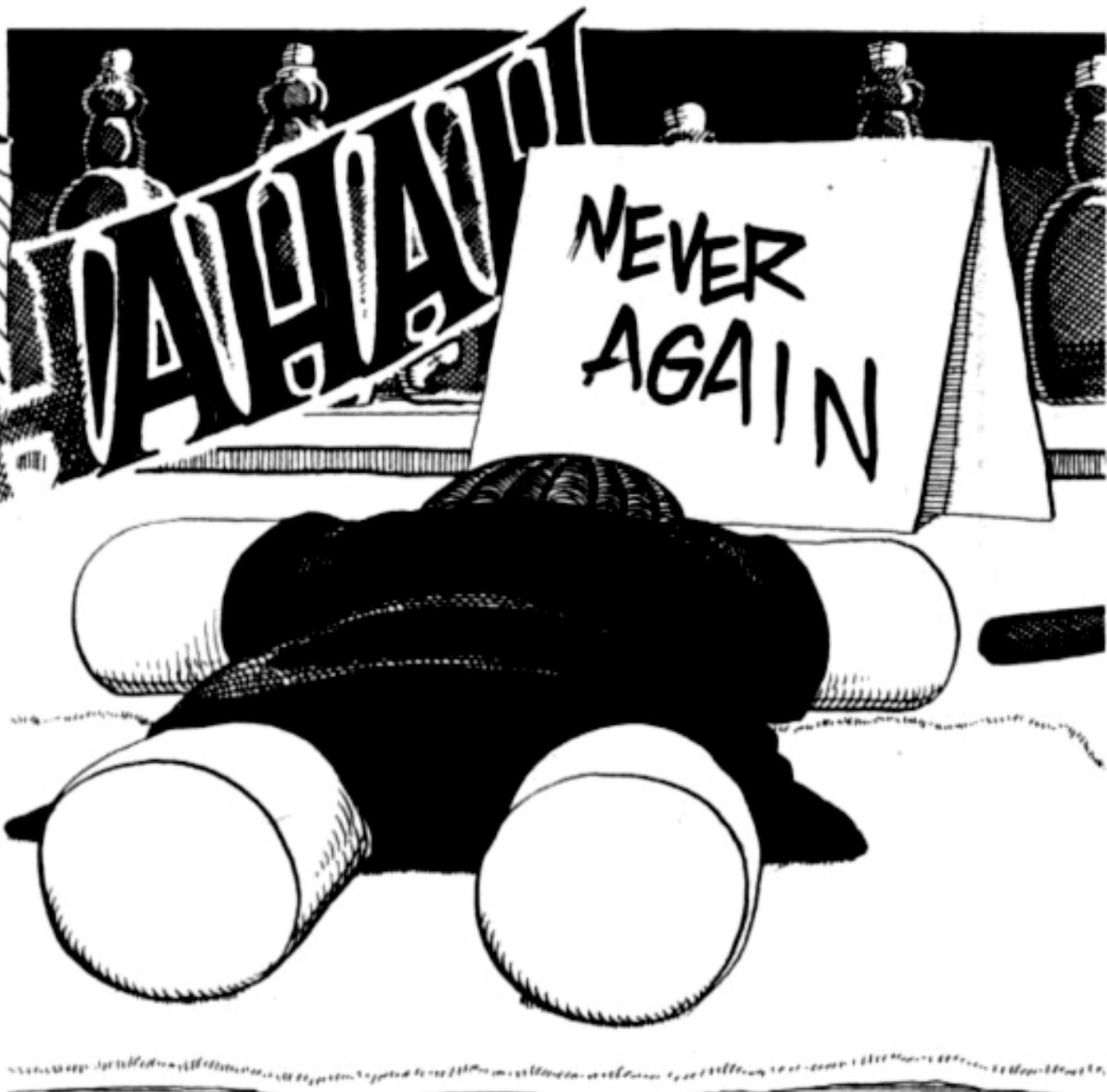








HUH?  
OH!  
AYE.  
WHAT A  
**MESS**  
SHE **PUKED** ALL  
OVER THE BAR  
LAST NIGHT



CAME TO, JUST  
AS CEREBUS WAS  
FINISHING WIPING  
IT ALL UP

DRANK A  
HALF A  
GALLON  
OF  
WATER



SCRAWLED  
THAT  
MESSAGE

AND **PASSED**  
RIGHT OUT  
AGAIN

**COLDER'N**  
A **DEAD**  
MACKERAL



YOU REALLY WOULD  
MAKE A TERRIBLE  
MOTHER.



I  
**KNOW!**





*giggle*

I GUESS I SHOULD JUST LEAVE HER ALONE TO SLEEP IT OFF



NAY, YOU CAN PICK HER UP IF YOU WANT.

WHEN SHE GETS LIKE THIS?

YOU CAN THROW HER AGAINST THE WALL IF YOU WANT ... SHE DOESN'T FEEL A THING

HUNH!

WIPE WIPE



I GUESS I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WHO SHOULDN'T HAVE CHILDREN

BY THE WAY, I PICKED UP SOME CUCUMBER SLICES, ALFALFA SPROUTS AND FRESH CHERRY TOMATOES FOR US...

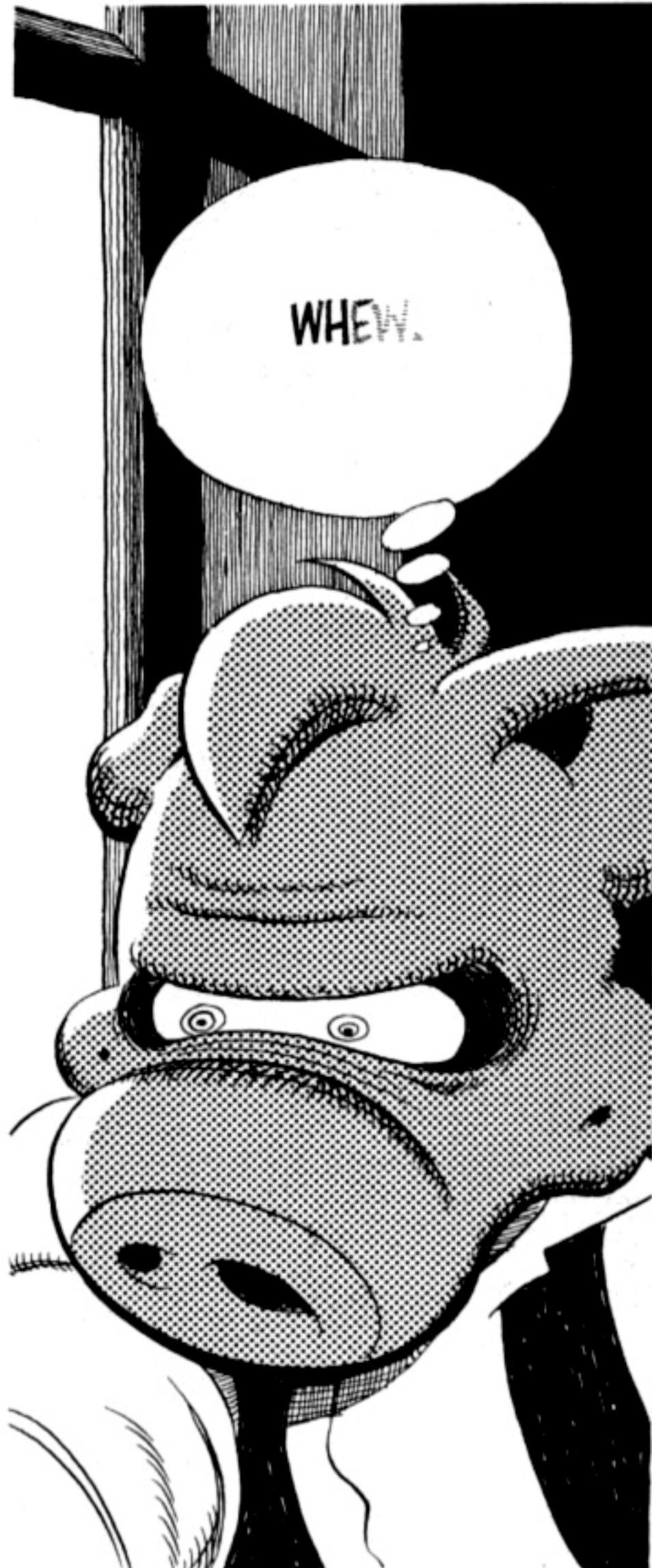


YOU DID?



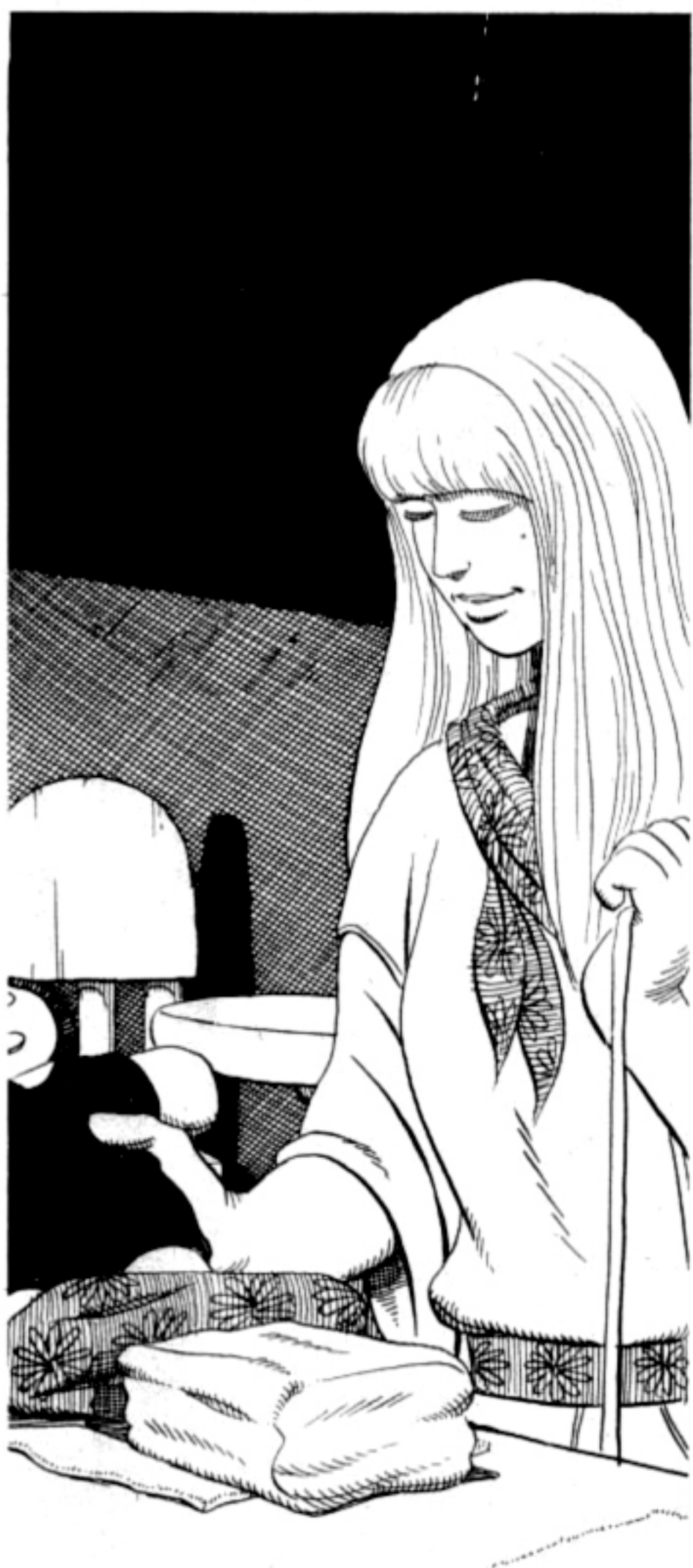
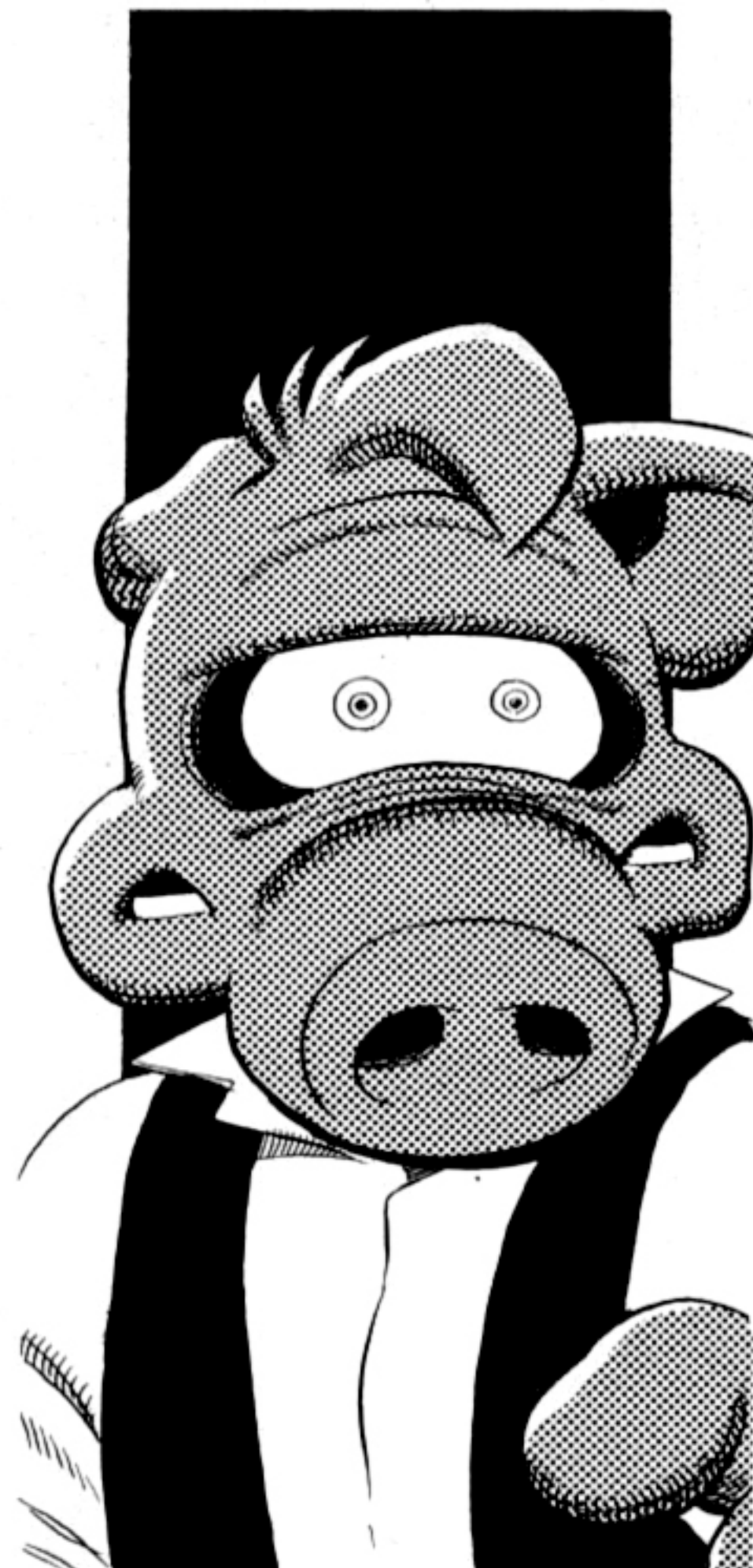
I'M JUST KIDDING I PICKED THEM UP FOR ME

YOU CAN STICK WITH YOUR MOUTH-WATERING RAW POTATOES



WHEW...





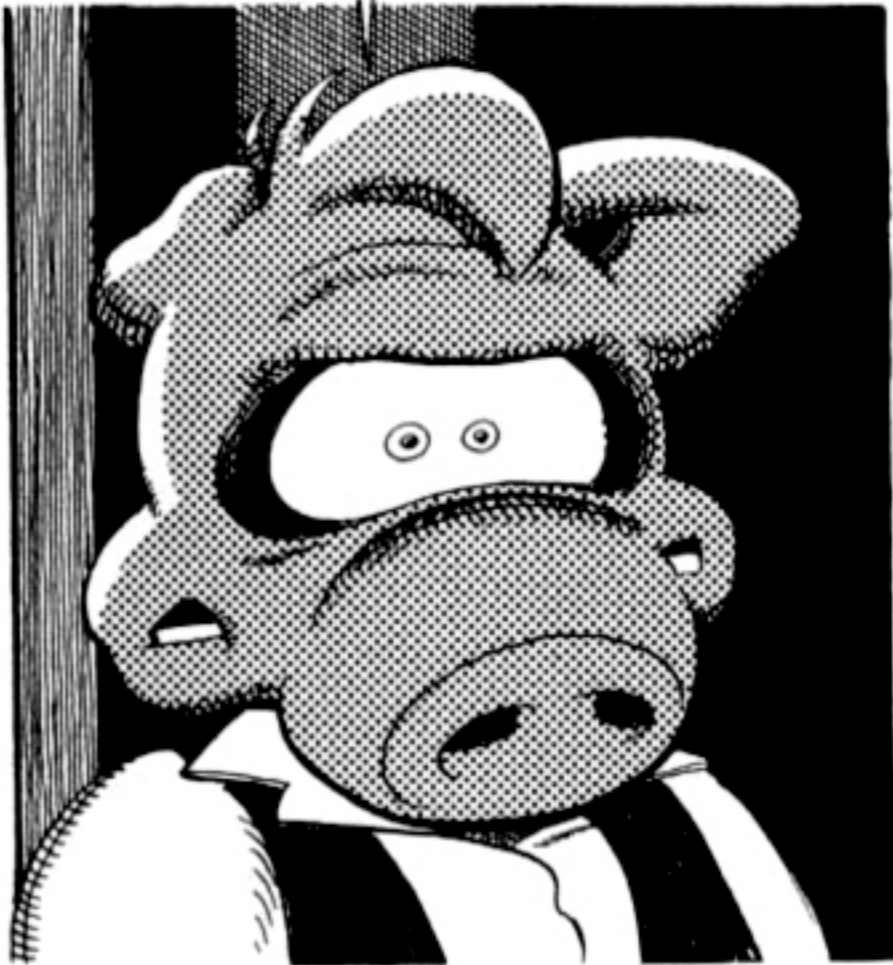




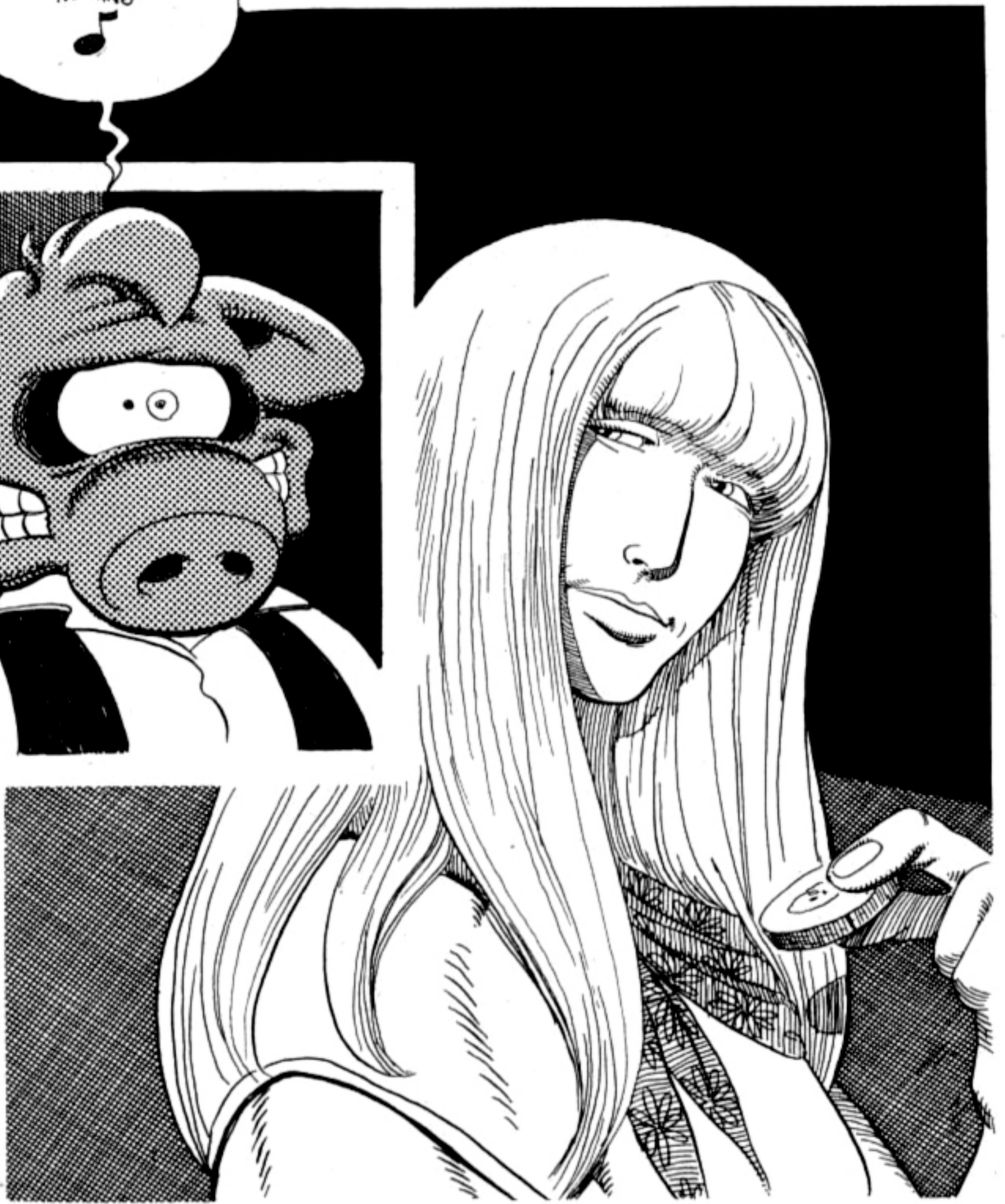
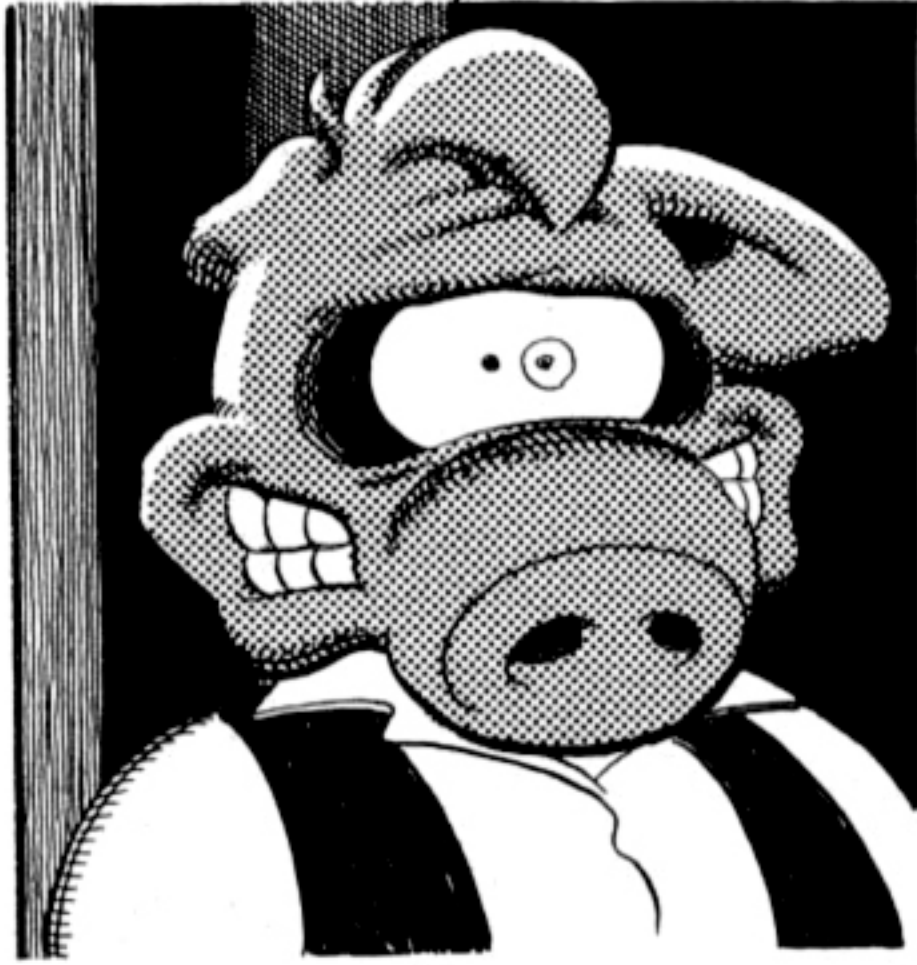


HUH?!

OH...

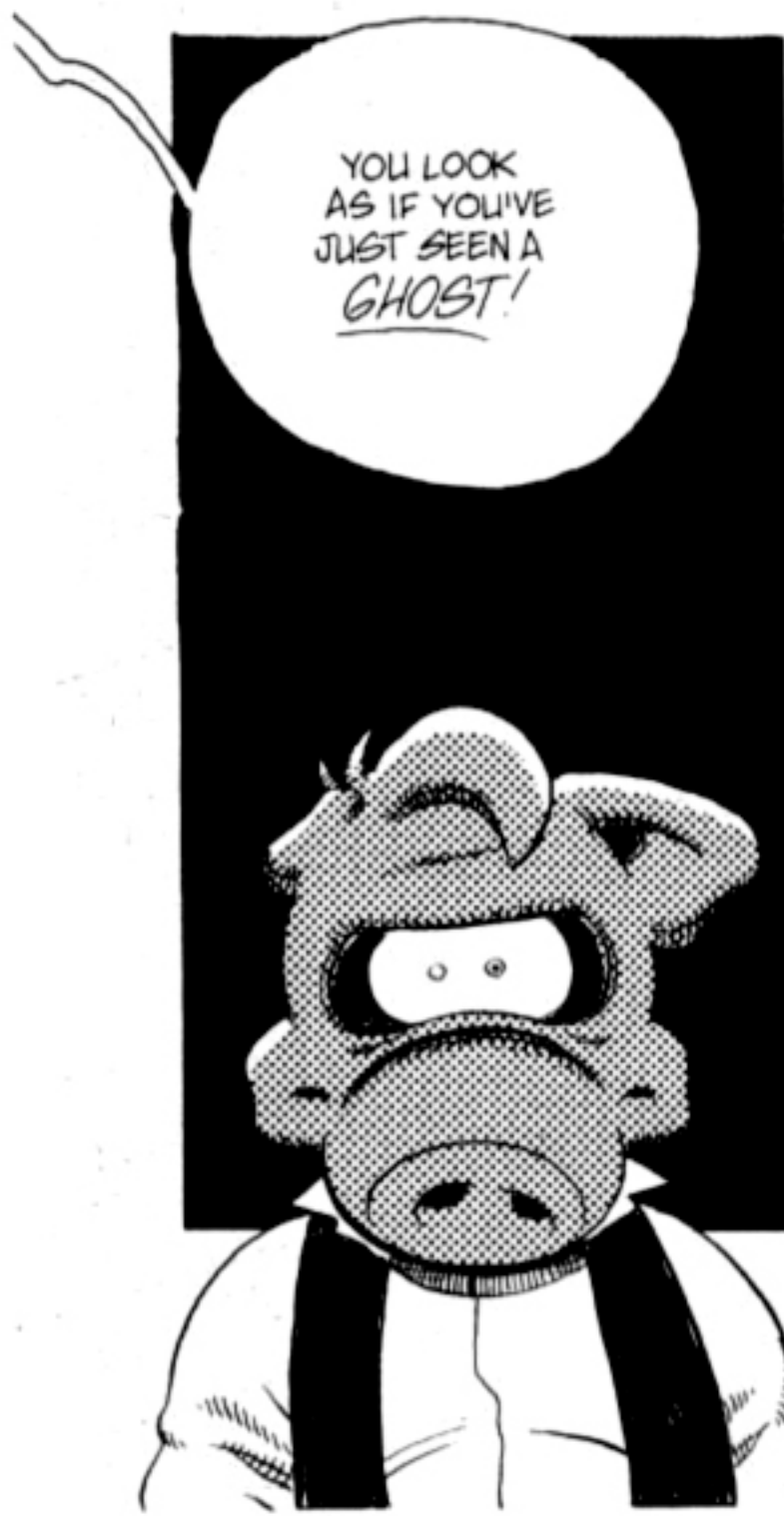


NOTHING

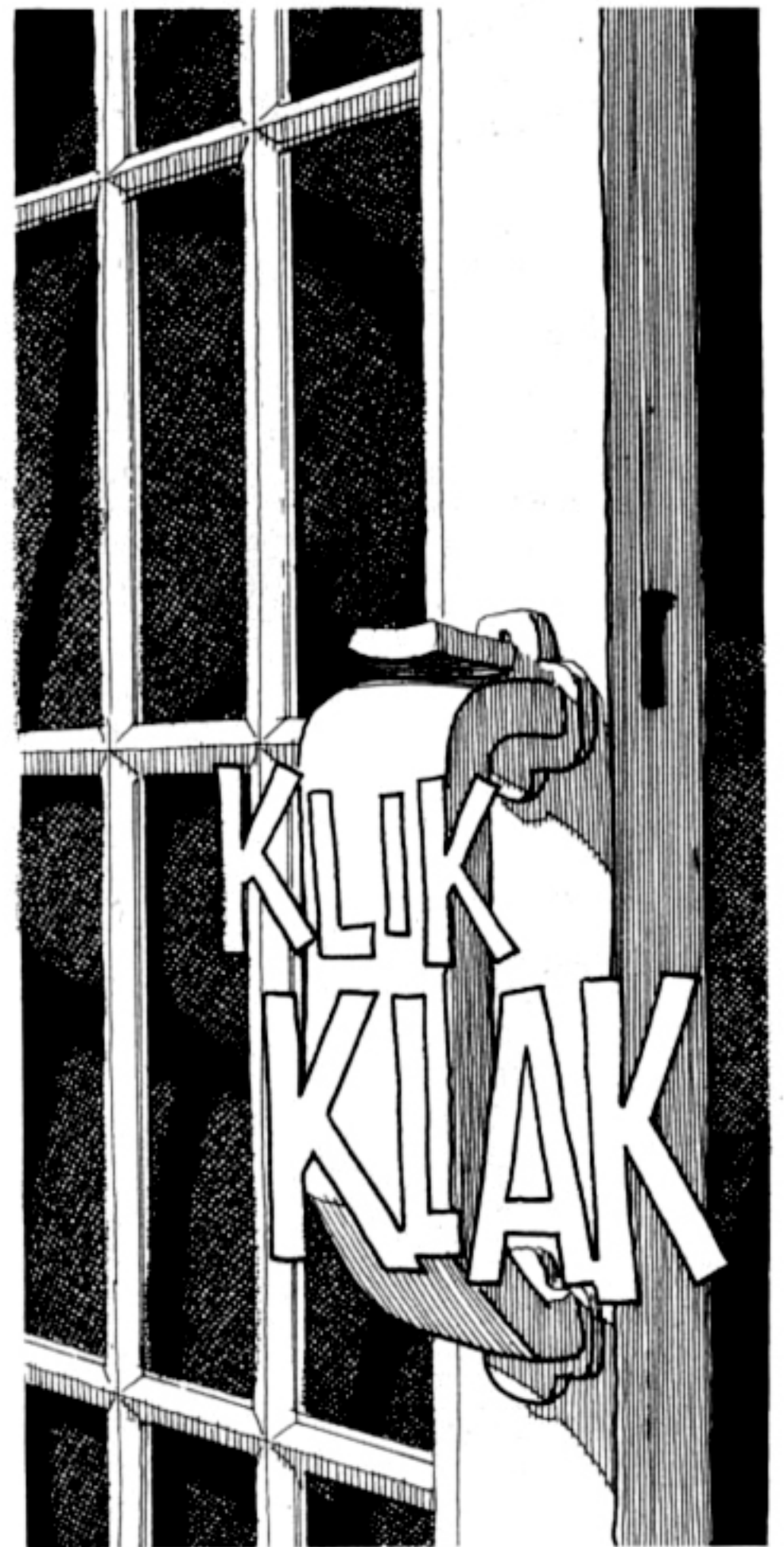


OH,  
COME  
ON.

WHAT  
IS  
IT...?



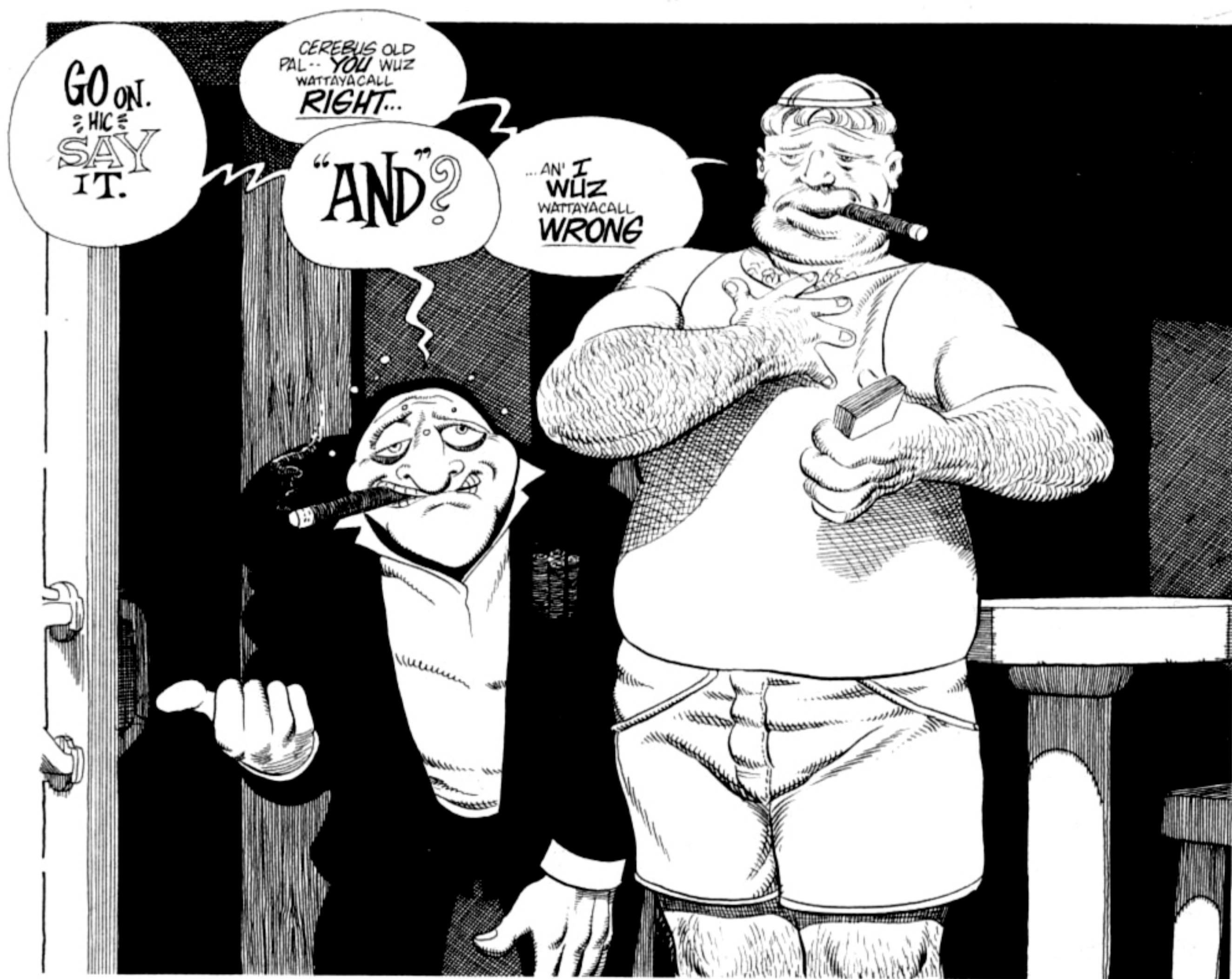
YOU LOOK  
AS IF YOU'VE  
JUST SEEN A  
GHOST!





**EPILogue**









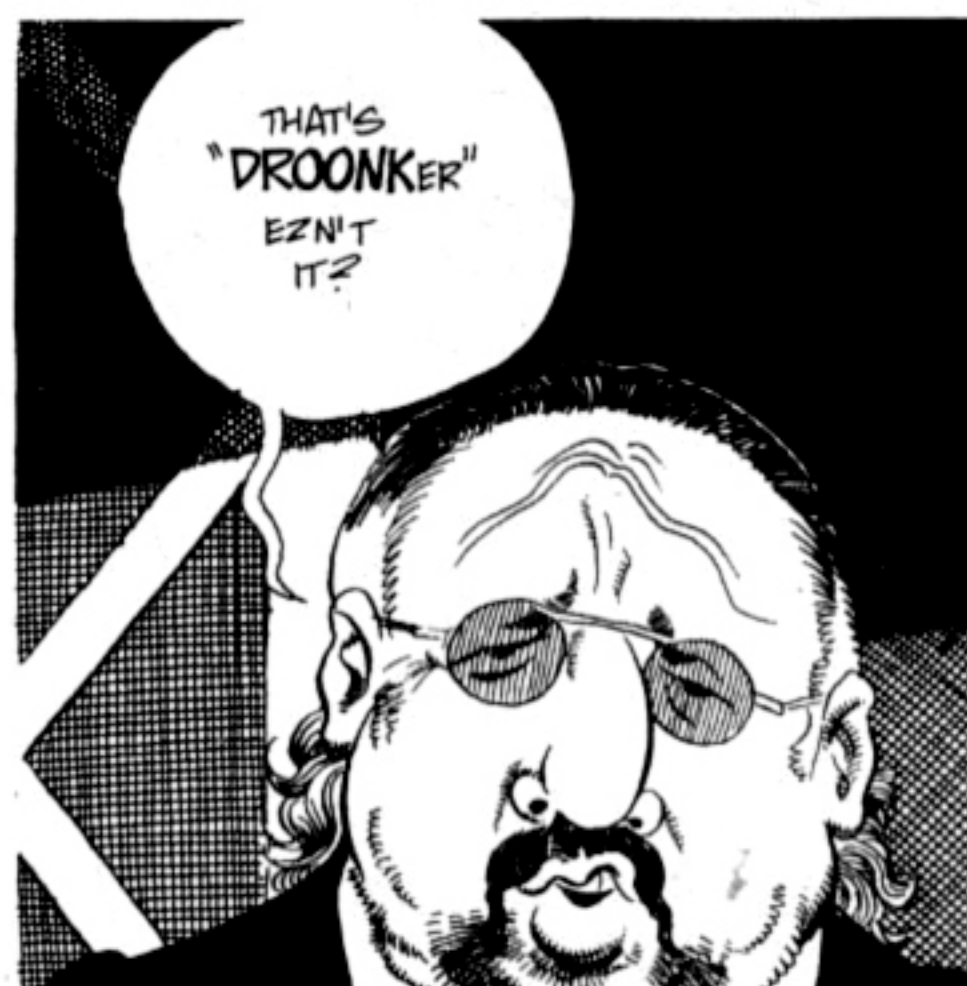








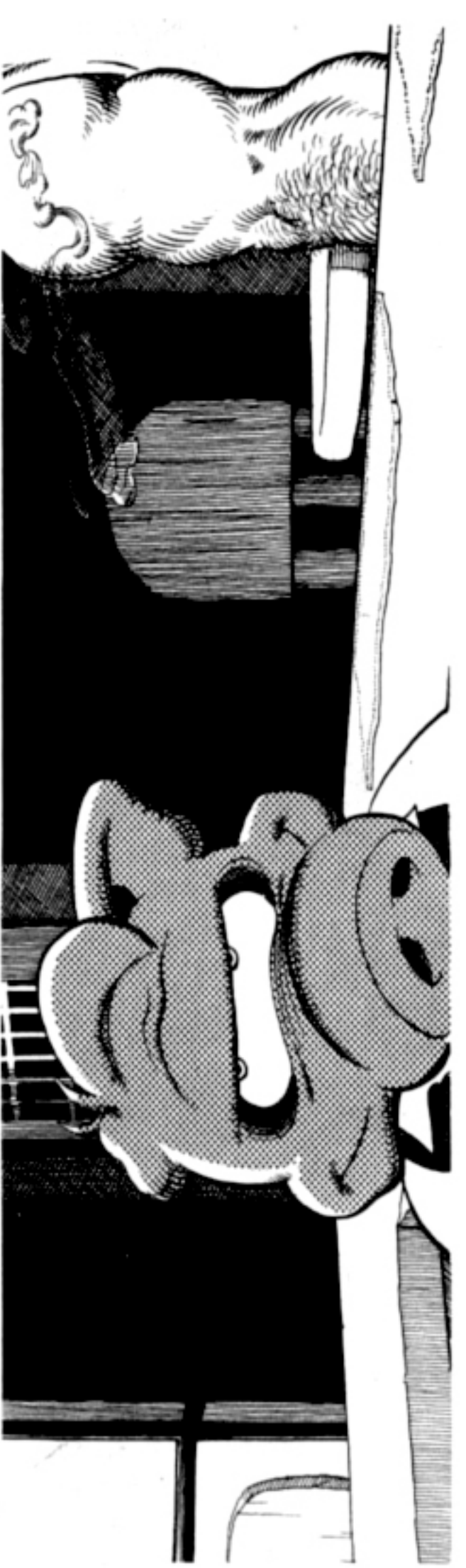
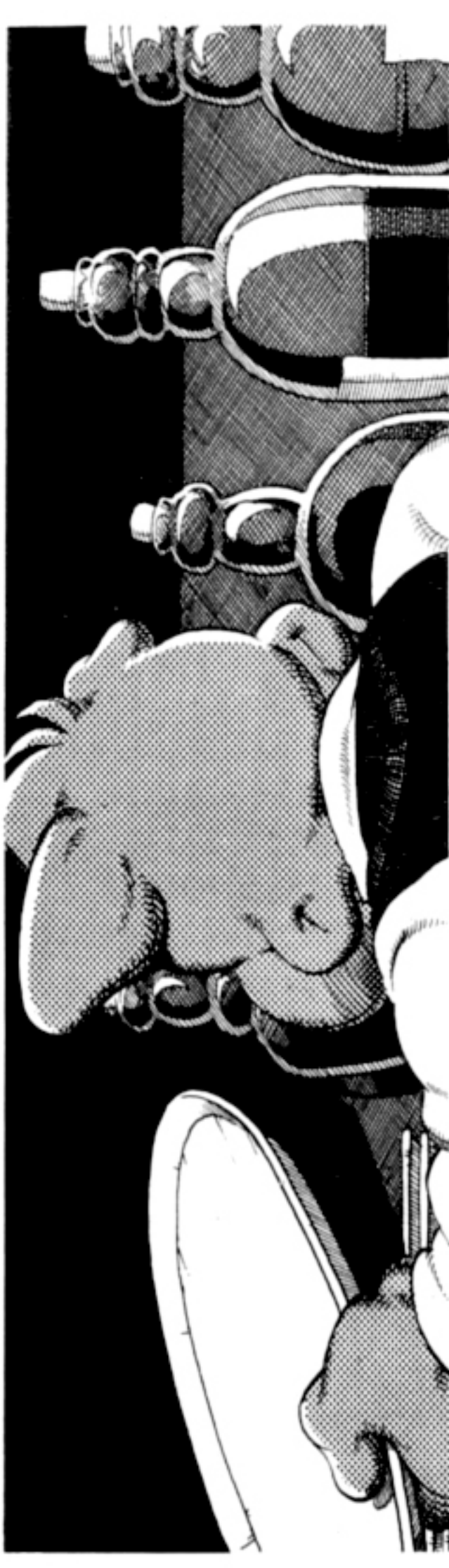














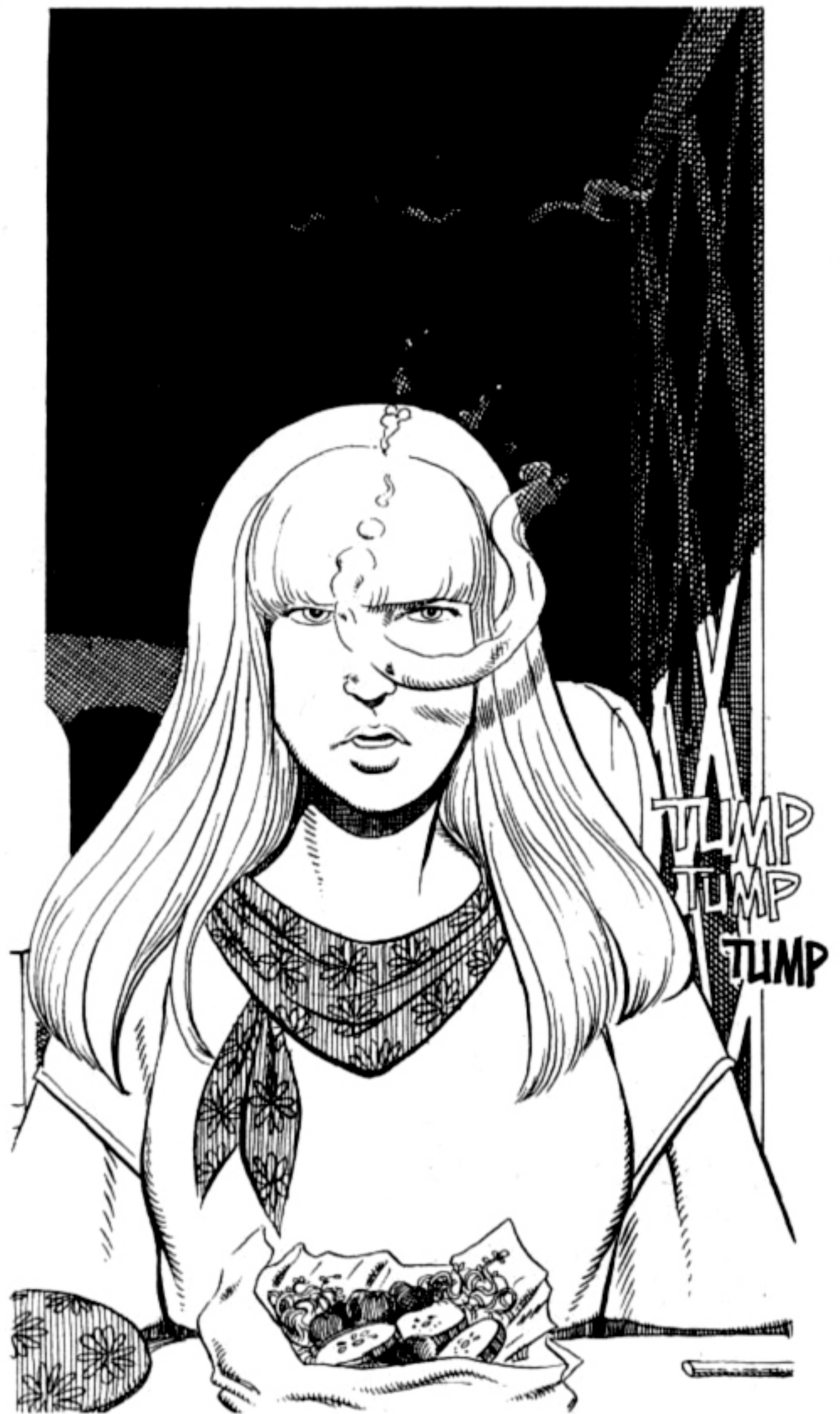


WALL--ET'S  
FOOL OOV  
ROE P'TAYTOWS  
WE'LL  
JOOST YOOZ  
THAM, AYE?

MM. HIC  
TOO  
**BULKY.**

OO  
AYE

'AND OOSS THAT  
KNIFE --AN' I'LL  
JOOST SLAECE  
THAM OOP EN  
THAT CASE



TUMP  
TUMP  
TUMP



WHAT'S THE **BIG**  
WATTAYACALL  
**PRODUCTION?**

SOMEWOON'S  
NICKED TH'  
RICE CAKES

SOW WE 'AVEN'  
GOTENNY  
BETTING CHEPS

SOW  
HAA  
HAAA  
HAA  
SHORE

WHAT'S  
HIC SO  
**FUNNY?**

SO 'SNECKAH'S  
MAKING  
**P'TAYTOW  
CHEPS!**

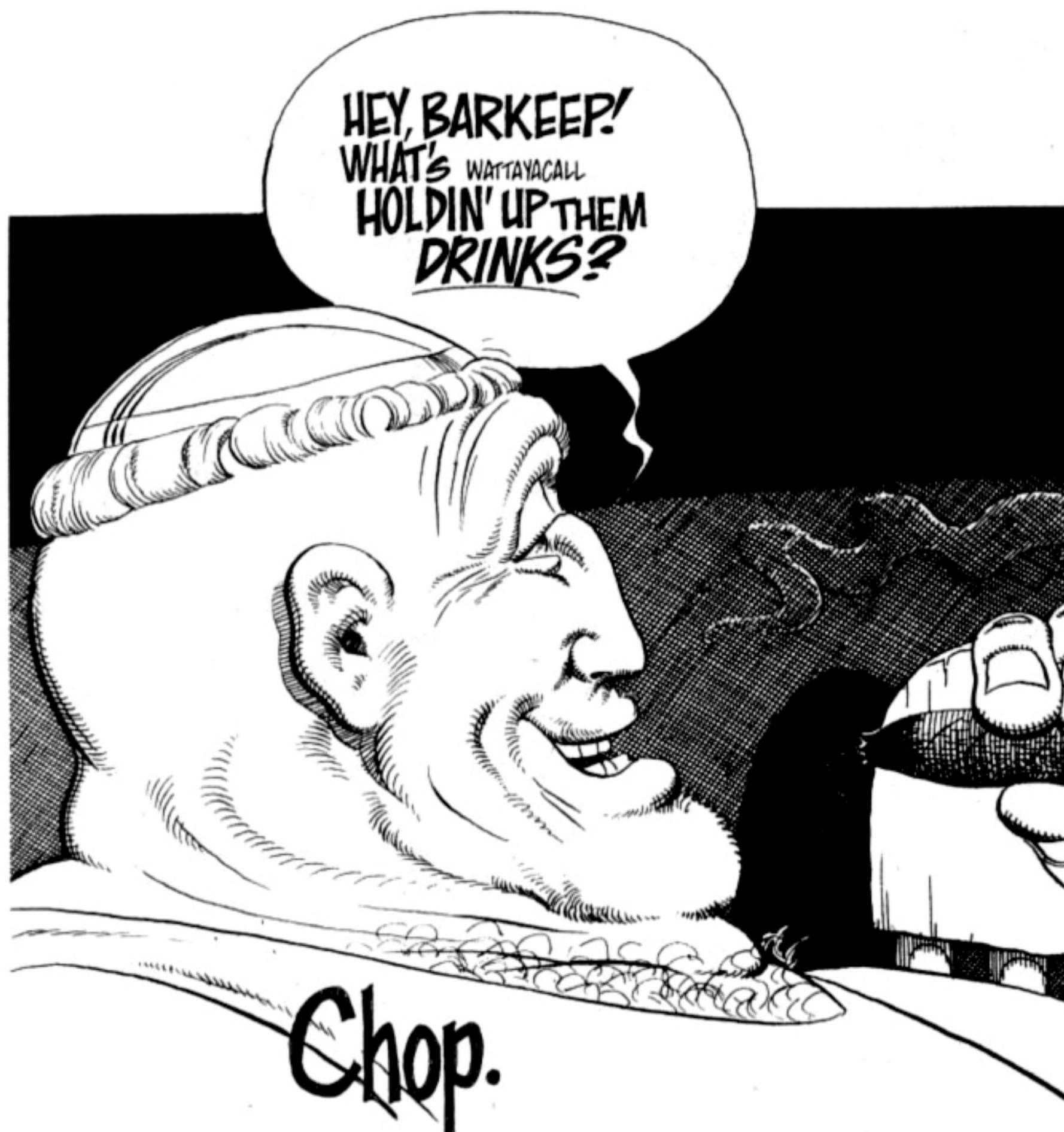
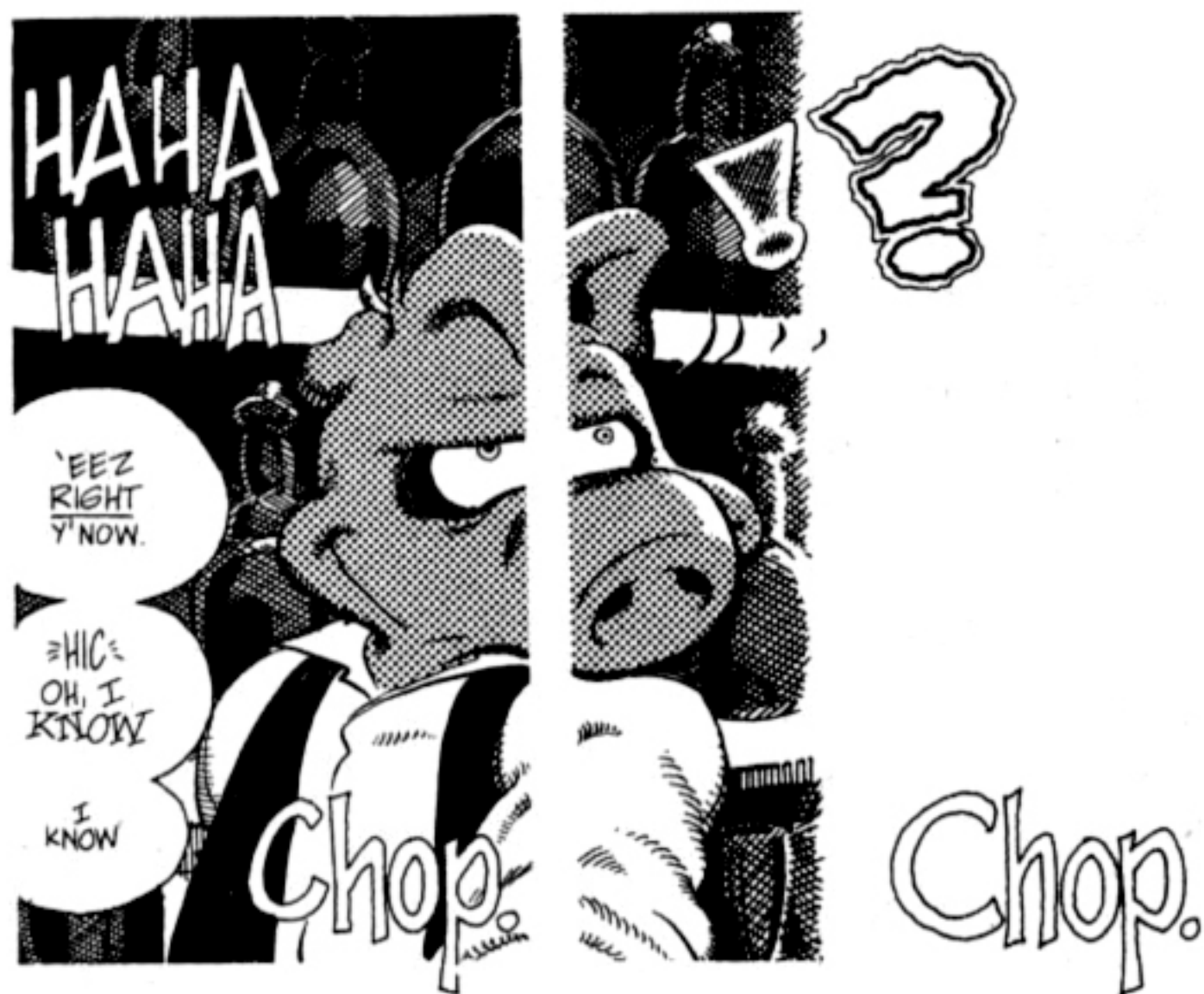
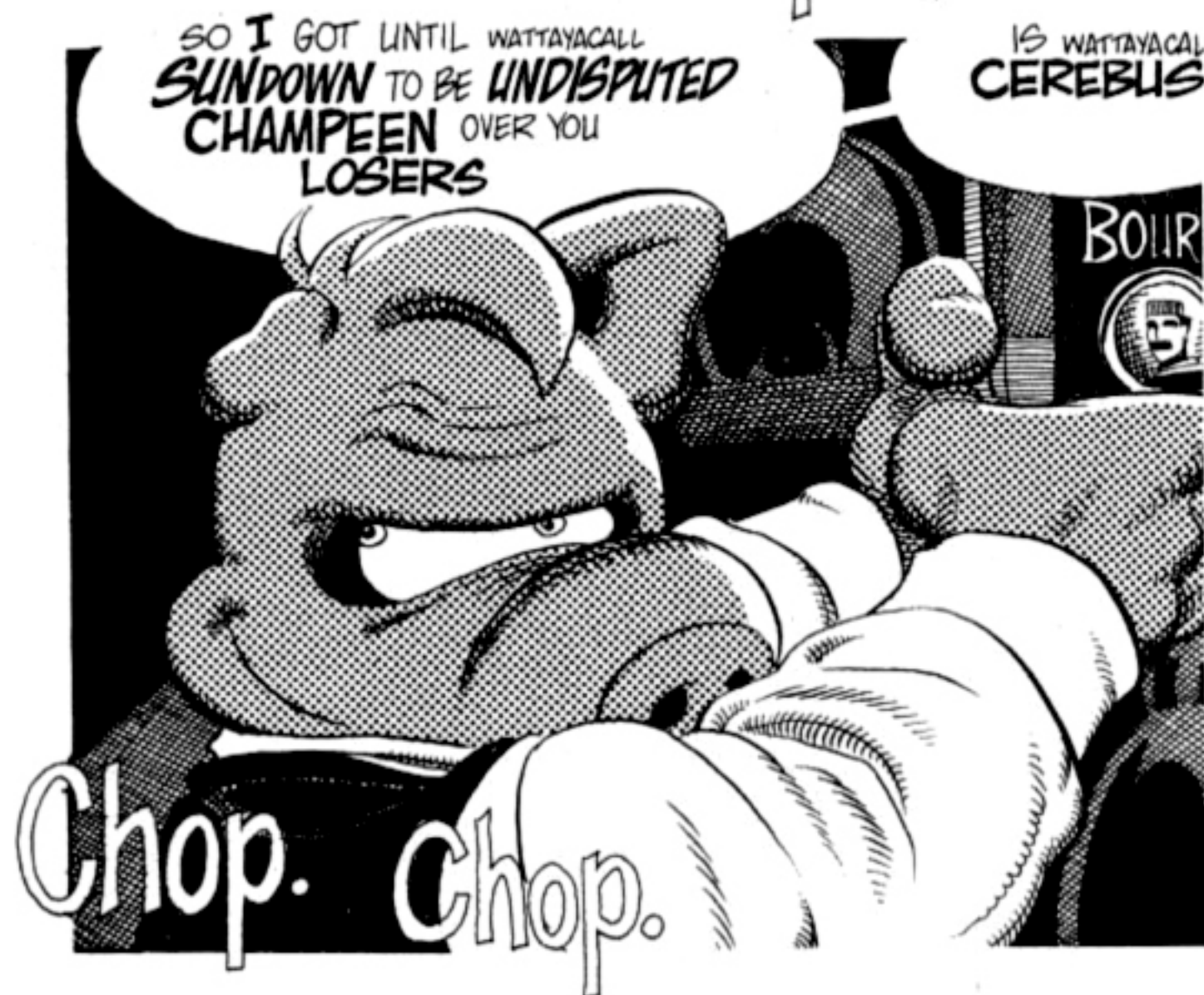
Chop

Chop









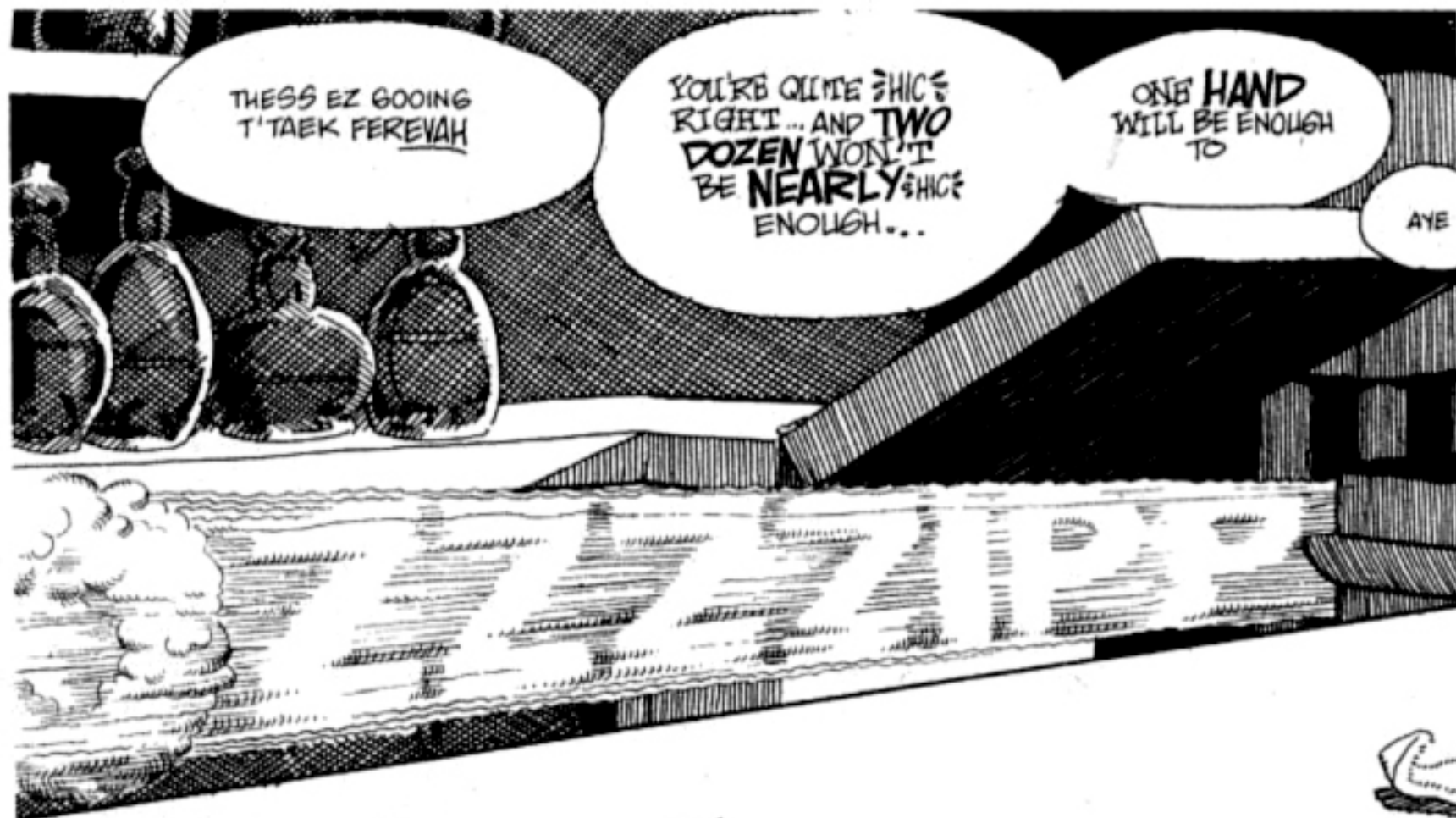




KEEP YER  
SHIRT ON

CEREBUS HAS  
ONLY GOT  
WATTAYACALL  
TWO HANDS

Chop. Chop. Chop.



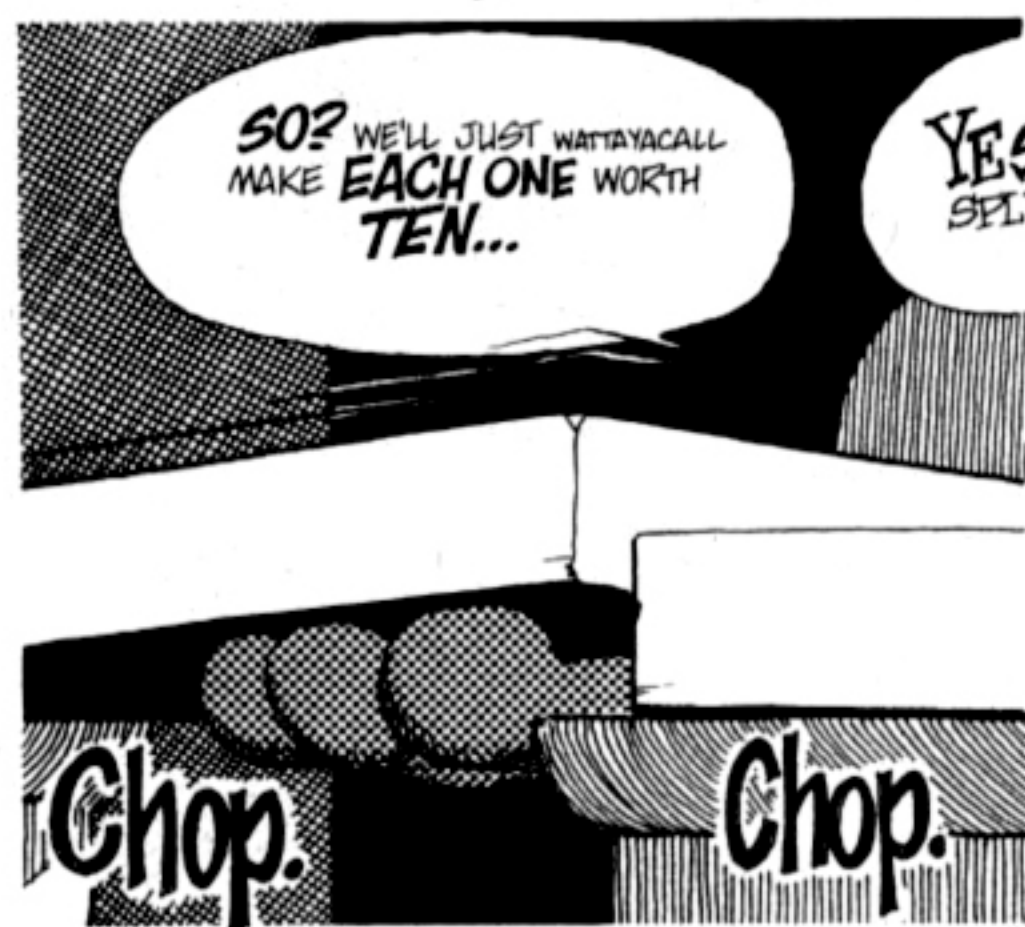
THESS EZ GOOING  
T'AEK FERREVAH

YOU'RE QUITE SHIC  
RIGHT... AND TWO  
DOZEN WON'T  
BE NEARLY SHIC  
ENOUGH...

ONE HAND  
WILL BE ENOUGH  
TO

AYE

Chop. Chop.



SO? WE'LL JUST WATTAYACALL  
MAKE EACH ONE WORTH  
TEN...

YES! SHIC  
SPLENDID

AYE!  
THATELL  
WUHRK

Chop.

Chop.



NO SHIC?

WAIT... THAT  
WON'T WORK  
EITHER

YER RIGHT...  
I WATTAYACALL  
BET TEN, YOU  
BET TWENTY

AYE

Chop.

Chop.



I'LL CHOP SOOM  
OOV THAM OOP ENTA  
SMOOLAH BITS, AYE...?  
'ALF A SLAECE EZ  
TAN

QUAHTUH OOV  
A SLAECE EZ  
TWENTY-FIVE

GOOD.

Chop.

Chop.



WHICH MEANS  
THESS EZ NOW  
GOIN'TA TAKE  
LONG AH  
THAN FERREVAH

ONE  
LARGE  
STOUT.

TA.

Chop.

HAHAHA  
HAHAHA

















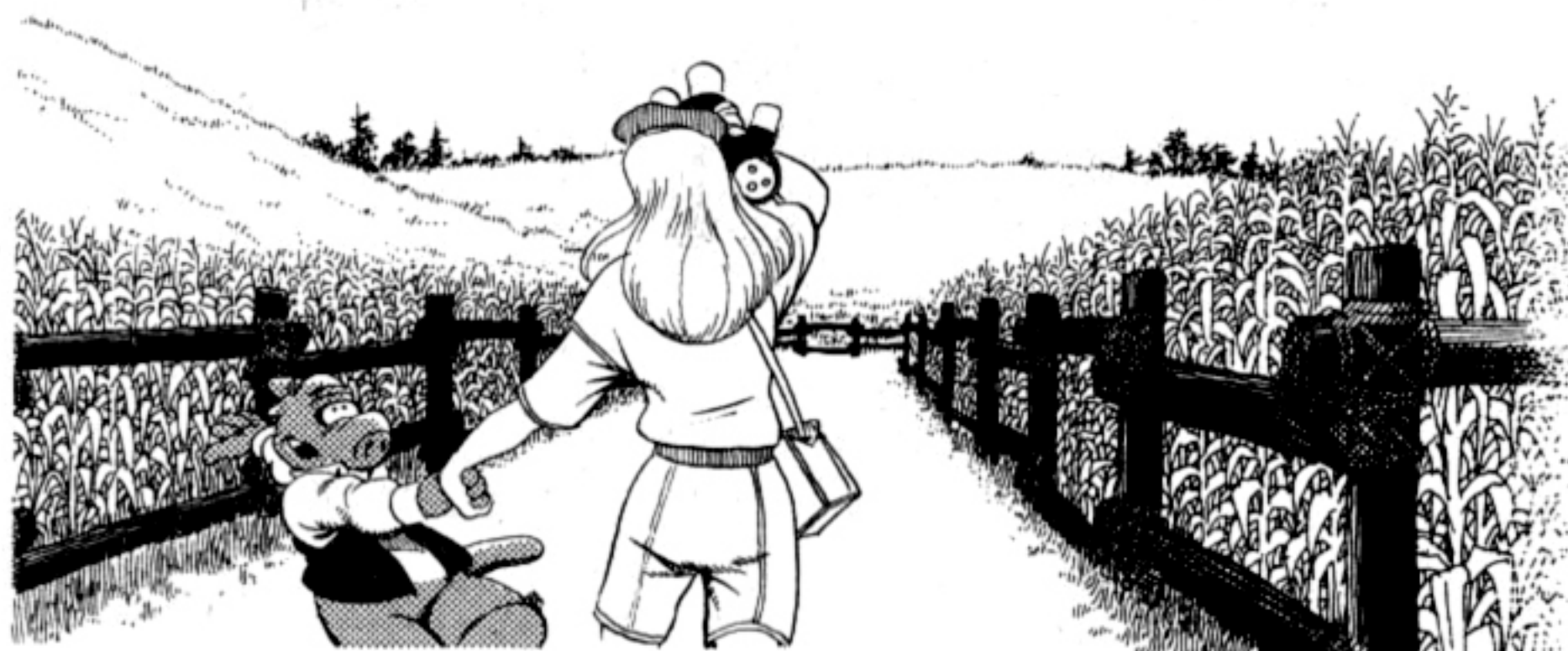
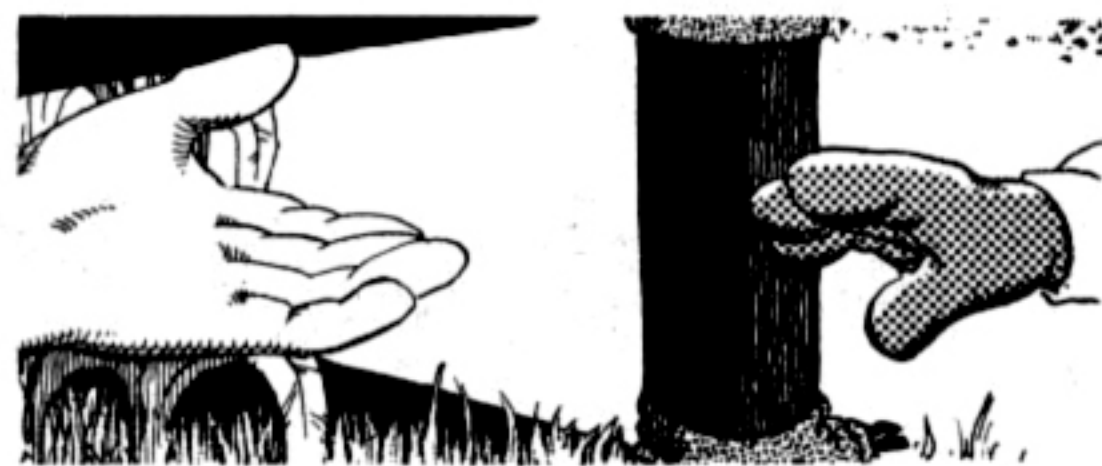
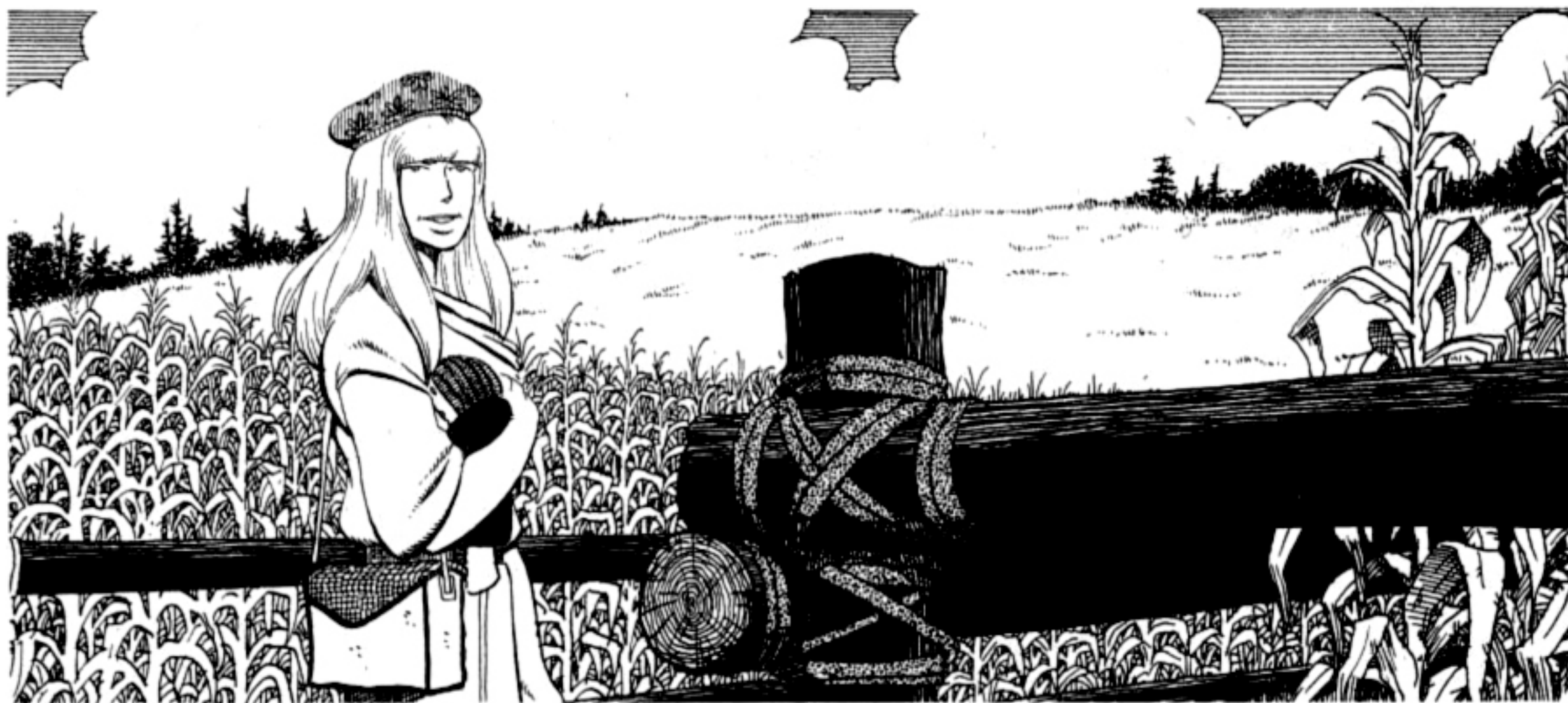
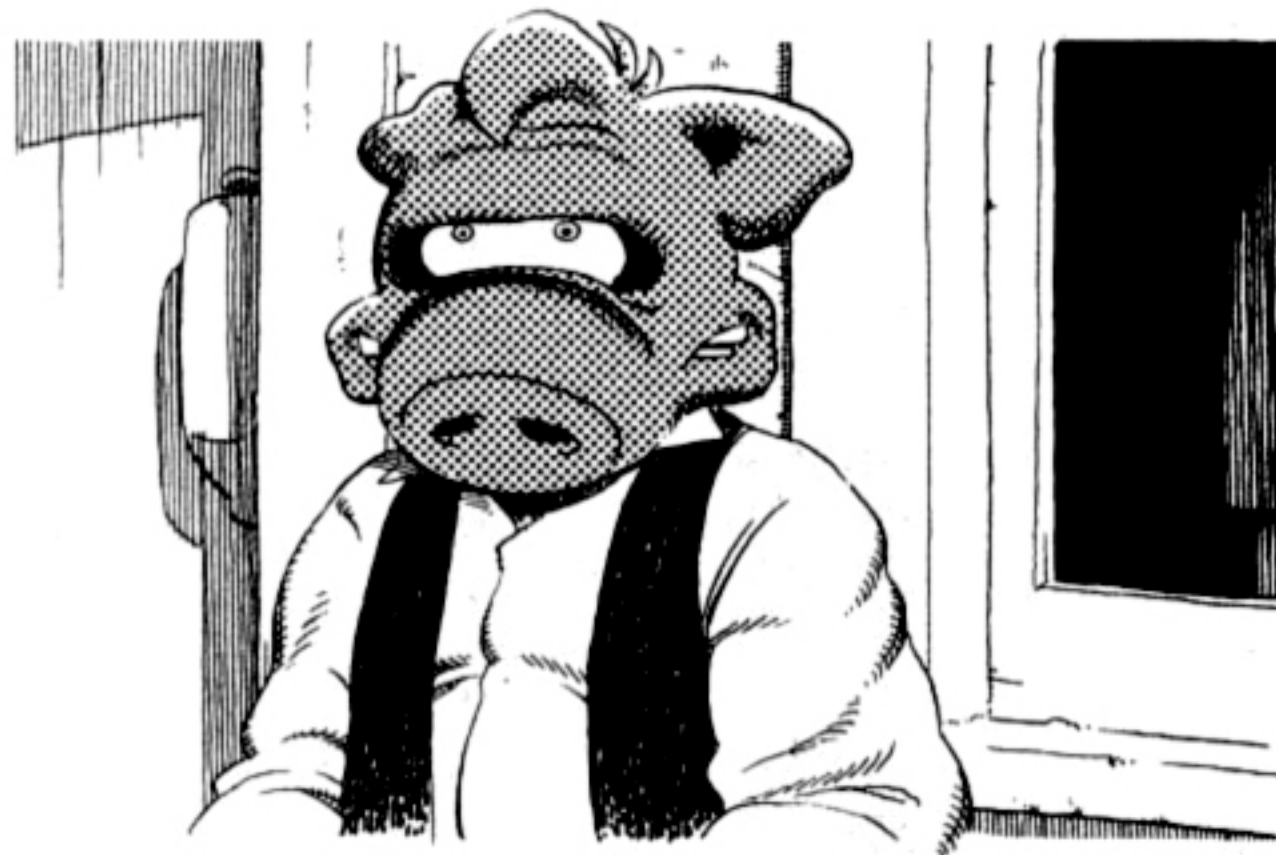






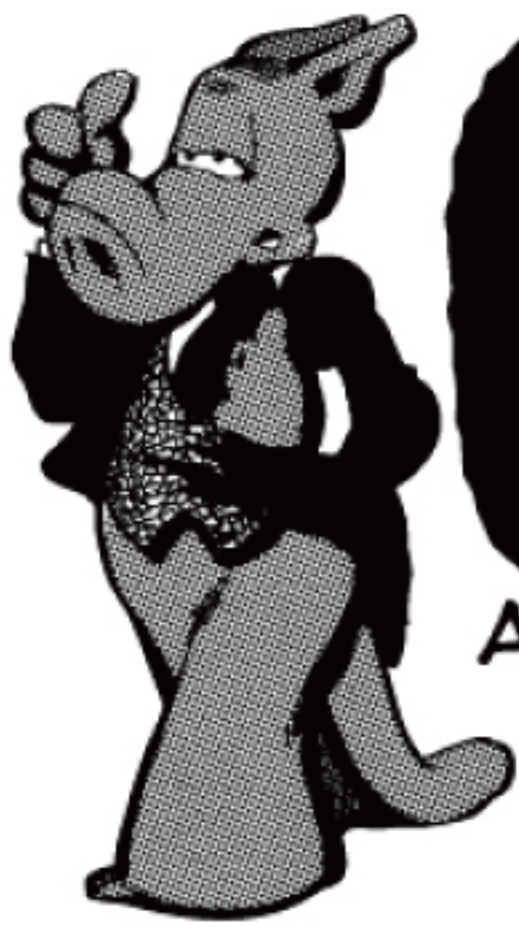








GO TO...



# CEREBUS

AN OFFICIAL SITE OF DAVE SIM

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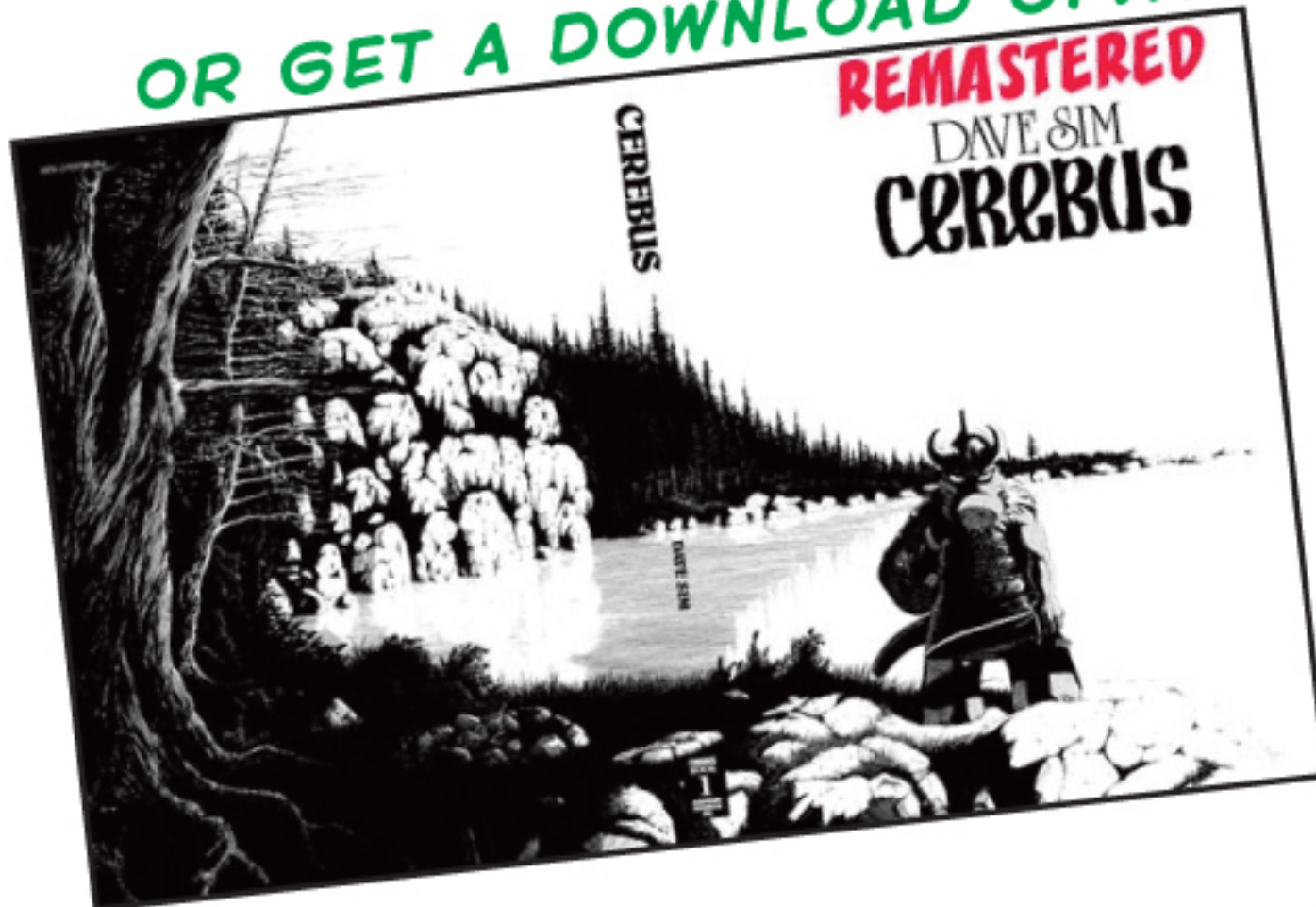
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